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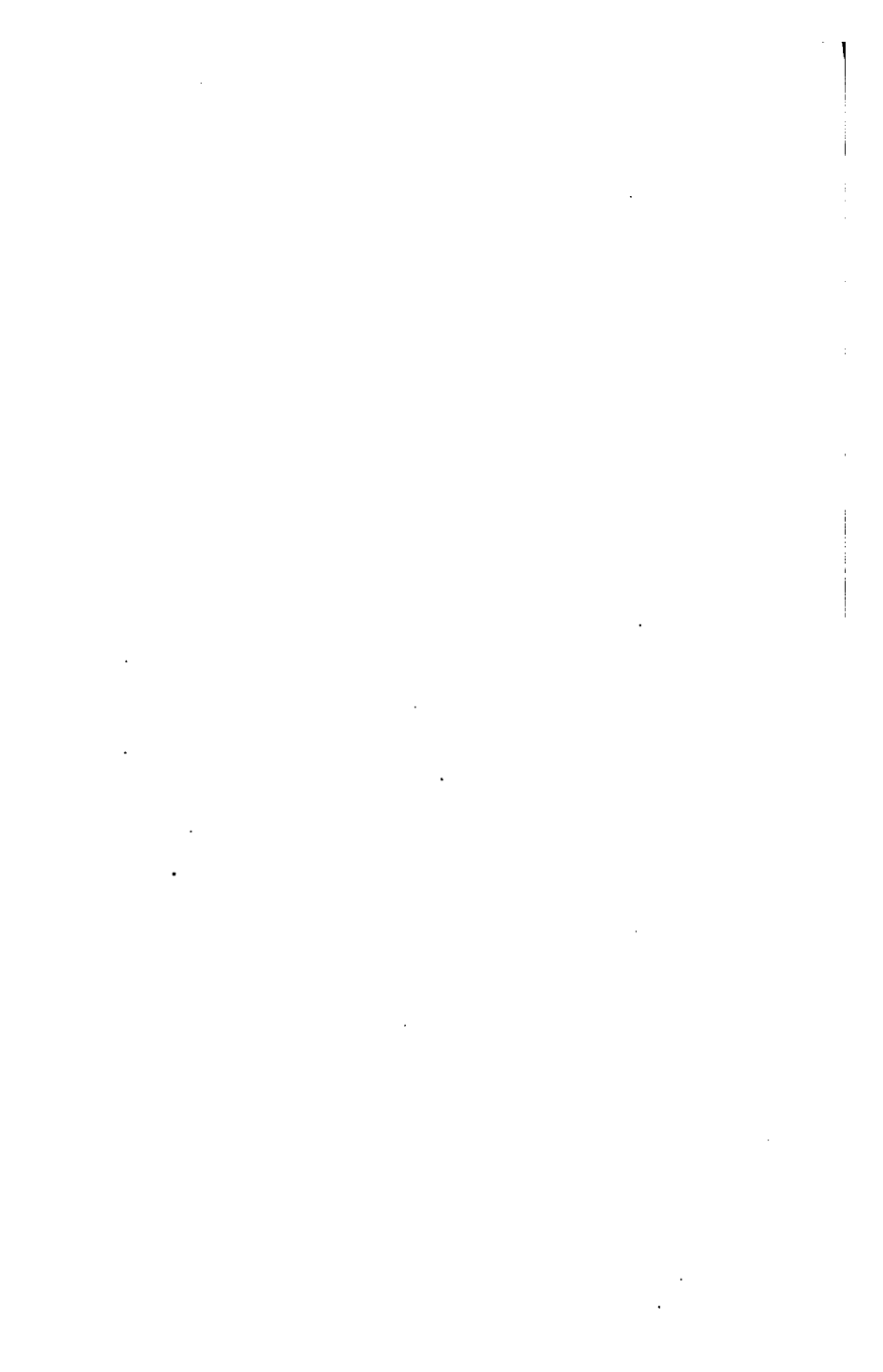
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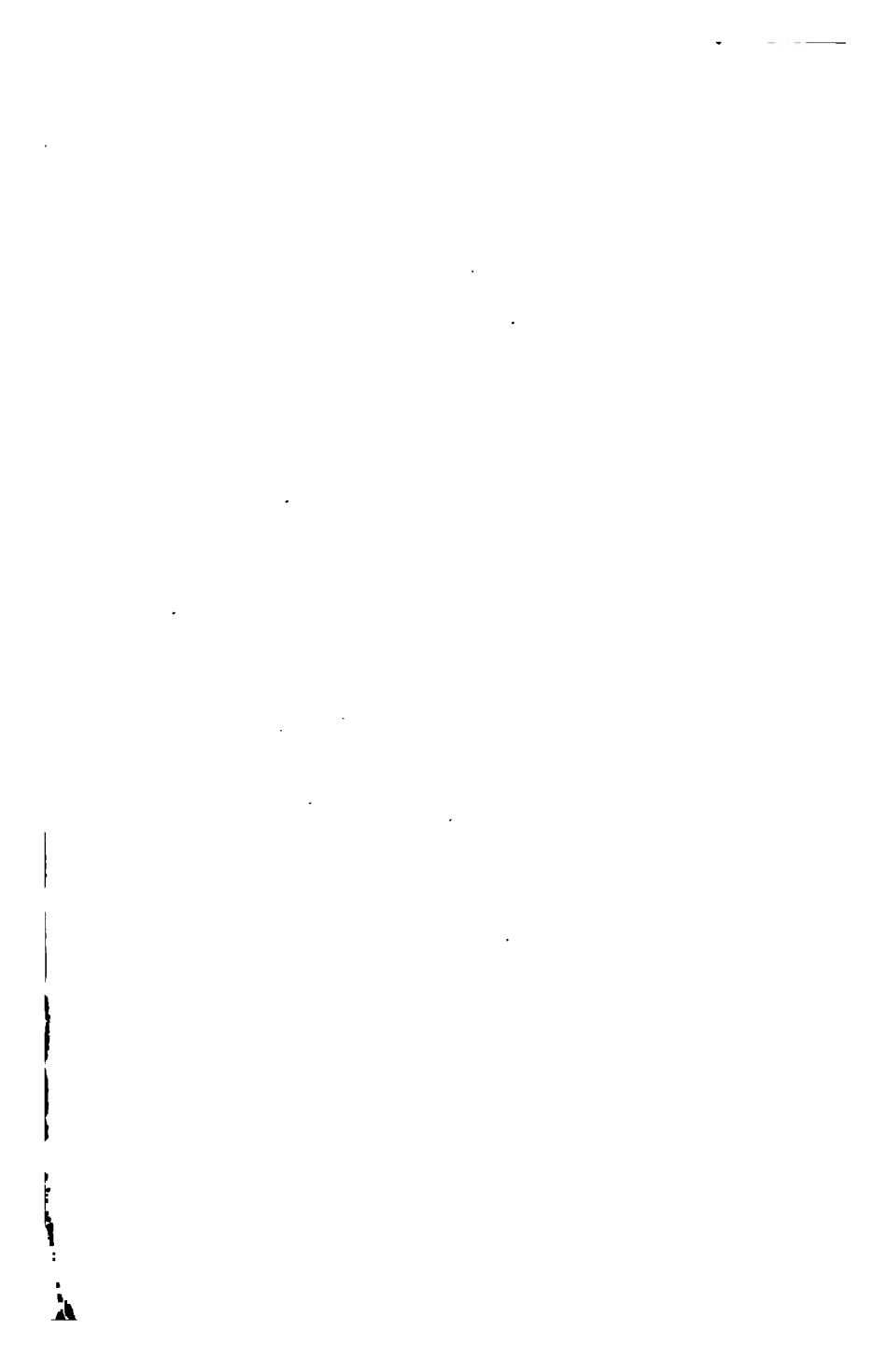
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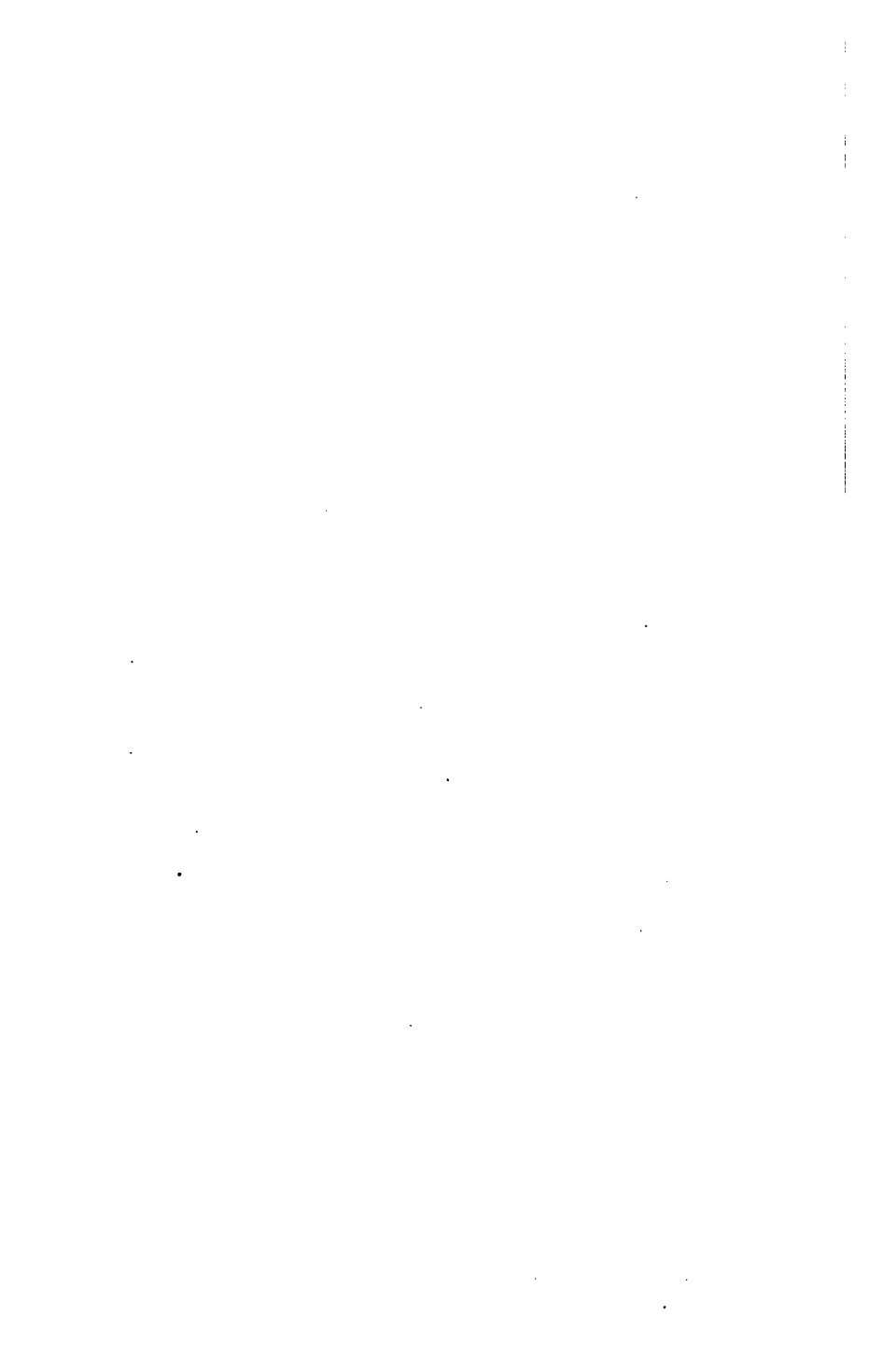
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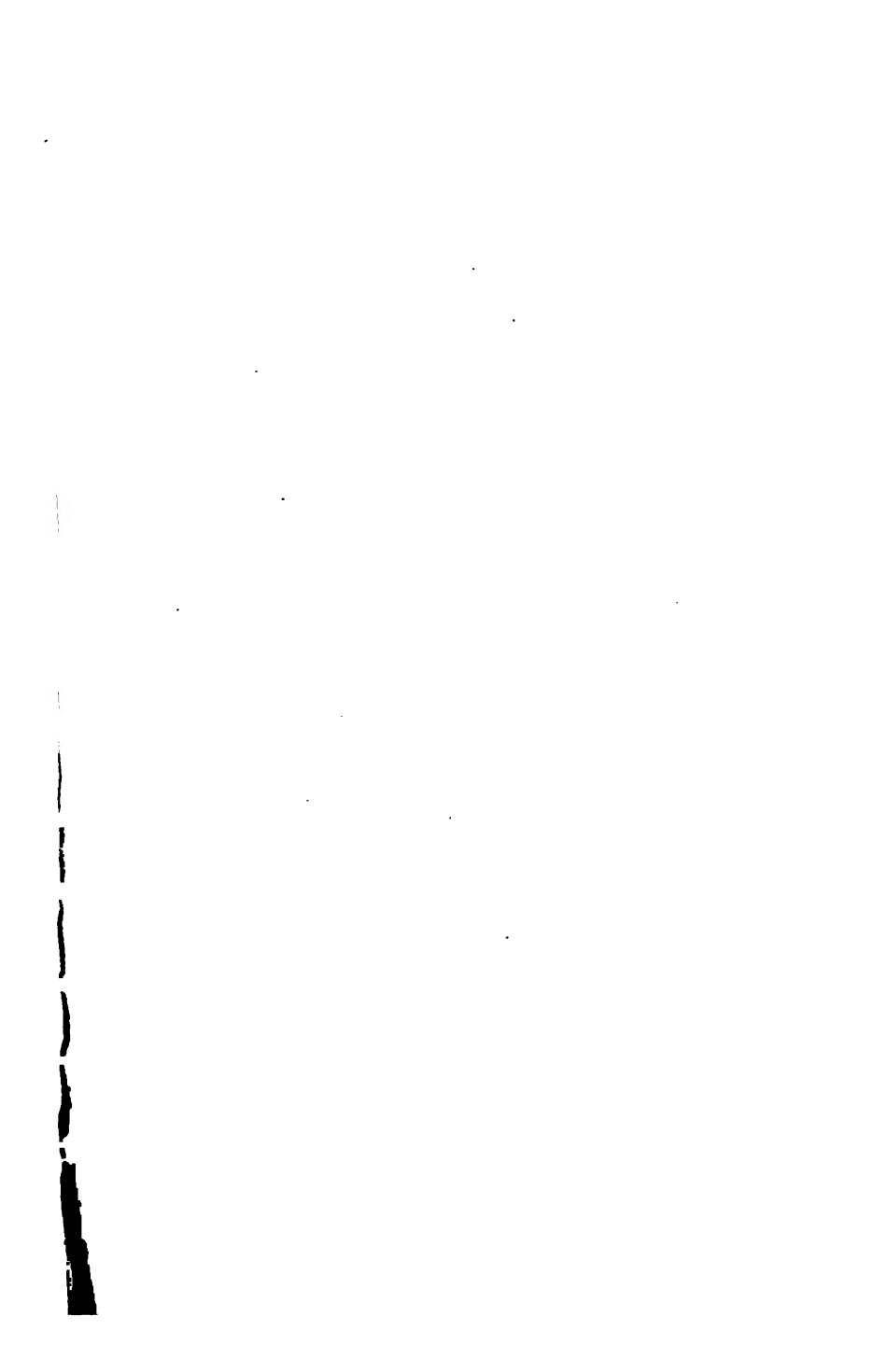
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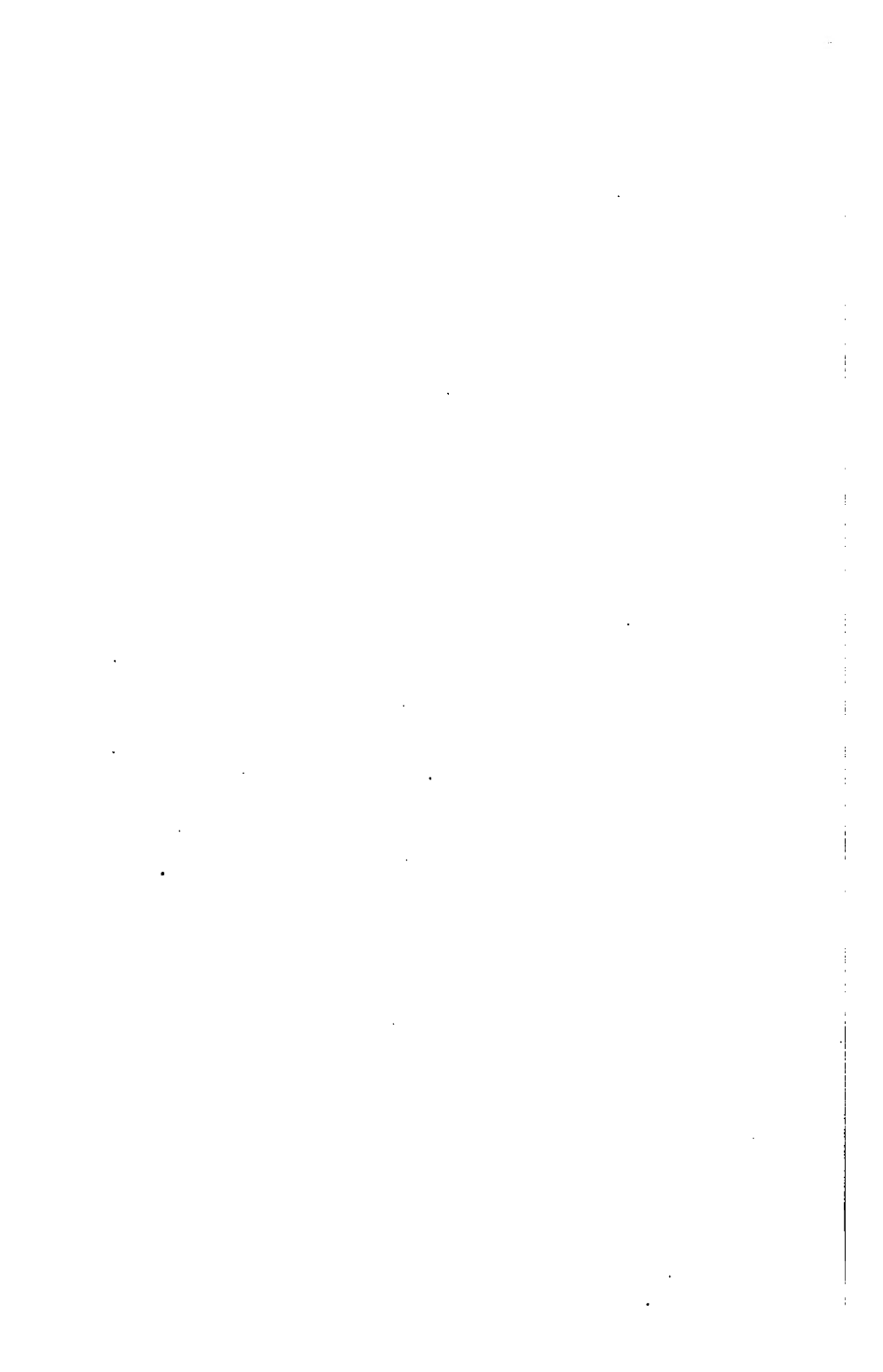
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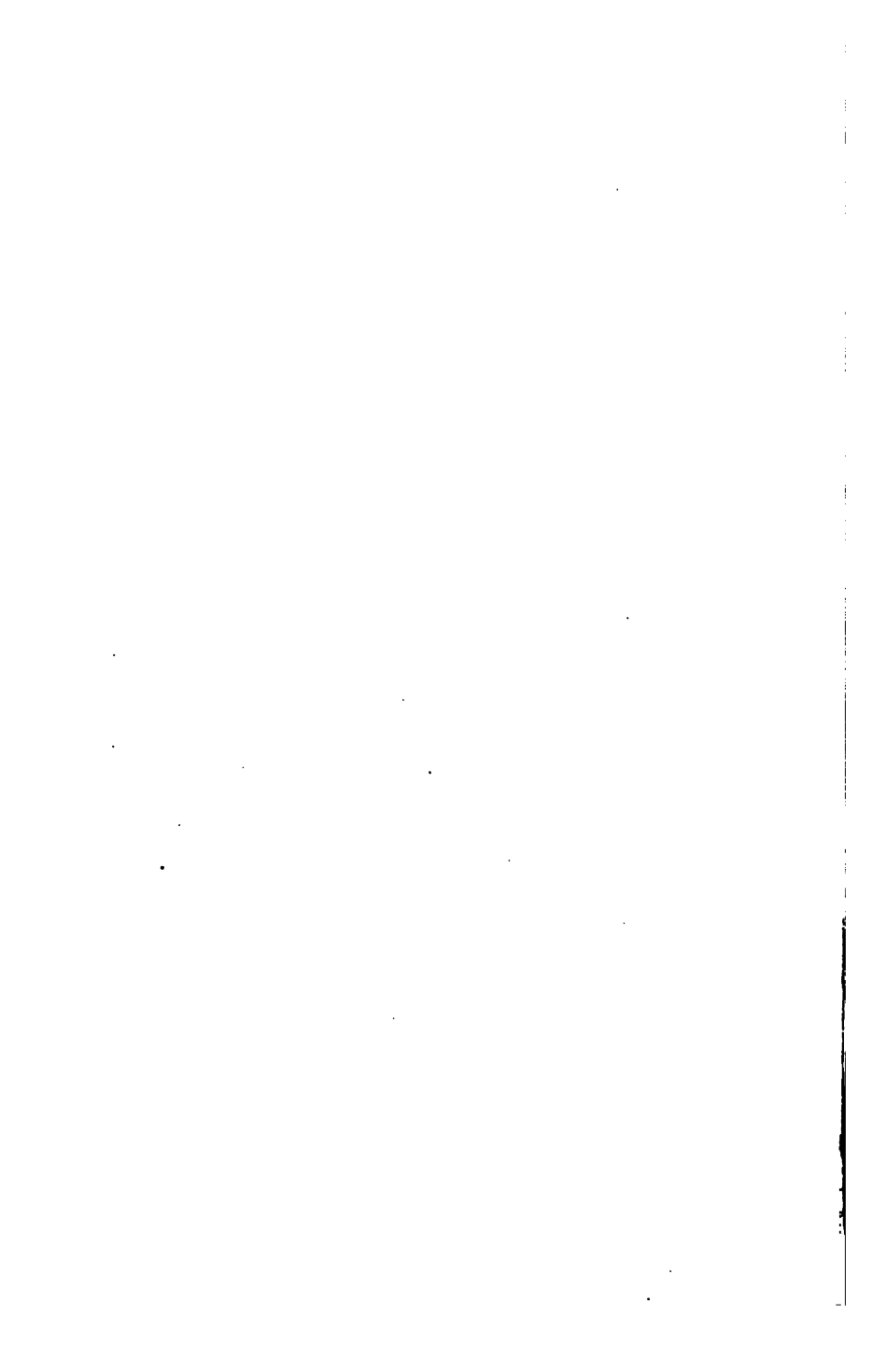












SACRED POETRY.

Sacred Poetry.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.,

Of Christ Church, Oxford, and Presbyterian of the
Church of England

EDITED BY

A LAY MEMBER OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

These abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed; and are of power to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought, with high providence in his Church.

MILTON.



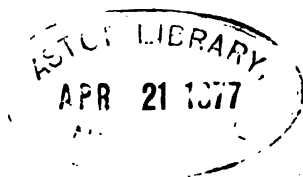
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RECORDED JUDGMENTS.

"It may be affirmed that there is no principal element of Christianity, no main article of belief, as professed by Protestant Churches; that there is no moral or ethical sentiment, peculiarly characteristic of the Gospel—that does not find itself emphatically and pointedly and clearly conveyed in some stanza of Charles Wesley's poetry."

ISAAC TAYLOR.

"Full of inspiration, this sweet singer translated into the language of earth snatches of orisons unutterable, till his plastic felicity embodied them in immortal verse."

JAMES HAMILTON, D.D.

"Perhaps no poems have ever been so devoutly committed to memory as these, nor so often quoted on a death-bed." SOUTHEY.

"This fervent lyrist and liturgist was perhaps the most gifted minstrel of the modern Church; none since the Psalmist has embodied in strains so genuine the religious exercises of the soul."

LONDON QUARTERLY.

"Christian experience furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes; and it must be confessed that he has celebrated them with an affluence of diction and a splendor of coloring rarely surpassed."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire
 Touch'd with a coal from heaven, assume the lyre,
 And tell the world still kindling as he sung,
 With more than mortal music on his tongue,
 That He who died below and reigns above,
 Inspires the song, and that his name is Love."

COWPER.

"A comparison of the poetry of Doddridge, Watts, Kenn, and Wesley, would show that Doddridge rises above Watts from having caught the spirit of Kenn; and Wesley is deep and interior from having added to the Chrysostomian piety of Kenn the experimental part of St. Augustine. Watts is a pure Calvinist, Kenn is a pure Chrysostomian. Doddridge is induced to blend both, and the effect is valuable and interesting. Wesley advances this union. He too adds the views of grace to those of advanced holiness; but having derived the former from a more unadulterating medium, he is uniformly practical and experimental.

"I know no equal specimen of pure primitive piety, or rather Scriptural united piety, than this poetry; and for clear views and expressions of the true evangelic religion, I know but one human parallel—the matchless liturgy of the Church of England.

ALEXANDER KNOX.

P R E F A C E.



THE recorded judgments upon the preceding pages, of authorities eminent in the walks of literature and religion, and the introduction which follows, dispense with the necessity of an extended preface.

Many persons of excellent taste and unaffected piety have expressed a desire to possess a wider range of this poetry than can be found in any one collection; and the editor, to meet this requirement, has made selections from the author's various works, and brought them within the limits of this volume.

NEW-YORK, *September*, 1864.

“THIS IS AN HONOUR DUE TO THE DEAD, AND A GENER-
OUS DEBT TO THOSE THAT SHALL LIVE AND SUCCEED US.”

ISAAC WALTON.

INTRODUCTION.

A celebrated writer, in delineating the influence of poetry on the character and morals of a nation, declares: "Let me but make the ballads of a nation, I care not who make their laws."

"Milton esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent of all God's intellectual gifts. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. Poetry is the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature.

"It lifts the mind above ordinary life; gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our natures.

"Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities; and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light upon

the mysteries of our being. It is not true that the poet paints a life that does not exist; he only extracts and concentrates life's volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys; and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being."*

Poetry is the sublime and beautiful expressed in measured language. It should be as music to the ear, pictures to the eye, and it should display all the symmetry of architecture. It works principally by simile and melody, and in its perfect state gives as complete satisfaction to the moral faculties as it affords delight to the heart and senses; for its final aim is to benefit man by means of delight. By poetry we also mean certain feelings expressed in certain language; for poetical feelings are all the highest and best of our nature; feelings which come like sunbeams suddenly and rarely to our hearts, too constantly engrossed with earth and its cares; illuminating awhile our darkness, and leaving us with a gleam of light. Truly has the poet said:

"Our better mind
Is like a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have naught to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift."

* Channing.

Almost every human being is alive to the influence of poetry, and when virtue, by which the heart is fitted by its Author to receive its most sublime delights, is embodied in genuine poetry, its power is such that none but callous minds can resist it. Even the slave of vice is taken unawares, and must love his captivity, feeling a strange pleasure, to which he would instantly sacrifice all his most valued gratifications could he but hope to retain it for ever.

Cold, selfish, and earthly as we are, no nature is altogether unpoetical, for let a chance circumstance touch the chord of love, rouse our devotion, or awaken noble feelings in our hearts, causing us to forget ourselves and to think only of the happiness and comfort of others, then do we rise as it were out of ourselves and experience poetical feelings; for of necessity poetry exalts and ennobles us, elevating us to a higher state of mind than we commonly enjoy. These noble and exalting feelings prose fails to express, while her more heavenly sister, poetry, adopts them as her own and sends them forth to the world imbued with a double portion of her spirit.

We admire beautiful thoughts and sublime images in the unassuming garb of prose, but when they come to us in all the graces of flowing rhythm and musical measure, our hearts are touched and our souls are charmed. Nor do we alone feel the effects of rhythm; the most barbarous nations are sensible of its influ-

ence, giving ample evidence that it is not earth-born, for

"Verse comes from heaven like inward light,
Mere human pains can ne'er come by it."

Those impressions which the poet has imbibed into his own mind by observation, good poetry combines into living forms, and the faculty of producing from such impressions the distinctions of individual character, action, or scenery we call imagination. Wordsworth says: "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." Byron also says: "Poetry is a distinct faculty, it will not come when called. I have revolved some of my compositions for whole years in my heart before I attempted to write them."

Poetry is nearly allied to the fine arts, but possesses over them the great advantage of being able to assert a truth. As it is the only art which employs language for its instruments, it is the only one which can enunciate a proposition and command this chief element of the moral sublime. We will here add Milton's definition of poetry, which is in itself perfect—that it "ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind."

Having now shown what true poetry is, we will

note a few characteristics of the true poet. The true poet is he who not only thinks and feels more deeply and intensely than his fellow-men, but expresses his thoughts and feelings more elegantly, more accurately, and more musically. We cannot conceive unmusical poetry any more than we can conceive shapeless statuary. Form is as essential as subject. But whence the origin of the beautiful thoughts and images which the poet presents to us clothed in his own language? They are not the creations of his own mind, as many think, not the emanations of his genius, or the productions of beauty out of the depths of his own personality—they are the creations of God; and the true poet moves as a seer and translator through the regions of beauty and truth that lie in the realities around him, seeking those things which are hidden from the mass of men, (whose eyes are covered with the film of familiarity,) and finding them, he imparts to others all this truth and loveliness which the Creator has written everywhere in nature, whether flaming on the walls of space, smiling in the flowers that adorn the green earth, or written on the human heart: it is thus the poet gives us apparent pictures of unapparent nature.

Poetry may be divided into three classes—natural, moral, and religious. To be the successful poet of nature needs but the poetic vision, and much culture in the use of human speech; to be the successful

poet of life and the social relations, demands not merely poetic sensibility but also moral culture; and to be the successful poet of religion needs not only the poetic vision and moral culture, but the vital action of religion on the soul: "An unction from the Holy One."

In the daily wear of the spirit, if we can hardly keep fresh the affections appropriate to our relations of social and moral life, how much more difficult do we find it to preserve the affections and feelings relating to our spiritual life in all their purity and fervour. How great then the value of sacred poetry which addresses itself to the quickening and developing of the religious affections.

A great portion of the sacred writings contains poetry of the most impressive and spiritual character, and the Divine teaching is conveyed to us not in oratory but in the music and beauty of song, whose powers of influence for good are rarely appreciated. "There are no songs," says Milton, "comparable to the songs of Zion."

There may be said to be two distinct forms or species of the poetry commonly called sacred, and these are characterized by two distinct principles or elements of power.

One of these species deals chiefly with the form and movements of outward nature, grouping them in such various imagery of beauty or grandeur as may serve

to excite the various sentiments of admiration, awe, and reverence.

It is the poetry of natural religion in which the visible creation stands forth as a grand symbol of Deity. But its religious quality is only incidental. In its essential character it is only the poetry of the imagination, its processes and methods are simply descriptive, and its power is exclusively æsthetic. To this species belongs Byron's magnificent Address to the Ocean, beginning with.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty form ;"

and even Addison's beautiful hymn on the glories of the heavens, which captivates the soul with its contemplations of the beauty, order, and harmony of creation, falls for the most part under the same species, addressing the sentiments more than the affections, and stirring the emotions of taste rather than inspiring the feelings of religious devotion.

The other form or species of sacred poetry is essentially lyrical, and belongs more to the affections than to the imagination ; it enlists the devotional element of our nature as its highest power, and recites in glowing language the fervid experiences of the soul in its communion with God, the struggles of penitence, the triumphs of faith, and the aspirations of a holy hope, that soars from the grave to the skies.

The poet, merely as a poet, fails to apprehend

TER—NAOMI AND RUTH—PARENTAL SUFFERING—ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD— —EPITAPH ON AN INFANT—ON A REMOVAL—FAITH IN GOD'S PROMISES— ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND—ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER—IN PROS- PECT OF HIS OWN DEATH—PRAYER FOR FINAL SANCTIFICATION,	437-467
SELECTIONS FROM A PONTICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID,	468-604
SHORT HYMNS, PRINCIPALLY ON PARTICULAR TEXTS IN THE BOOK OF PSALMS,	601-637
PARAPHRASES ON MISCELLANEOUS TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE	638-644

SUPPLEMENT.

THE LORD'S PRAYER—THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM—THE WATERS OF LIFE— HOPE IN DEATH—CHRISTIAN ZEAL—GOD OUR PORTION—RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST—REDEMPTION FOUND—THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH—THE CHANGE —GOD'S LOVE TO MANKIND—A PRAYER TO CHRIST—SUFFERINGS AND LOVE OF CHRIST—CONFIDING IN GOD—GRATITUDE FOR OUR CONVERSION— ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD—THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD—TRUST IN PROVIDENCE—LIVING BY CHRIST—CHRIST THE SOURCE OF GRACE—REDEMPT- ION FOUND—CHRIST PROTECTING AND SANCTIFYING—THE SOUL SEEKING RE- POSE IN GOD—MORNING DEDICATION TO CHRIST—THE BELIEVER'S SUP- PORT—IN AFFLICTION OR PAIN—PUBLIC WORSHIP—THE FAITHFUL AM- BASSADOR—GOD'S HUSBANDRY,	645-695
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PART I.

“LYRICA POESIS PIUM ELEMENTUM NOSTRÆ NATURÆ
UT EJUS MAXIMAM VIM ATTRAHIT.”

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE FIRST.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Who is as the Christian great?
Bought and washed with sacred blood;
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

Who is as the Christian wise?
He his naught for all hath given;
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

Who is as the Christian bless'd?
He hath found the long-sought stone;
He is joined to Christ, his rest,
He and happiness are one.

Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join;
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.

JACOB'S LADDER.

Lo! his clothing is the sun,
 The bright Sun of righteousness;
 He hath put salvation on—
 Jesus is his beauteous dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
 Drinks the fountain from above,
 Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
 Feasts for ever on his love.

Angels here his servants are,
 Spread for him their golden wings,
 To his throne of glory bear,
 Seat him by the King of kings.

Who shall gain that heavenly height?
 Who his Saviour's face shall see?
 I who claim it in his right,
 Christ hath bought it all for me.



JACOB'S LADDER.

Gen. 28 : 12, 13.

WHAT doth the ladder mean,
 Sent down from the Most High?
 Fasten'd to earth its foot is seen,
 Its summit to the sky.
 Lo! up and down the scale
 The angels swiftly move,
 And God, the great Invisible,
 Himself appears above!

Jesus that ladder is,
Th' incarnate Deity,
Partaker of celestial bliss
And human misery.
Sent from his high abode,
To sleeping mortals given,
He stands, and man unites to God,
And earth connects with heaven.

Let Jacob's favor'd race
The wondrous ~~scale~~ approve,
Through which alone we have access
To that bright throne above.
The foot on earth is fix'd,
He in our nature dwells,
Sinners and God He stands betwixt;
And God to man reveals.

The top our faith adores,
The top transcends our sight;
Above all earthly things it soars,
And all created height.
His glorious majesty
Our heavenly Lord maintains;
As God he dwells above the sky
As God for ever reigns.

Pursue the mystery—
The duteous angel-train
Ascending and descending, see
Upon the Son of man!

The ministerial host
Their heavenly Lord attend;
And us who in his mercy trust,
He bids his guards defend.

Through Christ, our living Way,
Sent from above they come,
Our spirits safely to convey
To our eternal home:
They watch each glorious heir,
And when from flesh releas'd,
Up to our Father's throne they bear
And lodge us in his breast.

Redeemer of mankind,
Who on thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Open'd 'twixt earth and sky.
Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services,
Present before the throne.

On us thy Father's love
Is for thy sake bestow'd;
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God;
Our way to God we trace,
And through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
On thee we climb to heaven.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Psalm 34 : 1. Rev. 15 : 3.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of Truth and Grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease.
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed before thy throne!

Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love;
Thee *they* sing with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turn'd to heaven.



PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

Isaiah 35 : 5, 6. 45 : 22. John 1 : 29.
 Matthew 11 : 5. 24 : 14.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of thy Name.

Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for *me*.

He speaks,—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain :
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel, your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

Prov. 3 : 13-18.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise!
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honor that descends from God.

To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

HEAVENLY JOY.

Rev. 22 : 17.

A FOUNTAIN of life and of grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see;
For us, who his offers embrace,
For all it is open and free:
Jehovah himself doth invite,
To drink of his pleasures unknown;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take,
And freely forgiven receive
The mercy, for Jesus's sake:
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

THE INVITATION.

Prov. 3 : 17. 1 John 5 : 11. John 3 : 16.

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown!
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan;
Rise exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind.
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

A THANKSGIVING.

Isaiah 35 : 10. Psalm 25 : 14.

Psalm 89 : 15. Phil. 3 : 9. John 10 : 28.

O WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,
The weakest believer That hangs upon him!

How happy the man Whose heart is set free,
The people that can Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in The light of thy face;
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleansed by thy blood
Bold shall they appear in The presence of God.

For thou art their boast, Their glory and power;
And I also trust To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.

For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence;
I trust in his Word, None plucks me from thence,
Since I have found favor, He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.

Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

HAPPINESS OF SALVATION.

Isaiah 12 : 1-6.

HAPPY soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of gospel grace!
Thee, my Lord, (thou then wilt say,)
Thee will I for ever praise;

Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

Me, behold! thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence my doubts; away my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:
JAH, JEHOVAH, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his Word;
I will on his promise trust.

Strong I am, for he is strong;
Just in righteousness divine:
He is my triumphal song;
All he has, and is, is mine;
Mine—and *yours*, whoe'er believe;
On his name whoe'er shall call,
Freely shall his grace receive;
He is full of grace for all.

Therefore shall ye draw with joy
Water from Salvation's well;
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his name;
O rejoice to see his day;
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

Glory to his name belongs,
 Great, and marvellous, and high ;
 Sing unto the Lord your songs,
 Cry to every nation, cry !
 Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
 Excellent his name we find ;
 This to all mankind is known,
 Be it known to all mankind !

Sion, shout thy Lord and King,
 Israel's HOLY ONE is He !
 Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
 Great is he, and dwells in thee.
 O the grace unsearchable !
 While eternal ages roll,
 God delights in man to dwell,
 Soul of each believing soul !



HAPPINESS OF OBEDIENCE.

John 13 : 17. Psalm 31 : 19 ; 40 : 3.

Rev. 12 : 1. Eph. 3 : 19.

How happy are they Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above !
 Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

That comfort was mine, When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed, What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !

'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song :
Oh ! that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

On the wings of his love I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain ;
I could not believe That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

I rode on the sky, Freely justified I !
Nor envied Elijah his seat ;
My soul mounted higher, In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

O the rapturous height Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess, I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.



HAPPINESS OF CHRIST'S FOLLOWERS.

Luke 6 : 12. Psalm 144 : 15.

How happy, gracious Lord ! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude :
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved, below :
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

The winter's night and summer's day,
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise :
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
In everlasting lays.

With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And restless sing, around thy seat,
The new, eternal song.



HAPPINESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Prov. 1 : 22. Jude 18. 2 Cor. 6 : 10. Rev. 3 : 4.

YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way
To life and happiness,)
Why will ye folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God ?

Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath ;
And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death :
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie ;
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise :
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;
And always sorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

Angels our servants are,
And keep in all our ways ;
And in their watchful hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace :
Unto that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend ;
And God himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

With him we walk in white ;
We in his image shine ;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Our righteousness divine :
On all the kings of earth
With pity we look down ;
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Isaiah 40 : 11. Ezek. 34 : 12-23.

Luke 15 : 4-7. John 10 : 11-16. Matt. 25 : 33.

HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear :
Jesus takes his every care :
He who found the wandering sheep,
Jesus, still delights to keep.

O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh :
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove
All his paradise of love !

Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on thee my every care;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear:
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice;
 More and more of thee receive;
 Ever in thy Spirit live:

Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect, through my Lord, below
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above:
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right hand;
 Take the crown so freely given,
 Enter in by thee to heaven!



FOR BELIEVERS.

John 17 : 3.

My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
 In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
 And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his
 name.

True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound;
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
 My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast :
That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste :
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.



IMAGE OF GOD DESIRED.

2 Peter 1 : 4. Coll. 3 : 10.

MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God :
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove ;
Make me just, and good, like thee,
And full of power and love.

Bid me in thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new ;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too :
This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest ;
Should, within the arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

Let thy will on me be done ;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher :

Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravish'd eyes I see,
Then I shall be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

THE KINGDOM OF GRACE.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd
And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne ;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

PART II.

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE SECOND.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Psalm 51 : 6. 2 Cor. 3 : 6. 11 Tim. 3 : 5. Rom. 3 : 20.

Psalm 46 : 10. Eph. 2 : 8.

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain ;
Fasted and pray'd and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

To please thee thus, at last I see,
In vain I hoped, and strove :
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

But I of *means* have made my boast,
Of *means* an idol made,
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

Where am I now? or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus! to thee my soul looks up,
'Tis thou must make it new.

Thine is the work, and thine alone,
But shall I idly stand?
Shall I the written rule disown,
And slight my God's command?

Wildly shall I from thee turn back,
A better path to find;
Thine holy ordinance forsake,
And cast thy words behind?

Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I
Should ever learn thee so!
No; let me with thy word comply,
If I thy love would know.

Suffice for me, that thou my Lord,
Hast bid me fast and pray:
Thy will be done, thy name adored,
'Tis only mine t' obey.

Thou bidd'st me search the sacred leaves,
And taste the hallow'd bread:
The kind command my soul receives,
And longs on thee to feed.

Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

Here, *in thine own appointed ways*,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, *Be still!*

Be still, and know that I am God!
'Tis all I live to know;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below.

I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through
And gasp in thee to live.

I work; and own the labour vain;
And *thus* from work I cease:
I strive and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the strife give o'er:
To thee I *then* the whole resign,
I *trust* in means no more.

I trust in Him who stands between
 The Father's wrath and me:
 Jesu! thou great eternal mean,
 I look for all from thee.

Thy mercy pleads, thy truth requires,
 Thy promise calls thee down:
 Not for the sake of my desires—
 But O regard thine own!

I seek no motive out of thee:
 Thine own desires fulfil:
 If now thy bowels yearn on me,
 On me perform thy will.

Doom, if thou canst, to endless pains,
 And drive me from thy face;
 But if thy stronger love constrains,
 Let me be saved by grace.



CHRIST THE SAVIOUR OF ALL MEN.

Luke 23 : 34. 1 Cor. 15 : 22, 45. Luke 7 : 38. 11 Cor. 5 : 14.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
 Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
 What means that strange expiring cry?
 (Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
 "Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
 They know not that by me they live!"

Adam descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
 Great God of universal love,
 If all the world through thee may live,
 In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
 And witness thou hast died for me!

Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee—by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away!

O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
 And bathe and wash them with my tears;
 The story of thy love repeat
 In every drooping sinner's ears;
 That all may hear the quickening sound,
 Since I, even I, have mercy found!

O let thy love my heart constrain,
 Thy love for every sinner free;
 That every fallen soul of man
 May taste the grace that found out me;
 That all mankind with me may prove
 Thy sovereign, everlasting love!

PRAYER FOR RESTORING GRACE.

Hosca 14 : 4. Luke 7 : 34. Heb. 3 : 13.

JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray :
From my debt of sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay :
Speak, O speak, the kind release,
A poor backsliding soul restore ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

For my selfishness and pride,
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace ;
Left me long to wander wide,
An outcast from thy face ;
But I now my sins confess,
And mercy, mercy, I implore :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven :
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store :
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,
And let me feel thy soft'ning power,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

From th' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free:
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,
Fill me with chaste desire
Perfect me in holiness;
Thine image to my soul restore,
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

Matt. 5 : 3, 4, 6. Rom. 14 : 17. Rom. 8 : 26. Isaiah 60 : 1.

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor ;
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest ;
And, lo ! for thee I ever mourn :
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only Rest, return ;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

Where is the blessedness, bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness !

Ah, Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray ;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say ;
Answer the deep, unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom!
Light in thy light I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come;
Glory divine is risen on thee:
Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

THE MOURNER COMFORTED.

Isaiah 40 : 1. Heb. 12 : 6. Psalm 126 : 5, 6.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God;
Ye soon shall see his smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not his rod;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chasten'd whom he loved.

Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

PLEADING FOR SALVATION.

Psalm 8 : 4. Ezek. 37 : 4, 5. Rev. 13 : 8.

REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
Determined thee alone to know,
Author and end of my desires :
Fill me with righteousness divine :
To end, as to begin, is thine.

What is a worthless worm to thee ?
What is in man thy grace to move ?
That still thou seekest those who flee
The arms of thy pursuing love ?
That still thine inmost bowels cry,
“ Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why ? ”

Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin !
Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show !
End, Jesus, end this war within !
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,
Till thou thy quick'ning influence give :
Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

There, there before the throne thou art,
The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain !
Take thou, O take this guilty heart !
Thy blood will wash out every stain :
No cross, no sufferings I decline ;
Only let all my heart be thine.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

1 Thess. 5 : 10. 11 Cor. 9 : 15.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable!
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.

My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.

Give me thyself; from every boast,
 From every wish set free:
 Let all I am in thee be lost;
 But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven!

THE PATH OF FAITH.

Hab. 1 : 13. Micah 6 : 6-8. 1 Peter 2 : 24.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy?
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?

Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain:

Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thy word hath show'd;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallow'd up in shame.

Guilty I stand before thy face ;
On me I feel thy wrath abide :
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just ;—but, O, thy Son hath died !

Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled ;
He bore our sins upon the tree ;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head ;
'Tis finish'd ! he hath died for me !

See where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there !

He ever lives for me to pray ;
He prays that I with him may reign ;
Amen to what my Lord doth say !
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.



THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

Heb. 13 : 8. Heb. 11 : 1. John 3 : 36.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same :

To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable :
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF FAITH.

Romans 10 : 6-10.

OFT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
And bring him from the sky ?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their King,
And gain the Morning-Star.

Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead,
From thence to bring him up ?
Could I but my heart prepare,
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things :
"Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
(While Christ to me it brings,)
"Christ is ready to impart
Life to all, for life who sigh :
In thy mouth and in thy heart,
The word is ever nigh."

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Gen. 31: 24-31. Matt. 21: 22. Matt. 9: 23.
Matt. 15: 28. Micah 7: 20.

God of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath to Abraham's race,
In us, even us, fulfil.

Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve;
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain:

Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my spotless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

1 Peter 3 : 18. Hebrews 12 : 2.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go ?

What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now all my wants thou would'st relieve
In this, th' accepted hour.

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face!
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

THE MARKS OF FAITH. .

1 John 1 : 3. 1 Cor. 2 : 12. Rom. 8 : 16, 38, 39.

How can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?
 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell;
 And publish to the sons of men
 The signs infallible.

We who in Christ believe,
 That he for us hath died,
 We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood applied;
 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburden'd of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.

His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
 Stronger than death and hell,
 The mystic power we prove;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven who dwell in Love.

We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestow'd ;
His Spirit to us he gave,
And dwells in us, we know ;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross ;
Our nature's turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its powers ;
And both the Witnesses are join'd,
The Spirit of God with ours.

Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do ;
And, guided by his sacred Word,
We all his steps pursue :
His glory our design,
We live our God to please ;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Mark 9 : 23.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's name believe :
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in thee ;
All things are possible to me.

The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for thee,
All things are possible to me.

Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail ;
The Lamb shall take my sins away
'Tis certain, though impossible :
The thing impossible shall be ;
All things are possible to me.

When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree ;
All things are possible to me.

Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,

Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here :
The servant as his Lord shall be ;
All things are possible to me.

All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.



THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

Romans 4 : 16-25.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.

Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given ;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.

All nations of the earth are blest
In him, who would restore,

And take them all into his rest,
And bid them sin no more.

O God! thy record I believe,
In Abraham's footsteps tread;
And wait, expecting to receive
The Christ, the promised Seed.

Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought.

Things that are not, as though they were,
Thou callest by their name;
Present with thee the future are,
With thee, the great I AM.

In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;

I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove:
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.



CHRIST OUR FAITH.

Romans 6 : 1, 2. John 8 : 36.

JESU, Redeemer of mankind,
How little art thou known
By sinners of a carnal mind,
Who claim thee for their own ;

Who blasphemously call thee Lord,
With lips and hearts unclean ;
But make thee, while they slight thy word,
The minister of sin ?

O wretched man ! from guilt to dream
Thy hardened conscience freed :
When Jesus doth a soul redeem,
He makes it free indeed.

The guilt and power, with all thy art,
Can never be disjoined ;
Nor will God bid the guilt depart,
And leave the power behind.

Faith, when it comes, breaks every chain,
And makes us truly free:
But Christ hath died for thee in vain,
Unless he lives in thee.

What is redemption in his blood
But liberty within?
A liberty to serve my God,
And to eschew my sin.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Isaiah 45: 15.

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st thyself from me;
Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banish'd far from thee;
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to thee return.

Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all thy glorious love.

A hidden God indeed thou art;
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, thou art a Saviour still;
And though thy face I cannot see,
I know thine eye is fix'd on me.

My Saviour thou, not yet reveal'd,
Yet will I thee my Saviour call;
Adore thy hand, from sin withheld;
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,
And show thyself for ever mine.

FORGIVENESS IMploRED.

Col. 3 : 3. Psalm 73 : 25.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!

Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Even now, my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend!

Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end!

Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

DIVINE LIGHT.

Gen. 1 : 2, 3. 2 Cor. 4 : 6. Psalm 5 : 7. 2 Chron. 6 : 21.

EXPAND thy wings, celestial Dove,
And brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly Love;
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill the illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

"Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be.
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And by the shining of thy grace,
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of thy changeless word;
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which thou dost thy name record,
Dost make thy gracious nature known;
That living Temple of thy Son.

52 PRAYER AGAINST THE POWER OF SIN.

Thou dost with sweet complacence see
The temple fill'd with light divine;
And art thou not well pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly shrine,
Through Jesus to thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry?

With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray!
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away:
Hear from thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

PRAYER AGAINST THE POWER OF SIN.

Isaiah 64 : 1. Mal. 4 : 1. Mark 10 : 27. Psalm 121 : 1.

O THAT thou would'st, the heavens rent,
In majesty come down ;
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own !

Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe ;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow !

Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will ;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load?
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

Is there a thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all;
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?

Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save thou art:
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.

Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's Name.

Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

Jesu! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
 And life, and liberty :
 Shed forth the virtue of thy Name,
 And Jesus prove to me !

Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have ;
 For thou that faith hast given :
 Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,
 And make me meet for heaven.

Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;
 Thou wilt victorious prove ;
 For everlasting strength is thine,
 And everlasting love.

Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
 Unconquerable sin ;
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
 And write thy law within.

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
 Yet let me hear thy call,
 My soul in confidence shall rise,
 Shall rise and break through all.

Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice ;
 The blind his sight receive ;
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;
 The heart of stone believe.

The Ethiop then shall change his skin ;
 The dead shall feel thy power ;
 The loathsome leper shall be clean,
 And I shall sin no more.

RESTLESSNESS OF THE SOUL.

Isaiah 1 : 5, 6. Rev. 3 : 17. 1 Kings 19 : 19. 2 Cor. 8 : 9.

1 Peter 5 : 15.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distress,

Ah ! whither shall I fly ?

Ever gasping after rest,

I cannot find it nigh :

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,

Fast bound in sin and misery,

Friend of sinners, let me find

My help, my all, in thee !

I am all unclean, unclean,

Thy purity I want ;

My whole heart is sick of sin,

And my whole head is faint :

Full of putrefying sores,

Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul

Looks to Jesus, help implores,

And gasps to be made whole.

In the wilderness I stray,

My foolish heart is blind ;

Nothing do I know ; the way

Of peace I cannot find :

Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,

And take, O take the veil away ;

Turn my darkness into light,

My midnight into day.

Naked of thine image, Lord,

Forsaken, and alone,

Unrenew'd, and unrestored,
I have not thee put on :
Over me thy mantle spread,
Send down thy likeness from above ;
Let thy goodness be display'd,
And wrap me in thy love.

Poor, alas ! thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still ;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel :
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till thy Spirit here abides,
And I am fill'd with God.

Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want ;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint ;
Make me rich, for I am poor ;
In thee may I my Eden find ;
To the dying health restore,
And eyesight to the blind !

Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility ;
Put on me my glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee ;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove ;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

THE SOUL SEEKING ITS REST.

AND have I measured half my days,
 And half my journey run,
 Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
 Nor yet my work begun ?

The morning of my life is past,
 The noon is almost o'er ;
 The night of death approaches fast,
 When I can work no more.

Darkness he makes his secret place,
 Thick clouds surround his throne ;
 Nor can I yet behold his face,
 Or find the God Unknown.

A God that hides himself he is,
 Far off from mortal sight ;
 An inaccessible Abyss
 Of uncreated light.

Far off he is, yet always near ;
 He fills both earth and heaven,
 But doth not to my soul appear ;
 My soul from Eden driven.

O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,
 But cannot feel him nigh :
 Where is the pardoning God of Love,
 Who stoop'd for me to die ?

I sought him in the secret cell
With unavailing care :
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find him there.

Still every means in vain I try ;
I seek him far and near ;
Where'er I come constrain'd to cry :
" My Saviour is not here."

God is in this and every place :
Yet oh ! how dark and void
To me ! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God !

Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart ;
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown !
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone !

Regard me with a gracious eye ;
The long-sought blessing give ;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live !

A darker soul did never yet
Thy promised help implore :
O ! that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more !

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

John 6 : 68. Psalm 139 : 23, 24. 1 Tim. 2 : 4.

AN! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee:
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;

According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done !
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove :
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

Matthew 15 : 22-28.

LORD, regard my earnest cry ;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth :
Save me from this tyranny ;
From all the power of Satan save ;
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have !

To the sheep of Israel's fold
Thou in thy flesh wast sent ;
Yet the Gentiles now behold
In thee their Covenant :
See me then, with pity see,
A sinner whom thou cam'st to save !
Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, have !

Still I cannot part with thee !
I will not let thee go :

Mercy, mercy upon me,
Thou Son of David, show !
Vilest of the sinful race,
On thee, importunate, I call :
Help me, Jesus, show thy grace ;
Thy grace is free for all.

Nothing am I in thy sight ;
Nothing have I to plead ;
Unto dogs it is not right
To cast the children's bread :
Yet the dogs the crumbs may eat,
That from the master's table fall :
Let the fragments be my meat ;
Thy grace is free for all.

Give me, Lord, the victory,
My heart's desire fulfil :
Let it now be done to me
According to thy will !
Give me living bread to eat,
And say, in answer to my call,
"Canaanite, thy faith is great !
My grace is free for all."

If thy grace for all is free,
Thy call now let me hear ;
Show this token upon me,
And bring salvation near :
Now the gracious word repeat,
The word of healing to my soul :
"Canaanite, thy faith is great !
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10 : 30.

Woe is me ! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state !
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate ?
Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robb'd me of my God ;
Turn'd my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

O thou good Samaritan !
In thee is all my hope ;
Only thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up :
Hearken to my dying cry ;
My wounds compassionately see ;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help to thee.

Still thou journey'st where I am,
And still thy bowels move :
Pity is with thee the same,
And all thy heart is love :
Stoop to a poor sinner, stoop,
And let thy healing grace abound ;
Heal my bruises, and bind up
My spirit's every wound.

Saviour of my soul, draw nigh,
In mercy haste to me ;

At the point of death I lie,
And cannot come to thee ;
Now thy kind relief afford,
The wine and oil of grace pour in ;
Good Physician, speak the word,
And heal my soul of sin.

Pity to my dying cries
Hath drawn thee from above ;
Hovering over me, with eyes
Of tenderness and love,
Now, ev'n now, I see thy face ;
The balm of Gilcad I receive :
Thou hast saved me by thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past ;
O my life, my righteousness !
On thee my soul is cast :
Thou hast brought me to thine inn,
And I am of thy promise sure ;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

Perfect, then, the work begun,
And make the sinner whole ;
All thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul :
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for thy patient care ;
Take me, Jesus, to thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

Persons thou dost not respect ;
Whoe'er for mercy call,
Thou in no wise wilt reject ;
Thy mercy is for all :
Thou would'st freely all restore,
Would all the gracious season find,
Fill with goodness, love, and power,
And with a healthful mind.

Mercy then there is for ME,
(Away my doubts and fears !)
Plagued with an infirmity
For many tedious years.
Jesus, cast a pitying eye !
Thou long hast known my desperate case :
Poor and helpless here I lie,
And wait the healing grace.

Long hath thy good Spirit strove
With my distemper'd soul ;
But I still refused thy love,
And would not be made whole :
Hardly now at last I yield,
I yield with all my sins to part ;
Let my soul be fully heal'd,
And throughly cleansed my heart.

Pain and sickness, at thy word,
And sin, and sorrow flies :
Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
And bid my spirit rise ;
Bid me bear the hallow'd cross,
Which thou, my Lord, hast borne before ;
Walk in all thy righteous laws,
And go and sin no more.

WHY WILL YE DIE ?

Ezek. 18 : 31. Matt. 7 : 21. Isa. 5 : 4. John 5 : 40.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why :
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will you slight his grace, and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love :
 Will you not his grace receive ?
 Will you still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?

Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin :

Dead to God, while here you breathe;
Pant ye after second death?
Will you still in sin remain;
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

Let the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born
You may all to God return;
Dwell with him above the sky;
Why will you for ever die?

You, on whom he favours showers;
You, possess of nobler powers;
You, of reason's powers possess;
You, with will and memory blest;
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God:
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

You, whom he ordain'd to be
Transcripts of the Deity;
You, whom he in life doth hold:
You, for whom himself was sold;
You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create:
Made by him and purchased, why,
Why will you for ever die!

You, who own his record true;
 You, his chosen people, you;
 You who call the Saviour, Lord;
 You, who read his written Word;
 You, who see the gospel light;
 Claim a crown in Jesu's right:
 Why will you, ye Christians, why
 Will the house of Israel die?

What could your Redeemer do,
 More than he hath done for you?
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all his waste of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will you your Lord deny?
 Why will you resolve to die?

Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;
 By his life your God hath sworn,
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight,
 Would he you to life invite?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die?

Sinners, turn, while God is near:
 Dare not think him insincere:
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
 All day long he spreads his hands;
 Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
 No, ye will not come to me!

Me, who life to none deny :
Why will you resolve to die?"

Can you doubt if God is love ?
If to all his bowels move ?
Will you not his *Word* receive ?
Will you not his *OATH* believe ?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
" Why will you resolve to die?"



AFTER A RELAPSE INTO SIN.

Heb. 10 : 29. Luke 13 : 7, 8. Luke 22 : 61, 62. Hos. 11 : 8.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God ;
Fill'd with pangs unspeakable !
I, who yet am not in hell !
Whence to me this waste of love ;
Ask my Advocate above ;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone:"
Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood!
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

Kindled his relentings are; .
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There, for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.

Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

LUKEWARMNESS.

Rev. 3 : 15, 18. 1 Tim. 5 : 6. Luke 13 : 24. 2 Tim. 3 : 5.
2 Pet. 2 : 21. Matt. 11 : 24. Gal. 5 : 6. Job 34 : 31.

GOD of unspotted purity,
Us and our works canst thou behold !
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,
For we are neither hot nor cold.

We call thee Lord, thy faith profess,
But do not from our hearts obey ;
In soft *Laodicean* ease
We sleep our useless lives away.

We live in pleasure, and are dead.
In search of fame and wealth we live :
Commanded in thy steps to tread,
We seek sometimes, but never strive.

A lifeless form we still retain ;
Of this we make our empty boast,
Nor know the name we take in vain ;
The power of godliness is lost.

How long, great God, have we appear'd
Abominable in thy sight !
Better that we had never heard
Thy word, or seen the gospel light.

Better that we had never known
The way to heaven through saving grace,
Than basely in our lives disown,
And slight and mock thee to thy face.

Thou rather would'st that we were cold,
 Than seem to serve thee without zeal;
 Less guilty, if with those of old,
 We worshipp'd *Thor* and *Woden* still.

Less grievous will the judgment-day
 To *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* prove,
 Than us, who cast our faith away
 And trample on thy richer love.

O let us our own works forsake,
 Ourselves, and all we have deny!
 Thy condescending counsel take,
 And come to thee, pure gold to buy.

O might we, through thy grace, attain
 The faith thou never wilt reprove;
 The faith that purges every stain,
 The faith that always works by love!

O might we see in this our day,
 The things belonging to our peace,
 And timely meet thee in thy way
 Of judgments, and our sins confes

Thy fatherly chastisements own;
 With filial awe revere thy rod;
 And turn, with zealous haste, and run
 Into the outstretch'd arms of God.

PRAYER TO CHRIST.

1 John 2 : 1.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there;
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine!

Fain would I know my utmost ill,
And groan my nature's weight to feel;
To feel the clouds that round me roll,
The night that hangs upon my soul,
The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God!

Jesu, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present, and gain;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for thee!

O sovereign Love, to thee I cry;
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death; from hell set free!

Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess'd of thee, I am ;
My life, my only heaven thou art ;
O might I feel thee in my heart !

A PRAYER UNDER CONVICTION.

Matt. 6 : 8, 26. Isaiah 65 : 24. Rom. 7 : 21.

FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs ;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
To thee I look : my heart prepare ;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill ;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love !

Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;

Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel ;
My total misery reveal :
Ah ! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath, be prayer !

PRAYER FOR A CONTRITE HEART.

Isaiah 57 : 15.

O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word !
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow !

Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace :
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come ;
My spirit hide with saints above
My body in the tomb.

WRESTLING JACOB.

Gen. 32 : 24-31. Isaiah 35 : 5, 6. Mal. 4 : 2.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare:
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?

I rise superior to my pain :

When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail !

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer.
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move ;
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me :
I hear thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art.
To me, to all, thy bowels move ;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face :
I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art ;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings :

Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

REPENTANCE.

Jer. 23 : 29.

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to thy gracious eyes present
 A humble, contrite heart :
 A heart with grief oppress'd,
 For having grieved my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.

WAITING FOR SALVATION.

Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire :
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire ;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down :
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone !

WAITING FOR SALVATION.

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
The true, and merciful, and just,
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Wherein thou causest me to trust.

My weary eyes look out in vain,
And long thy saving health to see
But known to thee is all my pain,
When wilt thou come and comfort me ?

Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn ;
Thee my strong hold, and only stay ;
Harden'd in grief, I ever mourn :
Why do thy chariot's wheels delay ?

But shall thy creature ask thee why ?
No ; I retract the eager prayer ;
Lord, as thou wilt, and not as I ;
I cannot choose : thou can'st not err.

To thee the only wise and true,
See then at last I all resign;
Make me in Christ a creature new,
The manner and the time be thine.

Only preserve my soul from sin,
Nor let me faint for want of thee;
I'll wait till thou appear *within*,
And plant thy heaven of love in me.

THE PEACE OF GOD SOUGHT.

Zeck. 9 : 12. Rom. 15 : 13.

LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God!
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesu's blood:

Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:

Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, thyself declare,
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there!



RESIGNATION TO CHRIST.

John 6 : 68. Phil 2 : 8.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life
Ah! whither should I go?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign.
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

RELIANCE ON CHRIST.

Rev. 3 : 17. John 6 : 37.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove;
The seal of thine eternal Love?

A poor, blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near!
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day!

Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

Whom man forsakes, thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive;
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to thee are known.

Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure ;
I want—do thou enrich the poor ;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !

Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight ;
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might :
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee !



LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Sol. 8 : 7.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I freely pray :
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away !
From this bondage, Lord, release ;
No longer let me be opprest :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !

Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me :
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradise possess :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast !

SALVATION SOUGHT.

Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others given;
Only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth and heaven.
This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blessed:
Jesus, Master, seal my peace;
And take me to thy breast!

This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath;
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death!
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy guest!
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast!



SALVATION SOUGHT.

Rom. 8 : 15.

Thou great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
Even from my infant days;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere
Thy drawings from above;

Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child ?

Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love—
Or sin, or righteousness—remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art :
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart !

Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
 Into the ark of love receive!
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!

Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
 In thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From thee no more may I depart;
 Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Acts 5 : 31.

O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
 No longer trample on thy blood,
 And grieve thy gentleness no more;
 No more thy lingering anger move,
 Or sin against thy light and love.
 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
 Now let it all on me be shown;
 On me, the chief of sinners, me,
 Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
 Me to thy Father's grace restore;
 Nor let me ever grieve thee more!
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 Of infinite compassions, hear!
 My Saviour and my Prince above,
 Once more in my behalf appear;
 Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
 O let me turn again and live!

THE SINNER'S PLEA.

1 Tim. 1 : 15. Judges 6 : 39, 40.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace.
Other title I disclaim ;
This, only this, is all my plea ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream :
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him.
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

I, like Gideon's fleece, am found,
Unwater'd still and dry ;
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky ;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live ;

I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

CALL TO CHRIST.

Luke 15 : 2. John 7 : 37, 38.

O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near:
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out his
hands;
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord:
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.

My God and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

O hasten the hour, send down from above
The spirit of power, of health, and of love :
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom and prayer, of joy and of praise :

The Spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to
God ;
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,
And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

"COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE READY."

Luke 14 : 16, 17. Luke 15 : 20, 25.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word ;
Haste to the Supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away !

Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son :
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony to remove ;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Matt. 6 : 9-13.

FATHER of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify :
O that earth and heaven might join,
Thy perfections to proclaim ;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love thy awful name !

When shall thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man ?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honor thy triumphant Son ;
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us thy glorious throne.

Thy good and holy will
Let all on earth fulfil ;
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,

Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed ;
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above ;
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

Our trespasses forgive :
And when absolved we live,
Thou our life of grace maintain ;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose thy pardoning grace again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.

In every fiery hour
Display thy guardian power ;
Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient strength defend ;
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

Father, by right divine
Assert the kingdom thine ;
Jesus, Power of God, subdue
Thy own universe to thee ;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

DESIRING TO PRAY.

Rom. 8 : 26. Luke 11 : 1.

JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
The same through one eternal day,
Attend thy feeblest followers' call,
And, O instruct us how to pray !
Pour out the supplicating grace,
And stir us up to seek thy face !

We cannot think a gracious thought,
We cannot feel a good desire,
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,
The power into our hearts inspire ;
And then we in thy Spirit groan,
And then we give thee back thine own.

Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here !
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter :
The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
And fix thy Agent in our heart.

To help our soul's infirmity,
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,
To urge our God-commanding plea,
And make our hearts a house of prayer,
The promised Intercessor give,
And let us now thyself receive.

Come in thy pleading Spirit down,
To us who for thy coming stay ;

SECRET PRAYER.

Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray:
Indulge us, Lord, in this request;
Thou canst not then deny the rest.

SECRET PRAYER.

Matt. 6 : 6.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encouraged by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pardoning grace:

Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See, thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

Thy grace I languish to receive,
The spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesus' sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.



“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

Phil. 4 : 13. Luke 18 : 1. 1 Thess. 5 : 17.

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want ;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify, thy grace.

I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

P R A Y E R .

Rom. 8 : 26. Gen. 32 : 26, 29. Deut. 3 : 27.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day :
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go.

"I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

"Then let me on the mountain-top,
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Exodus 17 : 12. Exodus 32 : 10. James 5 : 17.

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer !
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace ?
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays ;
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out : " Let me alone !

" Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume ;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare."

O blessed word of gospel grace,
Which now we for our Israel plead !
A faithless and backsliding race,
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed ;
O do not thou in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise !

Father, we ask in Jesus' name ;
In Jesus' power and spirit pray ;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim ;
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away !
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love.

Father, regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer ;

And send a peaceful answer down,
In honour of our spokesman there !
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

“AVENGE ME OF MINE ADVERSARY.”

Luke 18 : 1, 7. Gen. 3 : 15. Matt. 12 : 29. Rom. 16 : 20.

JESUS, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always, and not faint ;
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint.
Quiet shalt thou never know,
Till we from sin are fully freed :
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head !

We have now begun to cry,
And we will never end,
Till we find salvation nigh,
And grasp the Sinner's Friend.
Day and night we'll speak our woe,
With thee importunately plead :
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head !

Speak the word, and we shall be
From all our bands released ;
Only thou canst set us free,
By Satan long oppress'd.


Now thy power almighty show;
Arise, the Woman's conquering Seed!
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

To destroy his work of sin,
Thyself in us reveal;
Manifest thyself within
Our flesh, and fully dwell
With us, in us, here below;
Enter, and make us free indeed.
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

Stronger than the strong man, thou
His fury canst control.
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

To the never-ceasing cries
Of thine elect attend;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send.
Though to man thou seemest slow,
Our cries thou seemest not to heed:
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head!

Come, O come, all-glorious Lord!
No longer now delay;



With thy Spirit's two-edged sword
 The crooked Serpent slay!
 Bare thine arm, and give the blow,
 Root out and kill the hellish seed.
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head!



AWAKE TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Eph. 5: 14. Luke 18: 1. Rom. 8: 15. Dan. 9: 24.

Ah, when shall I awake
 From sin's soft, soothing power,
 The slumber from my spirit shake,
 And rise to fall no more!
 Awake, no more to sleep,
 But stand with constant care,
 Looking for God my soul to keep,
 And watching unto prayer!

O could I always pray,
 And never, never faint;
 But simply to my God display
 My every care and want!
 I know that thou would'st give
 More than I can request;
 Thou still art ready to receive
 My soul to perfect rest.

I feel thee willing, Lord,
 A sinful world to save:

AWAKE TO RIGHTEOUSNESS.

All may obey thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to thee—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.

Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care ;
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer,
Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.

Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole ;
Till thou shalt all things new create
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will ?
Speak, and it shall be done !
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. 5 : 3, 12.

SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow
Which all that feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven ;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

Turn into flesh my heart of stone,
And, while I mourn for thee alone,
The consolation send ;
O come thyself, my soul t' embrace,
And let my cheerful life of grace
In glorious comfort end !

Meeken my soul, thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward—
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart :
Less than thyself cannot suffice ;
My soul for all thy fulness cries,
For all thou hast and art.

Mercy who show shall mercy find;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
 Be, Lord, on me bestow'd;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
 The mercy of my God.

Jesus, the crowning grace impart!
Bless me with purity of heart,
 That, now beholding thee,
I soon may view thy open face,
On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God for ever see!

Lord, give me that pacific mind
Which spreads thy peace among mankind,
 And knits them all in one:
So shall he own me for his child,
Who all, through thee, hath reconciled,
 And take me to his throne.

Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
 But for true holiness:
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd,
And thee, my sanctifying Lord,
 In life and death confess.

Call'd to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for thy righteous cause,
 Pronounce me doubly blest;
And let thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward,
 In heaven's eternal feast.

IN A HURRY OF BUSINESS.

Isaiah 26 : 3.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart.
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest ;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize ;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

PART IV.

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE FOURTH.

"THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS."

2 Cor. 8 : 9. Rev. 19 : 13.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?

Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love !
And speak it to my heart.

In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design :
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine ?

Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

THE HEAVENLY FIRE.

Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace ;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigured face !

Before my eyes of faith confest,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb ;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucified !
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.



THE HEAVENLY FIRE.

Lev. 6 : 13.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling, to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

MOSES'S WISH.

Ex. 33 : 18-22. Heb. 4 : 16. Matt. 5 : 8. 2 Cor. 3 : 18.
Rom. 13 : 14.

O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show :
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass ;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize :
O may I see thy smiling face !
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name !

There in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,

Receive me up into thy Son ;
Cover me with thy mighty hand ;
Set me upon the Rock, and hide
My soul in Jesu's wounded side.

O put me in the cleft ; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear !
Descend in this accepted hour ;
Pass by me, and thy name declare ;
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of Love.

To thee, great God of Love ! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore :
By faith I see thee passing now ;
I have, but still I ask for more.
A glimpse of love cannot suffice :
My soul for all thy presence cries.

The fulness of my vast reward
A blest eternity shall be :
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me ?
What—but one drop !—one transient sight !
I want a sun—a sea of light.

Moses thy backward parts might view,
But not a perfect sight obtain ;
The Gospel doth thy fulness show
To us, by the commandment slain :
The dead to sin shall find the grace ;
The pure in heart shall see thy face.

More favour'd than the saints of old—
Who now by faith approach to thee,

Shall all with open face behold
In Christ the glorious Deity ;
Shall see, and put the Godhead on,
The nature of thy sinless Son !

This, this is our high calling's prize !
Thine image in thy Son I claim ;
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transform'd I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven in Jesu's love.

FOR RENEWED GRACE.

Mal. 3 : 1. Matt. 15 : 13.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart !
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear, appear !
To thy human temples come.

Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace !

IN TEMPTATION.

Psalm 91 : 4. Psalm 36 : 9.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on thee I cast my care!
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

AN ACT OF DEVOTION.

Matt. 6 : 22. 1 Cor. 10 : 31. Rom. 12 : 2. John 10 : 34.

God of almighty love,
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face :
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive ;
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;

My offerings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed Name !
 Jesus, my single eye
 Be fix'd on thee alone :
 Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;
 Thy will by all be done !

Spirit of faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all thou hast, and art ;
 My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm,
 A worm exalt to God !



THE LOVE OF CHRIST THE SINNER'S PLEA.

Isaiah 27 : 5.

O THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
 And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
 And be at peace with thee ;
 Help me thy benefits to own,
 And hear me tell what thou hast done,
 O dying Lamb, for me.

Out of myself for help I go,
 Thy only love resolved to know ;
 Thy love my plea I make ;
 Give me thy love, 'tis all I claim ;
 Give, for the honour of thy name,
 Give, for thy mercy's sake.

Canst thou deny that love to me?
Say, thou incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say;
Thy glory why didst thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap thee in my clay?

Ancient of Days, why didst thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span?
Flesh of our flesh why wast thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of Man?

Love, only love thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
O mystery of Love!

Because thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

DIVINE LOVE.

I.

Eph. 3 : 18, 19. Ezra 9 : 6. 2 Cor. 9 : 15.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love!
(Jesus and Love are one :)
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.

What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?

Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined :
From age to age it never ends ;
It reaches all mankind.

Throughout the world its breadth is known
Wide as infinity!
So wide, it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

My trespass was grown up to heaven ;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise !

The depth of all-redeeming love, .
What angel-tongue can tell ?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable !

Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence ;
Deeper than inbred sin,
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,
When Jesus enters in.

Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own ;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne !

Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above :
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

II.

Luke 10 : 39. 1 Tim. 3 : 16.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me !

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable :
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit
With *Mary* at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!



III.

Eph. 3 : 18, 19.

WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race!
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me!

I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of love divine,
The kindness thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted thine!
My God for me resign'd his breath!
He died to save my soul from death!

How shall I thank thee for the grace
 On me and all mankind bestow'd?
 O that my every breath were praise!
 O that my heart were fill'd with God!
 My heart would then with love o'erflow,
 And all my life thy glory show

See me, O Lord, athirst and faint!
 Me, weary of forbearing, see!
 And let me feel thy love's constraint,
 And freely give up all for thee;
 True in the fiery trial prove,
 And pay thee back thy dying love!

 IV.

2 Cor. 3 : 8.

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down:
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, thou art all compassion;
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples, leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!



V.

Lam. 1 : 12. Phil. 3 : 8. Gal. 5 : 24.

O LOVE Divine! what hast thou done!
The immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree :
The immortal God for me hath died ;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his ?
Come, feel with me his blood applied :
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:



Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;
Pardon for all flows from his side ;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream :
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him :
Of nothing think or speak beside,
" My Lord, my Love is crucified."

VI.

Psalm 73 : 25.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul ;
Only thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be ;
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me choose the better part ;
Let me give thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

Whom have I on earth below ?
Thee, and only thee I know ;
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above ;
All my riches is thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !

Thou, O Love, my portion art :
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart !
Other comforts I despise ;
Love be all my paradise.

Nothing else can I require ;
Love fills up my whole desire ;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love !



VII.

O LOVE, I languish at thy stay !
I pine for thee with ling'ring smart,
Weary and faint through long delay :
When wilt thou come into my heart !
From sin and sorrow set me free,
And swallow up my soul in thee !

Come, O thou universal Good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !

The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want:
Support my feebleness of mind;
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint,
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick and raise the dead.

Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown:
My gospel hope, my calling's prize;
My tree of life, my paradise.

The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart!
The name inscribed on the white stone!
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

VIII.

Rom. 5 : 5.

MY God! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour,
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Soften, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamantine heart.

O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.



PART V.

PART V.

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE FIFTH.

PENITENCE AND LOVE.

Deut. 32 : 39. Psalm 119 : 96.

DEEPEN the wound thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

The sharpness of thy two-edged sword,
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.

I see the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one:
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

"THE PROPITIATION FOR OUR SINS."

Heb. 9 : 22. Heb. 13 : 8. Luke 7 : 42.

God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas ! I am ;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye !
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh :
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay ;
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor :
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace ;

Pardon I accept unbought ;
Thy proffer I embrace :
Coming as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Saviour, from thy wounded side
I never will depart ;
Here will I my spirit hide,
When I am pure in heart.
Till my place above I claim,
This only shall be all my plea,
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

SORROW FOR SIN.

Luke 15 : 4, 5. Matt. 8 : 3. Job 14 : 14.

JESUS, thou know'st my sinfulness,
My faults are not conceal'd from thee ;
A sinner in my last distress,
To thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
And never, never thence depart,
Close shelter'd in thy loving heart.

How shall I find the living way,
Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind ?
Ah, Lord, my soul is gone astray :
Ah, Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
And in thy arms of mercy take,
And bring the weary wanderer back.

Weary and sick of sin I am ;
 I hate it, Lord, and yet I love !
 When wilt thou rid me of my shame ?
 When wilt thou all my load remove,
 Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
 And speak the word of power, " Be clean " ?

O Lord, if I at last discern
 That I am sin, and thou art love,
 If now o'er me thy bowels yearn,
 Give me a token from above ;
 And conquer my rebellious will,
 And bid my murmuring heart be still.

Sin only let me not commit,
 (Sin never can advance thy praise,)
 And, lo ! I lay me at thy feet,
 And wait unwearied all my days,
 Till my appointed time shall come,
 And thou shalt call thine exile home.



RESTORATION TO THE FAVOUR OF GOD.

Psalm 23 : 3. Prov. 3 : 7.

SON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up ;
 Call'd me still to seek thy face
 And given me back my hope :
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

By me, O my Saviour, stand,
 In sore temptation's hour ;
 Save me with thine outstretch'd hand,
 And show forth all thy power ;
 O be mindful of thy word !
 Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart ;
 That I may from evil near
 With timely care depart ;
 Sin be more then hell abhorr'd,
 Till thou destroy the tyrant foe ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray,
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
 My exceeding great reward,
 In heaven above and earth below ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

Never let me go till I,
 Upborne on wings of love,
 Gain the region of the sky,
 And take my seat above ;
 See thee by all heaven adored,
 And all thy glorious fulness know ;
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

REPENTANCE OF BELIEVERS.

Judges 16 : 20. Isaiah 57 : 17-19. Psalm 103 : 12.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness,
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

Yet would I not regard thy stroke;
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refused to feel.

I knew not that the Lord was gone,
In my own froward will went on,
And lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wanderings seen.

Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create;
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore
My peace and bid me sin no more!

Far off, yet at thy feet, I lie,
Till thou again thy blood apply;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.

But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness:

Till, thoroughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.



RE-UNION TO GOD.

Eccles. 7 : 29.

Upright, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creature stray'd;
Multiplied our wand'ring thought,
Which first was fix'd on God alone;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wand'rings cease;
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
By love's divine simplicity;
Reunited to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee!

CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE AND FRIEND.

1 John 2 : 1. Hos. 14 : 4. Ezek. 11 : 19. Isa. 48 : 4.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn :
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin ;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in ;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore ;
O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

The stone to flesh again convert ;
The veil of sin again remove :
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love !
This rebel heart by love subdued,
And make it soft, and make it new.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now ;

Fill my whole soul with filial fears :
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
 Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
 The iron sinew in my neck !

Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the approach of sin :
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant, and root it deep within ;
 That I may dread thy gracious power,
 And never dare to offend thee more.



LONG-SUFFERING OF GOD.

2 Peter 3 : 9. Rom. 8 : 21.

O God, if thou art love indeed,
 Let it once more be proved in me,
 That I thy mercy's praise may spread,
 For every child of Adam free :
 O let me now the gift embrace :
 O let me now be saved by grace !

If all long-suffering thou hast shown
 On me, that others may believe,
 Now make thy loving-kindness known,
 Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
 Spirit of victory and power,
 That I may never grieve thee more.

Grant my importunate request ;
 It is not my desire, but thine ;

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

Since thou would'st have the sinner blest,
Now let me in thine image shine,
Nor ever from thy footsteps move,
But more than conquer through thy love.

Be it according to thy will;
Set my imprison'd spirit free;
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Into thy glorious liberty
My spirit, soul, and flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve thee more.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

Psalm 95 : 8. Heb. 4 : 3.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:

Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest;

Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Luke 15 : 18, 19. Psalm 51 : 11.

YEs, from this instant now, I will
To my offended Father cry;
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all thy children, I,
Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
Yet will I thee my Father own.

Guide of my life hast thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power?
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy grave devour?
And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love thy child again?

Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued!

Ah! canst thou finally depart,
 And leave thy creature in his blood!
 Leave me,—out of thy presence cast,
 To perish in my sins at last!

If thou hast will'd me to return,
 If weeping at thy feet I fall,
 The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
 But pity, and forgive me all,
 In answer to my Friend above,
 In honour of his bleeding love!



RENUNCIATION OF WORLDLY VANITIES.

1 Cor. 2 : 2. Heb. 2 : 9. Psalm 116 : 7.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good!
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood:
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atonng Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Turning to my rest again,
 The Saviour I adore ;
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more.
 Rivers of salvation flow
 From out his head, his hands, his side :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove :
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied !
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

AFTER A RELAPSE INTO SIN.

Matt. 13 : 8. John 11 : 32. Job 42 : 5, 6.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry ;
Thee only would I know ;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity :
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

But art thou not already mine ?
Answer, if mine thou art !
Whisper within, thou Love Divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

Tell me again my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live :
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide :
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove !
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love !

I forced thee first to disappear ;
I turn'd thy face aside :
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pardoning love takes place !
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.

O could I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love !

My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies :
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes ?

I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All*.



WATCH AND PRAY.

Eph. 5 : 14. Job 26 : 14. Isaiah 30 : 21. Psalm 18 : 2.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul !
Say to me now, "Awake, awake !
And Christ shall make thee whole."

That light shall enkindle in me
 A flame of reciprocal love ;
 And then I shall cleave unto thee,
 And then I shall never remove.

O come to a mourner in pain,
 Thy peace in my conscience reveal !
 And then I shall love thee again,
 And sing of the goodness I feel :
 Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
 My soul shall in all things obey,
 And wait to be fully restored,
 And long to be summon'd away.



CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

Neh. 5 : 9.

WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame ;
 As servants of the Lord Most High,
 As zealous for his glorious name,
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.

That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart ;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

FILIAL FEAR.

Rom. 6 : 1, 2. Eph. 4 : 30. 1 Pet. 1 : 17.

God of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good!
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious Spirit Divine.

If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove;
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love:
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

Rather I would in darkness mourn
 The absence of thy peace,
 Than e'er by light irreverence turn
 Thy grace to wantonness:
 Rather I would, in painful awe,
 Beneath thine anger move,
 Than sin against the gospel law
 Of liberty and love.

But O! thou would'st not have me live
 In bondage, grief, or pain;

Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men:
Thy will is my salvation, Lord;
And let it now take place!
And let me tremble at the word
Of reconciling grace.

Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Lev. 8 : 35. Mark 13 : 33.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;

And O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION.

Isaiah 2 : 2, 3. Eph. 6 : 11, 12. Rev. 3 : 21. Rev. 5 : 5.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound.
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

All power to him is given ;
He ever reigns the same ;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.

Only have faith in God ;
In faith your foes assail ;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell.
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heaven
And rule the lower world.

Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel ;
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes ;
Countless, invisible.
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try ;
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.

On earth the usurpers reign,
Exert their baneful power ;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour.
But shall believers fear ?
But shall believers fly ?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy ?

Jesu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight :

Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight.
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
We still to conquer go.

Our Captain leads us on ;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
"Be faithful unto death ;
Partake my victory ;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

THE FEAR OF GOD.

Prov. 7 : 2.

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear,
My utter helplessness reveal ;
Satan and sin are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire.

O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorr'd approach of ill :

Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray ;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.



WATCH IN ALL THINGS.

Isaiah 30 : 21.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings :
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings :

Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear :
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way ;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near !"

His sacred unction from above,
Be still my comforter and guide,

Till all the stony he remove.
And in my loving heart reside.

Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

FOR A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

Prov. 7 : 2. Acts 24 : 16. Isaiah 30 : 21.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

FOR A NEW HEART.

If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul ;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole !

FOR A NEW HEART.

Ezek. 36 : 26, 27.

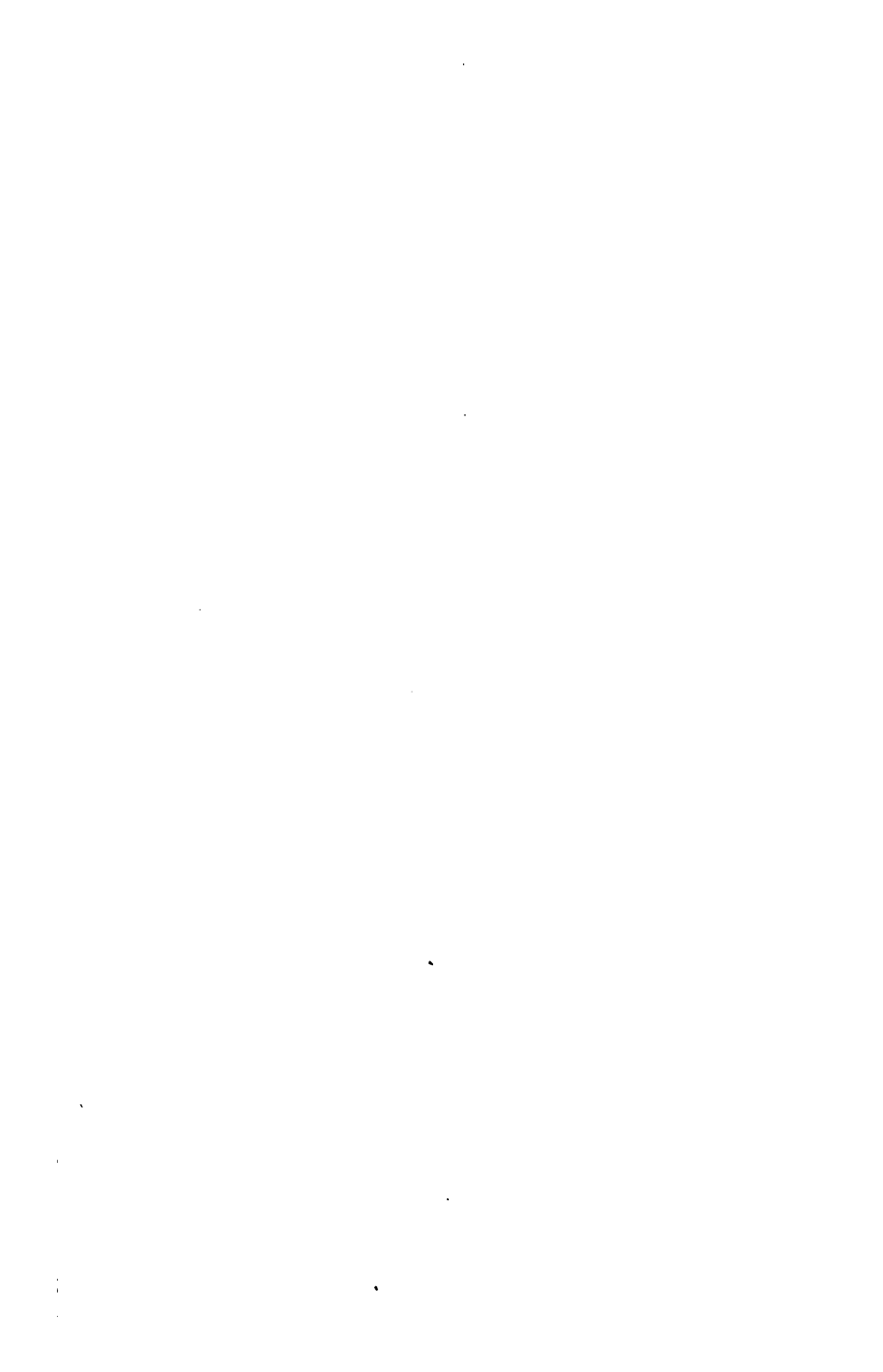
O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart ;
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart.

Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
Prepare for thee the holiest place !
Then, O Essential Love, come in !
And fill thy house with endless praise.

Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive.

A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove :
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

PART VI.



Sacred Poetry.

PART THE SIXTH.

CHRIST THE WAY.

John 14 : 6. Psalm 66 : 12. 1 Peter 5 : 10.

JESU, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art ;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;

But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee ; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end !

Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine ;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !

O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd :
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

IN WORLDLY CARE.

Luke 10 : 41, 42. Psalm 55 : 22. 1 Peter 5 : 7.

Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will:
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
And loving *Mary's* heart.

Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
Till all thy will be done.

To the desert, or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,

In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unspotted, I:
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove!
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above:
Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employ'd,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

O that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face!



THE LORD OUR GUIDE.

Exodus 13 : 21.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:

Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

THE SACRIFICE OF OUR PERSONS.

I.

Job 1 : 21.

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all, thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

Confiding in thy only love,
Through Jesus strength'ning me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;

Resume by the Chaldean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

Determined all thy will to obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore!

II.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call:
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;

All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart;—but make it new!

Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

III.

Rom. 14 : 8.

Let Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies!

DESIRE FOR SALVATION.

Jesus; thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our heart's desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.



DESIRE FOR SALVATION.

Gen. 49 : 18.

Long have I waited, Lord,
For thy salvation here,
And hoped, according to thy word,
To see it soon appear:
To see thee passing by,
All-glorious from above,
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,
The God of pardoning love.

Thyself Jehovah's Son,
Discover to my heart,
That when I have my Saviour known,
I may in peace depart:
May thee, the world's desire,
With arms of faith embrace,
And then, with yon enraptured choir,
For ever see thy face.

THE AUTHOR OF ALL GOOD.

JAMES 1 : 17. JOHN 15 : 5. PHIL. 2 : 13. ISA. 26 : 12.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too :
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

His blood demands the purchased grace,
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
Our good is all divine :
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word is thine.

From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call ;
In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is ALL in ALL.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow ourselves before thy throne.

Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And Seraphs shout the triune God;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol thy majesty divine.

Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around the throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One

Father, of endless majesty,
All might and love they render thee;

Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Messiah, joy of every heart,
Thou, thou the King of glory art;
The Father's everlasting Son,
Thee it delights thy church to own;
For all our hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious mercies never end.

Bent to redeem a sinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,
Into our lower world didst come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb;
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appear'd a child of man!

When thou hadst render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portals of the skies,
That all who trust in thee alone
Might follow and partake thy throne.

Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all his glory reign;
Thou dost, thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes divine;
And thou with judgment clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.

Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away!
Before thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of thy blood.

Hallow, and make thy servants meet,
And with thy saints in glory seat;
Sustain and bless us by thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church shall chant above
The new eternal song of love.

Saviour, we now rejoice in hope,
That thou at last wilt take us up;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy name;
And wait thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.

Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below;
And ever mightily defend,
And save thy servants to the end.

Still let us, Lord, by thee be blest,
Who in thy guardian mercy rest:
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in thee;
And never let me lose thy love,
Till I, even I, am crown'd above.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright:

To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

By faith the upper choir we meet;
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain:
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

THE CHRISTIAN'S VICTORY.

Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransom'd worms, look down,
 For heaven's superior praise.

The King, whose glorious face ye see,
 For us his crown resign'd;
 That fulness of the Deity,
 He died for all mankind!



THE CHRISTIAN'S VICTORY.

2 Tim. 4 : 7.

"I THE good fight have fought,"
 O when shall I declare?
 The victory by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.
 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last!

This blessed word be mine
 Just as the port is gain'd,
 "Kept by the power of grace divine,
 I have the faith maintain'd."
 The Apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

Phil. 4 : 4. Heb. 1 : 3. Rev. 1 : 18. Acts 2 : 34, 35. Rom.
6 : 6. 1 Thes. 4 : 16, 17.

REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy :

And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !



THE GIFT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Jer. 9 : 23. 2 Cor. 10 : 17.

LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
 The mighty glory in his might;
 The rich in flattering riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.
 The rush of numerous years bears down
 The most gigantic strength of man;
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again.

One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God
 When Jesus doth his blood apply,
 I glory in his sprinkled blood.
 The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
 I triumph in the love divine,
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

CHRIST OUR INTERCESSOR.

Heb. 7 : 25. Rom. 8 : 15.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky :
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven.

Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad, thine attributes confess
Glorious all, and numberless.

Hail, by all thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou !
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !

Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, thou!

Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone
Art with thy great Father one:
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

THE TRINITY.

Num. 6 : 24-26.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!

Preserve the creatures of thy love;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.

Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace!

Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to see
On thy eternal throne.

Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show !
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.

Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends !



“THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”

Luke 11 : 2. Rom. 14 : 17.

FATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love ;—

To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons three ;
And glorify the great I AM
Through all eternity.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
Thy peace our passions bind ;

And let us, in thy joy unknown,
The first dominion find.

The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in:

The kingdom of establish'd peace,
Which can no more remove,
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.



THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST.

1 John 1 : 7. Phil. 1 : 10.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,
Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity:

Who did for us his life resign:
There is no other God but one;
For all the plenitude divine
Resides in the eternal Son.

Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to his day remain!
Who trust the blood of Christ to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.

188 THE NAME OF THE LORD PROCLAIMED.

Lord, we believe the promise sure!
The purchased Comforter impart!
Apply thy blood to make us pure:
To keep us pure in life and heart!

Then let us see that day supreme,
When none thy Godhead shall deny;
Thy sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
(Or count thee less than the Most High!

When all who on their God believe,
Who hear thy last appealing love,
Shall thy consummate joy receive,
And see thy glorious face above.



THE NAME OF THE LORD PROCLAIMED.

Exodus 34 : 5, 7.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord
Descending in a cloud.
In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.

The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name in-spoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
Which suits a sinner best.
Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost apostate race.

Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:

A thousand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love.
 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.

Reserves of unexhausted grace
 Are treasured up in thee,
 For myriads of the fallen race ;
 For all mankind and me.
 The flowing stream continues full
 Till time its course hath run ;
 And while eternal ages roll
 Thy mercy shall flow on.

Merciful God, long-suffering, kind,
 To me thy name is show'd ;
 But sinners most exult to find
 Thou art a pardoning God.
 Our sins in deed, and word, and thought
 Thou freely dost forgive ;
 For us thou by thy blood hast bought,
 And died that I might live.

Yet wilt thou not the guilty clear,
 If we to sin return :
 Thy wrath, vindictively severe,
 From age to age shall burn ;
 Unless our sinful misery
 We, self-condemn'd, bemoan,
 And find 'an Advocate in thee,
 Before thy Father's throne.

MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY.

Acts 17 : 28. Gen. 1 : 26.

HAIL! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM!

A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
Adoring One in Persons Three,
And three in Nature One.

From thee our being we receive,
The creatures of thy grace,
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.

Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan ;
And all the glorious Persons join'd
To form thy favorite, Man.

Again thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruin'd work restore,
Establish'd in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.

And when we rise in love renew'd,
Our souls resemble thee,
An image of the Triune God,
To all eternity.

The incommunicable right,
Almighty God! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

Prov. 8 : 15, 21.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and
heaven,
And all therein are thine.

The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,

And, high on thine eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour, give ;
And Kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.



THE PEACE OF GOD.

Numbers 6 : 26.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Persons Three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

TO GOD THE FATHER.

Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

Light in thy light O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove;
 Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconciled!

That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me, through grace forgiven
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven!



TO GOD THE FATHER.

Acts 17 : 28. Rev. 7 : 10. Rev. 20 : 11.

FATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of thy creating love.

Let all the angel throng
 Give thanks to God on high,

While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace :

The grace to sinners show'd
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

Eternal triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And dwell upon thy love :

When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise !

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power :
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore !
Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere ;
For the blessings numberless,
Which thou hast already given ;
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good Spirit impart !
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart :
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory sec,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

Grace, in answer to his prayer,
And every grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below ;

Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name:
Thee let every creature bless;
Praise to God alone be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Luke 15 : 21, 24.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

Father, behold thy son,
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near;
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find.
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all;
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine.
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine!"

IN TEMPTATION.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppress'd by sins I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stay'd.

Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

Psalm 103 : 13. Psalm 5 : 12. Matt. 10 : 30. John 3 : 16.

Good thou art, and good thou dost;
Thy mercies reach to all,
Chiefly those who on thee trust,
And for thy mercy call :
New they every morning are ;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.

Mercy o'er thy works presides ;
Thy providence display'd
Still preserves, and still provides
For all thy hands have made ;
Keeps, with most distinguish'd care,
The man who on thy love depends ;
Watches every number'd hair,
And all his steps attends.

Who can sound the depths unknown
Of thy redeeming grace ?
Grace, that gave thine only Son
To save a ruin'd race !

Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven;
Made them of thy favour sure,
And snatch'd from hell to heaven.

Millions more thou ready art
To save, and to forgive!
Every soul and every heart
Of man thou would'st receive:
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer thee;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That thou hast pardon'd me!

CONVERSE WITH GOD.

Luke 24 : 32. Psalm 27 : 8.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek thy face;
 'Tis all I wish to seek;
 To attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,
 Till I thy glory see;
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And find my heaven in thee.



JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Psaln 90 : 2. Psalm 145 : 9. Psalm 62 : 12. Neh. 9 : 17.
 Eph. 1 : 7.

GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
 That pants to sing thy praise:
 Thou without beginning art,
 And without end of days;
 Thou a Spirit invisible,
 Dost to none thy fulness show;
 None thy Majesty can tell,
 Or all thy Godhead know.

All thine attributes we own,
 Thy wisdom, power, and might:
 Happy in thyself alone,
 In goodness infinite,
 Thou thy goodness hast displayed,
 On thine every work imprest,
 Lov'st whate'er thy hands have made.
 But man thou lov'st the best.

Willing thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each, or bliss or woe,
With strictest justice give :
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due ;
Faithful in thy promises,
And in thy threat'nings too.

Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to thee !
Hear me then for pardon call,
And show thy grace to me
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me, receive, thy favour'd child,
To sing thy praise in heaven.



CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

Acts 4 : 12. Col. 3 : 2.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine :
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.

Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love ;

To me, with thy dear Name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven in hell.

MERCY AND PARDON.

2 Saml. 7 : 8. Ezek. 16 : 6. Acts 4 : 12.

WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.

Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"

Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad;
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.



PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

Acts 4 : 12. 1 Tim. 1 : 15 ; 2 : 6.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,

By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus, harmonious Name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze :
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done ?

O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call !

To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who died for all!
 For all my Lord was crucified;
 For all, for all my Saviour died!

FREE GRACE.

Eph. 1 : 7. 1 Tim. 3 : 16. 1 Peter 1 : 12. Acts 12 : 6, 7.
 2 Tim. 4 : 8.

AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain?
 For me, who him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That thou, my God, should'st die for me!

'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design!
 In vain the first-born Seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love Divine!
 'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left his Father's throne above;
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me*!

Long my imprison'd spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;

Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.



A THANKSGIVING.

I.

Exod. 14 : 13. Isaiah 43 : 2.

My Father, my God, I long for thy love;
O shed it abroad; Send Christ from above!
My heart, ever fainting, He only can cheer;
And all things are wanting, Till Jesus is here.

O when shall my tongue Be fill'd with thy praise!
While all the day long I publish thy grace,
Thy honor and glory To sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore thee, And own thou art true.

Thy strength and thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserved every hour Through Jesus's Name;
For thou art still by me, And holdest my hand;
No ill can come nigh me, By faith while I stand.

My God is my guide : Thy mercies abound :
On every side They compass me round :
Thou sav'st me from sickness, From sin dost re-
trieve,
And strengthen'st my weakness, And bidd'st me
believe.

Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
My foes dost control, And quiet their strife ;
Thou rulest my passion, My pride and self-will ;
To see thy salvation, Thou bidd'st me "stand still !"

I stand, and admire Thine out-stretched arm ;
I walk through the fire, And suffer no harm ;
Assaulted by evil, I scorn to submit ;
The world and the devil Fall under my feet.

I wrestle not now, But trample on sin,
For with me art thou, And shalt be within ;
While stronger and stronger In Jesus's power,
I go on to conquer, Till sin is no more.

II.

Heb. 4 : 16. Zech. 4 : 10. Rom. 5 : 20. Matt. 21 : 16.

O God of my salvation, hear,
And help a sinner to draw near
With boldness to the throne of Grace :
Help me thy benefits to sing,
And smile to see me feebly bring
My humble sacrifice of praise.

I cannot praise thee as I would ;
But thou art merciful and good ;
I know thou never wilt despise
The day of small and feeble things,
But bear me, till on eagles' wings
To all the heights of love I rise.

I thank thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heaven.
Surely on me my Father smiled
And once I knew him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.

My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God ;
Thou didst, thou didst, thy peace impart ;
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.

Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound ;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.

Saviour, for this I thank thee now ;
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell ;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.

The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free;

None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live!
Saviour, to thee I still look up;
I see an open door of hope;
And wait thy fulness to receive.

How shall I thank thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see thy face,
When sin shall all be purged away!
The night of doubts and fears is past;
The Morning-Star appears at last,
And I shall see the perfect day.

I soon shall hear thy quick'ning voice,
Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;
(This is thy will and faithful word;)
My spirit meek, my will resign'd;
Lowly as thine shall be my mind;
The servant shall be as his Lord.

Already, Lord, I feel thy power;
Preserved from evil every hour,
My great Preserver I proclaim:
Safety and strength in thee I have,
I find, I find thee strong to save,
And know that Jesus is thy name.

By faith I every moment stand,
Strangely upheld by thy right hand;
I my own wickedness eschew;
A sinner, I am kept from sin;
And thou shalt make me pure within,
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

Come, then, and loose my stamm'ring tongue,
Teach me the new, the joyful song
And perfect in a babe thy praise:
I want a thousand lives to employ
In publishing the sounds of joy,
The gospel of thy general grace.

Come, Lord, thy Spirit bids thee come;
Give me thyself, and take me home;
Be now the glorious earnest given!
The counsel of thy grace fulfil;
Thy kingdom come, thy perfect will
Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Lev. 15 : 9, 13. Isaiah 61 : 1-4.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

CHRIST'S EVERLASTING LOVE.

Isaiah 53 : 3, 5.

GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
I lift it up to thee ;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free !
Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
Thou hast raised me from my fall ;
Thou hast full atonement made :
My Saviour died for all.

What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's breast ?
Pity drew him from above,
And would not let him rest ;
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.

God, in this dark vale of tears
A man of griefs was seen :
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity ?
Did they own him, who he was ?
See the Friend of Sinners, see !
He hangs on yonder cross !

Yet thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb !

By thy judgment I am clear ;
Heal'd by thy stripes I am ;
Thou for me a curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest ;
Thou hast my full ransom paid,
And in thy wounds I rest.

PART VII.

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE SEVENTH.

THE PROMISE OF SANCTIFICATION.

Ezek. 36 : 25-30.

God of all Power, and Truth, and Grace,
Which shall from age to age endure :
Whose Word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure :

Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thine eternal love.

That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious Name,
And perfect holiness in me.

Chose from the world if now I stand,
Adorn'd in righteousness divine,
If, brought into the promis'd land,
I justly call the Saviour mine ;

Perform the work thou hast begun,
My inmost soul to thee convert :
Love me, for ever love thine own,
And sprinkle with thy blood my heart.

Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst and wash me clean ;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend and make me pure from sin.

Purge me from every sinful blot,
My idols all be cast aside ;
Cleanse me from every evil thought ;
From all the filth of self and pride.

Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

O take this heart of stone away !
(Thy rule it doth not, cannot own ;)
In me no longer let it stay ;
O take away this heart of stone !

The hatred of my carnal mind
Out of my flesh at once remove ;
Give me a tender heart, resign'd,
And pure, and fill'd with faith and love.

Within me thy good Spirit place ;
Spirit of health, and love, and power ;
Plant in me thy victorious grace,
And sin shall never enter more.

Cause me to walk in Christ my Way,
And I thy statutes shall fulfil;
In every point thy law obey,
And perfectly perform thy will.

Hast Thou not said, who canst not lie,
That I thy law shall keep and do?
Lord, I believe, though men deny;
They all are false, but thou art true.

O that I now, from sin releas'd,
Thy word might to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

There let me ever, ever dwell;
Be thou my God, and I will be
Thy servant; O set to thy seal!
Give me eternal life in thee.

From all remaining filth within,
Let me in thee salvation have;
From actual, and from inbred sin,
My ransom'd soul persist to save.

Wash out my old original stain;
Tell me no more, It cannot be—
Demons or men! The Lamb was slain,
His blood was all pour'd out for me!

Sprinkle it, Jesus, on my heart;
One drop of thy all-cleansing blood
Shall make my sinfulness depart,
And fill me with the life of God.

Father, supply my every need ;
 Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
 Call for the corn, the living bread,
 The manna that comes down from heaven.

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
 Thy blessing's unexhausted store,
 In me abundantly increase ;
 Nor let me ever hunger more.

Let me no more in deep complaint,
 " My leanness, O my leanness," cry,
 Alone consum'd with pining want,
 Of all my Father's children, I !

The painful thirst, the fond desire,
 Thy joyous presence shall remove ;
 While my full soul doth still require
 The whole eternity of love.

Holy, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I want to prove thy perfect will ;
 Be mindful of thy gracious Word,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

Thy faithful mercy let me find,
 In which thou causest me to trust ;
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And lay my spirit in the dust.

Show me how foul my heart hath been,
 When all renew'd by grace I am ;
 When thou hast emptied me of sin,
 Shew me the fulness of my shame.

Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

Confound, o'erpower me, with thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorr'd;
(All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!)

Now let me gain perfection's height!
Now let me into nothing fall!
Be less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.



“THE GOD OF JESHURUN.”

Deut. 33 : 26-29.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son:
God, the Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
'Thy Maker and thy Friend:

Israel, what hast thou to dread ?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within:
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin:
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say:
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fighting cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow:
Jacob's well is in his soul;
Gracious dew his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall forever fill.

Blest, O Israel, art thou;
What people is like thee?

Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be:
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
To God's almighty word.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

Heb. 4 : 1-11.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now the rest might know
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;

Thee—O my all-sufficient Good!
I want—and thee alone.

Thy Name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End!

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God!



HOLINESS DESIRED.

2 Cor. 13 : 9. Heb. 8 : 8, 10, 12. John 17 : 3. Ezek. 16 : 62, 63.

O God, most merciful and true!
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!



PRAYER FOR SANCTIFICATION.

Psalm 130 : 8. Jer. 4 : 14.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew;
Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

ZION'S PROSPERITY.

I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to thee;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
For power, I feebly pray:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day;
And I shall sin no more.

I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity:
While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

ZION'S PROSPERITY.

Isaiah 35. Rev. 21 : 4.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Ever faithful to thy word,
Humbly we our seal set to,
Testify that thou art true.
Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
All in cheerful green array'd;
Opening sweets they all disclose,
Bud and blossom as the rose.

Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
Lonely deserts now rejoice,

Gladsome hallelujahs sing,
 All around with praises ring.
 Lo! abundantly they bloom;
 Lebanon is hither come;
 Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
 Sharon's fertile excellence.

See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers;
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace and joy and righteousness.
 We behold (the abjects, we!)
 Christ, the incarnate Deity;
 Christ, in whom thy glories shine,
 Excellence of strength divine.

Ye that tremble at his frown,
 He shall lift your hands cast down;
 Christ, who all your weakness sees,
 He shall prop your feeble knees.
 Ye of fearful hearts, be strong;
 Jesus will not tarry long;
 Fear not lest his truth should fail:
 Jesus is unchangeable.

God, your God, shall surely come,
 Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
 He shall come and save you too:
 We, O Lord, have found thee true!
 Blind we were, but now we see;
 Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
 Dumb, for thee our tongues employ:
 Lame, and, lo! we leap for joy.

Faint we were, and parch'd with drought,
Water at thy word gush'd out :
Streams of grace our thirst repress,
Starting from the wilderness.
Still we gasp thy grace to know ;
Here forever let it flow ;
Make the thirsty land a pool,
Fix the Spirit in our soul.

Where the ancient Dragon lay,
Open for thyself a way !
There let holy tempers rise,
All the fruits of Paradise.
Lead us in the way of peace,
In the path of righteousness,
Never by the sinner trod,
Till he feels the cleansing blood.

There the simple cannot stray ;
Babes, though blind, may find the way ;
Find, nor ever thence depart ;
Safe in lowliness of heart.
Far from fear, from danger far ;
No devouring beast is there ;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their footsteps sure.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Let our lot be cast with them ;
Far from earth our souls remove,
Ransom'd by thy dying love.
Leave us not below to mourn ;
Fain we would to thee return,

Crown'd with righteousness, arise
Far above these nether skies.

Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away
Swallow'd up in endless day.

THE NEW CREATION.

Col. 3 : 10. Heb. 8 : 10.

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew :
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart :
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart !
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove ;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul, remain !
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

PURITY OF HEART DESIRED.

Psalms 51 : 10. Ezek. 36 : 26, 27. Rev. 2 : 17. Isaiah 57 : 19.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me !

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe :
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

My heart, thou know'st, can never rest
Till thou create my peace :
Till, of my Eden re-possess,
From every sin I cease.

Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

CHRIST OUR SANCTIFICATION.

Phil. 3 : 10. Rom. 6 : 4, 6. Col. 2 : 11, 13.

JESUS, my life ! thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive ;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive !

THE PURE IN HEART.

More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway ;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode :
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God !

THE PURE IN HEART.

Matt. 5 : 8.

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
Prepared their God to see ;
Jesus, to my soul impart
The spotless purity :
Let thy grace my soul o'erflow,
And all my sinfulness remove :
Thus the essential bliss bestow,
The purity of love.

Let thy Spirit to me explain
The mystery unknown,
Cleansed from every sinful stain,
To love my God alone :

Give me, Lord, the grace to feel,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height;
 Then thy glorious self reveal,
 And turn my faith to sight.

“REJOICING IN HOPE.”

I.

Lam. 3 : 26. Rom. 12 : 12. Rom. 6 : 22. 1 John 1 : 9. Col.
 1 : 27. 2 Tim. 2 : 12. Rom. 13 : 11. Matt. 5 : 8.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear
 The prisoners of the Lord,
 And wait till Christ appear,
 According to his word:
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

In God we put our trust:
 If we our sins confess,
 Faithful he is, and just,
 From all unrighteousness
 To cleanse us all, both you and me;
 We shall from all our sins be free.

Surely in us the hope
 Of glory shall appear;
 Sinners, your heads lift up,
 And see redemption near.
 Again I say, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free

Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise ;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

II.

John 8 : 36. Eph. 3 : 18, 19.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near ;

His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

He wills that I should holy be ;
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
And sure I taste thy love.

Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height ;
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

When Christ doth in my heart appear
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.

When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possest,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,

'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known :
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

May I, may all who humbly wait,
The glorious joy receive ;
Joy above all conception great,
Worthy of God to give.

Lord, I believe, and rest secure
In confidence divine ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And all thou art is mine.



HYMN TO GOD THE SANCTIFIER.

Rom. 8 : 16. Gal. 2 : 20. Psalm 36 : 9. 2 Cor. 3 : 18.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenīng fire !
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
Now to my soul thyself reveal ;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

Thy witness with my spirit bear,
That God, my God, inhabits there,
Thou, with the Father, and the Son,

Eternal light's coëval beam —
Be Christ in me, and I in him,
Till perfect we are made in one.

When wilt thou my whole heart subdue?
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
Emptied of pride, and wrath, and hell:
Less than the least of all thy store
Of mercies, I myself abhor:
All, all my vileness may I feel.

Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;
In battle cover thou my head:
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear;
I then shall turn my steady face—
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace—
Glory in dissolution near

My will be swallow'd up in thee;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face;

Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
 Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
 And all my spotless life be praise.

Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire !
 My consecrated heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;
 Still to my soul thyself reveal ;
 Thy mighty working may I feel,
 And know that I am one with God.



HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Eph. 1 : 13, 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest ;
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come and consecrate my breast !
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred presence there !

If now thy influence I feel,
 If now in thee begin to live,
 Still to my heart thyself reveal ;
 Give me thyself, for ever give :
 A point my good, a drop my store,
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.

Eager for thee I ask and pant ;
 So strong the principle divine,
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,
 Till all my hallow'd soul is thine ;

Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thine immensity.

My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure, and my all thou art !
True witness of my sonship, now
Engraving pardon on my heart,
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Come, then, my God, mark out thine heir ;
Of heaven a larger earnest give !
With clearer light thy witness bear ;
More sensibly within me live ;
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,
And deeper stamp thyself the seal !

A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

¹ John 2 : 5. Ezek. 36 : 26. Psalm 16 : 5.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call ;
Thee I restlessly require ;
I want my God, my All !
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days ?

Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart!
With the indwelling Spirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart is stored,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Let me gain my calling's hope;
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off the entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove:
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My portion here below;
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above!
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

Grant me now the bliss to feel
 Of those that are in thee;
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Engrave thy name on me;
 As in heaven be here adored,
 And let me now the promise prove;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.



LOVE THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

Gen. 2 : 7. Lev. 26 : 13. Gen. 17 : 1. Col. 3 : 10.

FATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heavenly fire;
 See my soul, the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire:
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 Till I my principle rejoin,
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in love divine.

Lord, if thou from me hast broke
 The power of outward sin,
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within:
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.

God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ thou art;

Bid me walk before thy face,
Till I am pure in heart ;
Till, transform'd by faith divine,
I gain that perfect love unknown,
Bright in all thine image shine,
By putting on thy Son.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again
To restore thine image, lost
By frail, apostate man :
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamp'd with real holiness,
And fill'd with perfect love.

THE END OF CHRIST'S COMING.

Titus 2 : 14.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up,
I calmly wait for this.

I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;

Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners me.

From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem!
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!



WAIT ON THE LORD.

Psalm 39 : 13. Isa. 40 : 31.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise:
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name ;
Let him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame

Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve ;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

Faith to be heal'd thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean ;
Able thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.

Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt thyself impart ;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.

I shall my ancient strength renew :
The excellence divine
(If thou art good, if thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.

I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

For this in steadfast hope I wait;
 Now, Lord, my soul restore;
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

PURE RELIGION.

Luke 6 : 36. John 4 : 10, 15. James 1 : 27.

JESUS, the gift divine I know,
 The gift divine I ask of thee;
 That living water now bestow—
 Thy Spirit and thyself on me;
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art;
 Now let me find thee in my heart.

Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness;
 Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace,
 In joy, that none can take away,
 In life, which shall for ever stay.

Father, on me the grace bestow,
 Unblamable before thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow;
 Mercy, thy own supreme delight,
 To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
 And plant thy nature in my heart.

Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
 While listening to the wretch's cry,

The widow's and the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and helpless to relieve,
My life, my all, for them to give.

Thus may I show the Spirit within,
Which purges me from every stain;
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love.

DEVOUT ASPIRATION.

Psalm 39 : 7. John 19 : 34.

WHAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire ?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire :
My hope is all centred in thee
I trust to recover thy love,
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died ;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side :
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown :
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

THE MIND OF CHRIST.

Phil. 2 : 5.

JESU, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide,
Never in thy wounds reside?

O how wavering is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

When I feel it fix'd within,
I shall have no power to sin;
How shall sin an entrance find?
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be join'd,
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

I shall triumph evermore,
Gratefully my God adore—
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesu's is a *thankful* mind.

Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesu's is a *constant* mind.

I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

CHRIST OUR PHYSICIAN AND PURIFIER.

Psalm 147 : 3. Titus 2 : 14. 2 Cor. 5 : 15.

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
That Jesus is thy healing name ;
To lose, when perfected in love,
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am :
I stay me on thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

Answer that gracious end in me,
 For which thy precious life was given ;
Redeem from all iniquity ;
 Restore, and make me meet for heaven.
Unless thou purge my every stain,
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

Didst thou not in the flesh appear,
 Sin to condemn, and man to save ?
That perfect love might cast out fear ?
 That I thy mind in me might have ?
In holiness show forth thy praise,
And serve thee all my spotless days ?

Didst thou not die that I might live
 No longer to myself but thee ?
Might body, soul, and spirit, give
 To him who gave himself to me ?
Come then, my Master, and my God,
Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

Thy own peculiar servant claim,
 For thy own truth and mercy's sake ;

Hallow in me thy glorious name;
Me for thine own this moment take,
And change and thoroughly purify;
Thine only may I live and die.

THE INNER LIFE.

1 Kings 19 : 11, 12. Lam. 3 : 26. 1 Cor. 2 : 7. 2 Cor. 10 : 5.

CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear;
Soul of my inmost soul!
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole!
Now in me thyself display;
Surely thou in all things art;
I from all things turn away
To seek thee in my heart!

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;

Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold:
Teach the lesson of thy cross,
Let me die with thee to reign;
All things let me count but loss,
So I may thee regain.

Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within:
Take me, whom thyself hast bought;
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to thee.

Lord, my time is in thy hand,
My soul to thee convert;
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;
Thine in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is thine;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all thou art is mine.

THE BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

John 14 : 26. Luke 3 : 16.

I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power, to conquer inbred sin;
Of love, to thee and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys
Attend the promised Comforter;
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

O that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine?

The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine!
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

HOPE OF SALVATION.

Psalm 17 15. Lev. 19 : 2. James 1 : 12. Deut. 3 : 27.
John 4 : 14.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry:
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come,"
He saith, who cannot lie.

The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:

I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to thy will and word,
 Well-pleasing in thy sight.
 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

Mal. 3 : 1. Gen. 32 : 26. Zech. 9 : 12. 1 John 1 : 9.

PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads !
 The day of liberty draws near ;
 Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
 Shall soon in your behalf appear :
 The Lord will to his temple come ;
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.

Ye all shall find, whom in his word
 Himself hath caused to put your trust,
 The Father of our dying Lord
 Is ever to his promise just ;
 Faithful, if we our sins confess,
 To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove ;
 Surely we shall thy mercy find ;
 Who ask, shall all receive thy love ;
 Nor canst thou it to me deny ;
 I ask, the chief of sinners I !

O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !
Ye shall not be forgotten long ;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is love !

Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
Dare to believe ; on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;
Tell him, " We will not let thee go,
Till we thy name, thy nature know."

Hast thou not died to purge our sin,
And risen, thy death for us to plead ?
To write thy law of love within
Our hearts, and make us free indeed ?
That we our Eden might regain,
Thou diedst ; and couldst not die in vain.

Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
Which all thy great salvation brings ;
The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
Shall come, and make us priests and kings ;
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

The promise stands for ever sure,
And we shall in thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine ;
In Spirit. join'd to thee the Son,
As thou art with thy Father one.

Faithful and true, we now receive
The promise ratified by thee:
To thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
In time and in eternity;
We only hang upon thy word,
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

THE PROMISED LAND.

Deut. 3 : 27, 28.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise.
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess:
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out thy foes: the inbred sin,
The carnal mind, remove;
The purchase of thy death divide!
And O! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love!

ESTABLISHMENT IN GRACE.

Sol. 1 : 7. Ezek. 34 : 15.

Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:

Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion, and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Zech. 13 : 1. John 13 : 8, 9.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

THE SPIRIT OF BURNING.

1 Kings 18 : 37, 39.

THOU God that answerest by fire,
On thee in Jesu's name we call ;
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,
And let on us thy Spirit fall.

Bound on the altar of thy cross,
Our old offending nature lies ;
Now, for the honor of thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice !

Consume our lusts as rotten wood,
Consume our stony hearts within !
Consume the dust, the serpent's food,
And dry up all the streams of sin.

Its body totally destroy !
Thyself *The Lord, The God*, approve !
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

O that the fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind ?

Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord, He is the God, confess:
He is the God of saving power!
He is the God of hallowing grace!

“THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.”

I.

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal,
Let us now the answer feel;
Still our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

Build us in one body up,
Call'd in one high calling's hope:
One the Spirit whom we claim;
One the pure baptismal flame;
One the faith, and common Lord;
One the Father lives adored,
Over, through, and in us all
God incomprehensible.

One with God, the source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this:
Life of all that live below,
Let thine emanations flow;

Rise eternal in our heart :
Thou our long-sought Eden art ;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

Other ground can no man lay ;
Jesus takes our sins away ;
Jesus the foundation is,
This shall stand, and only this :
Fitly framed in him we are,
All the building rises fair ;
Let it to a temple rise,
Worthy him who fills the skies

Husband of the church below,
Christ, if thee our Lord we know,
Unto thee, betrothed in love,
Always let us faithful prove ;
Never rob thee of our heart,
Never give the creature part :
Only thou possess the whole ;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

Steadfast let us cleave to thee ;
Love, the mystic union be ;
Union to the world unknown,
Join'd to God in spirit one :
Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
Till the Lamb shall take us home,
For his heaven the Bride prepare,
Solemnize our nuptials there.

Christ, our Head, gone up on high,
Be thou in thy Spirit nigh :

Advocate with God, give ear
To thine own effectual prayer!
One the Father is with thee;
Knit us in like unity;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One—as Thou and He are one.

Still, O Lord, (for thine we are,)
Still to us his name declare;
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.
Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove:
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

Christ, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine:
Only thou possess the whole;
Take our body, spirit, soul.

Closer knit to thee, our Head;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
Jesus, we thy members are;
Cherish us with kindest care:
Of thy flesh, and of thy bone,
Love, for ever love thine own!

Move, and actuate, and guide :
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our works fulfil ;
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestow'd,
Temper'd by the art of God.

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share :
Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan ;
Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.

Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in thee !
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void ;
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

II.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good ;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood !

SECRET

1. *Pharmaceutical industry*—United States—History. I. Title. II. Series.

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 2. *Scirpus americanus* L.
 3. *Scirpus setaceus* L.
 4. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 5. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 6. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 7. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 8. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 9. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 10. *Scirpus torreyana* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

[illegible][illegible]

and actuate, and guide :
 Gifts to each divide :
 According to thy will,
 All our works fulfil ;
 From our office move,
 To each other prove ;
 Grace on each bestow'd,
 By the art of God.

May we all agree,
 With softest sympathy ;
 To each other care ;
 To feel its share :
 By the grief of one,
 All the members groan ;
 If one member is,
 The common bliss.

We now and one,
 Jesus have put on :
 Neither bond nor free,
 Female, Lord, in thee !
 Death, hath all destroyed,
 All distinctions void :
 And sects, and parties far :
 Christ, art all in all !

II.

Of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good ;
 His faithful word,
 Hear his speaking blood :

Give us that for which he prays:
Father, glorify thy Son!
Show his truth, and power, and grace,
And send the Promise down.

True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, thy Spirit give!
Hast thou not received him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart:
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed
In every waiting heart.

Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room:
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

III.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up:
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesu's love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

IV.

In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.

The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay;
But he shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.

Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Sion's hill!

Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come!

V.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride :
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

VI.

ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet :
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat :
We own him our Jesus, Continually near
To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here.

In him we have peace, In him we have power.
Preserved by his grace Throughout the dark hour ;
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

Through pride and desire Unhurt we have gone ;
Through water and fire In him we went on ;
The world and the devil Through him we o'ercame,
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

When we would have spurn'd His mercy and grace,
To Egypt return'd, And fled from his face,
He hinder'd our flying, (His goodness to show,)
And stopped us by crying, " Will ye also go ?"

O what shall we do Our Saviour to love ?
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above !
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness, give :
Give us the salvation Of all that believe.

Come, Jesus, and loose The stammerer's tongue,
And teach even us The spiritual song :
Let us without ceasing Give thanks for thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, And honour, and grace,

Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free ;
Ah! hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me ?
The peace thou hast given, This moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart,

VII.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give !
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd ;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

With us thou art assembled here ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us thy presence feel.

Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive !"

Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

Cause us the record to receive :
Speak, and the tokens show :
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me, who died for you!"

VIII.

Come, let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

By faith we are come To our permanent home :
By hope we the rapture improve :
By love we still rise, And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

Who on earth can conceive How happy we live,
In the palace of God, the great King ?
What a concert of praise, When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing !

What a rapturous song, When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join :
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"

Hallelujah, they cry, To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

The Lamb on the throne, Lo! he dwells with his
own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight of his
face,
Our beatified spirits he feeds.

Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory display:
A day without night We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

IX.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name:
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend!

We, for his sake, count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love!

Love us, though far in flesh disjoin'd,
Ye lovers of the Lamb;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same:
You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And lo! we reach you now.

The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God in Christ imparts
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live!
Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home:
Go on;—we'll meet you there.

X.

FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.

The cov'nant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our inbred enemies expel;
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love;
Write the new precept in our hearts:
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and for ever thine.



XI.

JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Misery we exchange for bliss.

Bliss to carnal minds unknown

O 'tis more than tongue can tell !

Only to believers shown :

Glorious and unspeakable.

Christ, our Brother and our Friend,

Shows us his eternal love ;

Never shall our triumphs end,

Till we take our seats above.

Let us walk with him in white,

For our bridal day prepare ;

For our partnership in light,

For our glorious meeting there.

PART VIII.



Sacred Poetry.

PART THE EIGHTH.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Psaln 2 : 12. Psalm 103 : 19. Heb. 1 : 8. 1 John 2 : 1. 1 Peter
4 : 1. 1 Tim. 6 : 12. Matt. 11 : 12. John 16 : 33.
1 John 5 : 4.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne :
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight!
In mighty phalanx join'd,
To battle all proceed;
Arm'd with the unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain:
Yet, O disdain to fear!
"Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew:
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war:
This is our victory!
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

ZEALOUS LOVE.

1 Chron. 28 : 9. 2 Cor. 10 : 5. Phil. 2 : 5.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright;
Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb! which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity:
With calm and temper'd zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

O do not let me trust
In any arm but thine!
Humble, O humble to the dust,
This stubborn soul of mine!
A feeble thing of naught,
With lowly shame I own,
The help which upon earth is wrought,
Thou dost it all alone.

O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!

Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'd tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.

Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Psalm 116 : 8. Isaiah 42 : 16. Psalm 119 : 32.

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led ;
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head ;

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command ;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

Oft from the margin of the grave
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
Sudden, I found thee near to save ;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.

Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast?
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
 Enter, and in me ever stay;
 The crooked then shall straight become;
 The darkness shall be lost in day.



THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Isaiah 43 : 1-3. Matt. 14 : 28, 29. Mark 4 : 39. Exodus 3 : 3.

PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am!
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear:
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
 The Lord protects, for ever near.
 His blood for me did once atone,
 And still he loves and guards his own.

When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head.
Fearless their violence I dare ;
They cannot harm, for God is there !

To him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way ;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play.
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand !
And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand ;
Show forth in me thy saving power.
Still be thy arms my sure defence :
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace ; be still !"

Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION.

Isaiah 42 : 3. John 11 : 43, 44. Psalm 36 : 9.

My God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee removed so far;
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me.

Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb,
In all the marks of death appear—
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know;
Free me indeed, repeat the word,
And loose my bands, and let me go.

THE REFUGE.

Fain would I go to thee, my God,
 Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
 To feel my pardon seal'd in blood,
 Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.

Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
 When shall my soul triumphant prove!
 Why breaks not out the fire within
 In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
 Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
 Keep me from earthly, base desires,
 My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
 Thou art the good I seek below;
 Fulness of joy in thee there is,
 Without—'tis misery all, and woe.

 THE REFUGE.

Isaiah 32 : 2.

To the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly!
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high!
 Save me from the furious blast;
 A covert from the tempest be!
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace.
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin ;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

Never shall I want it less,
When thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven :
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see ;
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

AFTER DELIVERANCE FROM DANGER.

John 3 : 31. Isa. 50 : 2. Isa. 58 : 8. Ex. 14 : 22.

Worship, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus !
Jesus alone Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppress us.
Jesus with joy we witness
Almighty to deliver ;
Our seals set to, That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ransom'd souls adore thee :
Our Saviour thou, We find it now,
And give thee all the glory.
We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
Brought through our sore temptation ;
With heart and voice In thee rejoice,
The God of our salvation.

Thine arm hath safely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy sheep Pass'd through the deep,
By crystal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rear-ward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, even we, Have pass'd the sea,
And march'd triumphant over.

The world's and Satan's malice
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;

And, by thy grace, With songs of praise
Our happy souls resounded.
Accepting our deliv'rance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love, Which now we prove,
Shall praise thy name for ever.

IN AFFLICTION.

Heb. 1 : 3. Heb. 12 : 11. 1 Cor. 15 : 55. Matt. 11 : 28, 29.

ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love ;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above.

Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone ;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, "Peace,"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"

Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

FAITHFULNESS OF CHRIST.

Psalm 32 : 7. Heb. 13 : 8. Psalm 30 : 5.

CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I shall his salvation see,
According to his word:
Credence to his word I give;
My Saviour in distresses past,
Will not now his servant leave,
But bring me through at last.

Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft hast proved;
Oft observed my silent tears,
And challenged thy beloved:
Mercy to my rescue flew,
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And sorrow fled away.

Now as yesterday the same,
In all my troubles nigh,

Jesus, on thy Word and Name
I steadfastly rely ;
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promised joy I soon shall have ;
Saved again, to sinners tell
Thy power and will to save.

To thy blessed will resign'd,
And stay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect strength shall find,
Thy faithful mercies own ;
Compass'd round with songs of praise,
My all to my Redeemer give ;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And to thy glory live.



IN SUFFERING.

Deut. 33 : 25. Job 23 : 10. Zech. 13 : 9.

FATHER, in the Name I pray
Of thy incarnate Love ;
Humbly ask, that as my day
My suffering strength may prove :
When my sorrows most increase,
Let thy strongest joys be given :
Jesus, come with my distress,
And agony is heaven !

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For good remember me !

Me, whom thou hast caused to trust
 For more than life on thee:
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the Face Divine.



CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

1 Pet. 2 : 21, 25. Tit. 2 : 14. Phil. 2 : 8. Luke 6 : 40. Rev. 2 : 10.

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done,
 What hast thou suffer'd on the tree?
 Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,
 Obedient unto death for me?
 The mystery of thy passion show,
 The end of all thy griefs below.

Thy soul, for sin an offering made,
 Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine;
 Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
 To change my human to divine,
 To cleanse from all iniquity,
 And make the sinner all like thee.

Pardon, and grace, and heaven, to buy,
 My bleeding SACRIFICE expired;
 But didst thou not my PATTERN die,
 That, by thy glorious Spirit fired,
 Faithful to death I might endure,
 And make the crown by suffering sure?

Thou didst the meek example leave,
 That I might in thy footsteps tread;
 Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
 And groan, and bow, with thee my head;
 Thy dying in my body bear,
 And all thy state of suffering share.

Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
 Shall as his perfect Master be;
 To all thy inward life restored,
 And outwardly conform'd to thee,
 Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
 And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.

This is the strait and royal way
 That leads us to the courts above;
 Here let me ever, ever stay,
 Till, on the wings of perfect love,
 I take my last triumphant flight
 From Calvary's to Sion's height.



SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

Heb. 4 : 15. Heb. 2 : 18. Isa. 42 : 3. Mal. 4 : 2. 1 John 3 : 9.

My sufferings all to thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me;
 Regard my grief, regard thy own;
 Jesus, remember Calvary!

O call to mind thy earnest prayers,
 Thy agony, and sweat of blood,

Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, "My God! my God!"

For whom didst thou the cross endure?
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

Art thou not touch'd with human woe?
Hath pity left the Son of Man?
Dost thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain?

Have I not heard, have I not known,
That thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,
Art always faithful to thy word?

Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

The day of small and feeble things
I know thou never wilt despise;
I know, with healing in his wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin no more.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

Matt. 8 : 19. 1 John 2 : 16.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be!
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray:
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

All power is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulness dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely given;
Nothing but sin I call my own;
Other propriety disclaim;
Thou only art the great I AM.

Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Power;

Thy only will be done, not mine!

Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore;
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

GOD OUR PROTECTOR.

Psalm 27 : 5.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

CHRIST OUR PRESERVER.

Psalm 66 : 12. 2 Cor. 12 : 9.

JESU, to thee our hearts we lift,
 (May all our hearts with love o'erflow
 With thanks for thy continued gift,)

 That still thy precious name we know,
 Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
 And wait for all our inward heaven.

What mighty troubles hast thou shown
 Thy feeble, tempted followers here !
 We have through fire and water gone,
 But saw thee on the floods appear,
 But felt thee present in the flame,
 And shouted our Deliverer's name.

When stronger souls their faith forsook,
 And, lull'd in worldly, hellish peace,
 Leap'd desperate from their Guardian-rock,
 And headlong plung'd in sin's abyss ;
 Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
 And still it guards and keeps thine own.

All are not lost, or wander'd back ;
 All have not left thy church and Thee :
 There are who suffer for thy sake,
 Enjoy thy glorious infamy,
 Esteem the scandal of thy cross,
 And only seek divine applause.

Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end!
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

SUFFERING SAINTS.

2 Cor. 4 : 17. Rev. 7 : 9-14.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And lo ! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall ;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

PART IX.

Sacred Poetry.

PART THE NINTH.

THE END OF LIFE.

Job 14 : 10. 1 Cor. 15 : 52. Matt. 25 : 34-41. Ezek. 33 : 11.
1 John 4 : 19.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be:
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

How shall I leave my tomb?

With triumph or regret?

A fearful, or a joyful doom,

A curse or blessing meet?

Will angel-bands convey

Their brother to the bar?

Or devils drag my soul away,

To meet its sentence there?

Who can resolve the doubt,

That tears my anxious breast?

Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,

Or number'd with the blest?

I must from God be driven,

Or with my Saviour dwell;

Must come at his command to heaven,

Or else—depart to hell.

O thou that wouldst not have

One wretched sinner die;

Who diedst thyself, my soul to save

From endless misery!

Show me the way to shun

Thy dreadful wrath severe;

That when thou comest on thy throne,

I may with joy appear!

Thou art thyself the Way;

Thyself in me reveal:

So shall I spend my life's short day,

Obedient to thy will:

So shall I love my God,

Because he first loved me,

And praise thee in thy bright abode,

To all eternity.

THE TRAVELLER.

Heb. 11 : 13-16. Heb. 12 : 1, 23. Isaiah 51 : 11.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide

Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,

This earth, we know, is not our place,
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

We have no 'biding city here,

But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Patient the appointed race to run,

This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,

With songs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

Even now we taste the pleasures there :
A cloud of spicy odours come
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes ;
From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And cheer us in the vale below.

Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

DEATH CONSIDERED.

Heb. 9 : 27.

TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the Most High ;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

Submissive to thy just decree,
 We all shall soon from earth remove;
 But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
 O let the messenger be love!

Whisper thy love into my heart,
 Warn me of my approaching end;
 And then I joyfully depart,
 And then I to thy arms ascend.



PRELIBATION OF HEAVEN.

Eph. 1 : 7. Heb. 11 : 13; 13 : 14. Gal. 4 : 26. 1 Cor. 9 : 24.
 Colossians 3 : 3. Titus 2 : 13. 2 Cor. 4 : 7.

How happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven!
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven;
 A country far from mortal sight;—
 Yet, O! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here;
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my hope or fear:
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past;
 But, O! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast.

What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesu's praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
The marriage of the Lamb.

O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's fill'd.

O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity!

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

1 Cor. 15 : 57. Job 3 : 17, 18.

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee:
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to thy word,
Thou hast glorified thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;

Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd into God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallow'd up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song:
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share:
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain:
Thou art enter'd into joy:
Let the unbelievers mourn;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED."

1 Cor. 15 : 55. Rev. 2 : 10. Deut. 3 : 27. Rev. 7 : 9.
Rom. 8 : 18.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high ;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In my Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer out my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

Surely he will not long delay,
I hear his Spirit cry :
"Arise, my love, make haste away !
Go, get thee up, and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
I give thee victory ;
And with me my reward I bring,
I bring my heaven for thee."

Lord, I the welcome word receive,
Thee on the mount adore,

For thy dear sake content to live
Some painful moments more:
I live in holy grief and joy,
On Pisgah's top I stand,
And life's important point employ,
To view the promised land.

O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise:
They flourish in perpetual bloom,
Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come,
Eternally shall live.

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear:
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
The unutterable name.

They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute:
At once they strike the harmonious wire,
And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears; he smiles; and all the choir
Fall down before his throne.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above:
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd ;
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void :
 Sees the universe renew'd,
 The grand millennial reign begun ;
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around th' eternal throne !

Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.



REWARD OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Rev. 14 : 13. Matt. 25 : 21.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky,
 Happy are the faithful dead !
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed.
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest :
 Jesus is their great Reward,
 Jesus is their endless Rest.

Follow'd by their works, they go
 Where their Head hath gone before ;

Reconciled by **grace** below,
Grace had open'd **Mercy's** door;
Justified through **faith** alone,
Here they knew their **sins** forgiven;
Here they laid their **burden** down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for **heaven**.

Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in **Christ** deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us **hopeless** and **unbless'd**:
When from **flesh** the **spirit** freed,
Hastens **homeward** to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is **dead**!"
Angels sing, "A **child** is **born**!"

Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of **Love**,
Place him at the **Saviour's** feet:
Jesus smiles and says, "Well done,
Good and faithful servant thou;
Enter, and receive thy crown;
Reign with me **triumphant** now."

Angels catch the approving sound,
Bow, and bless the just **award**;
Hail the **heir** with **glory** crown'd,
Now rejoicing with his **Lord**:
Fuller joys ordain'd to know,
Waiting for the **general** doom,
When the **Archangel's** trump shall blow,
"Rise, ye **dead**, to **judgment** come!"

"THE SEVENTH ANGEL."

Amos 4 : 12. Rev. 16 : 17. Rev. 6 : 14.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgments down !

Sinners, expect those heaviest showers :
To meet your God prepare !
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His vial in the air.

Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap ;
The mountains are not found ;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear ?

Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell our spirits hide :

Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene ;
For, lo ! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

By faith we find the place above,
The rock that rent in twain;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the clefts remain.

Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.

Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;
The latest lightning glare;
The mountains melt; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air:

The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks the Almighty Word:
His *fat* is obey'd! 'tis done;
And Paradise restored.

So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies;
The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift and thunders loud ;
With the great Archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

First the dead in Christ shall rise ;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again :
We shall meet him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be ;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity

Who can tell the happiness,
This glorious hope affords ?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words :
Happy while on earth we breathe ;
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know ;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.



III.

Luke 21 : 28. 2 Pet. 3 : 10. Mark 13 : 24, 26.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his sufferings here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near !

Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation,
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face!

Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.

See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!"

With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"

Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity!

THE JUDGMENT.

Matt. 24 : 4 ; 25 : 31. 1 Thess. 4 : 16.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear :
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day ;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown ;
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come ;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !"

O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word ;

Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

THE WISE VIRGINS.

Matt. 25 : 1-13.

YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face!

THE RESURRECTION.

Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now!

THE RESURRECTION.

Job 19 : 25-27.

I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall reappear below,
Stand, in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.

Then the last judgment-day shall come ;
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight ;
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume ;
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come ;
On Christ my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.



THE FINAL VICTORY.

Rev. 2 : 10, 11. 1 Cor. 2 : 9.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end :
I trust thy truth, and love, and power,
Shall save me to the latest hour ;
And, when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe!
And when I quit this cumbrous clay
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

Dost thou desire to know and see,
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then thou searchest out in vain,
What only conquest can explain.



“THE RANSOMED OF THE LORD.”

Rev. 12 : 10. Rev. 7 : 17. Prov. 18 : 10.

SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name :
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower ;
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,
And all the Accuser's power.

Jesus, take all the praise,
That still on earth we live,
Unspotted in so foul a place,
And innocently grieve!
We shall from *Sodom* flee,
When perfected in love;
And haste to better company,
Who wait for us above.

Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.
In yon thrice happy seat,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet!
And I a parent there!

O! what a mighty change
Shall Jesu's suff'rers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

There all our griefs are spent!
There all our sorrows end!
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend,—
A brother dead to God,
By sin, alas! undone:—

No father there, in passion loud,
Cries, "O my son, my son!"

No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

THE SAINTS GLORIFIED.

1 Cor. 2 : 9. Rev. 7 : 16.

WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy, shall be,
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see :
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given ;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

Him beholding face to face,
 To him they glory give,
 Bless his name and sing his praise,
 As long as God shall live.
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employ'd in heaven they are :
 Lord, receive my happy soul
 With all thy servants there !

THE CHURCH IN GLORY.

Eph. 3 : 15.

COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtain'd the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise :
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone :
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death :
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity :
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 7 : 13, 17.

WHAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came,
 Wash'd their robes by faith below
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night ;
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,

With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

“THE INNUMERABLE MULTITUDE.”

Rev. 7 : 9-12.

LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one :
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne !

Each before his Saviour stands ;
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

Saints begin the endless song,
Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
Glory doth to God belong ;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise :

All salvation from him came ;
Him, who reigns enthroned on high :
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

Angel-powers the throne surround,
Next the saints in glory they ;

Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay;

Prostrate on their face before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all!

Be it so, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praise;
Him that did for sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race!

Render we our God his right,
Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power
Honour, majesty, and might;
Praise him, praise him evermore!

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Rev. 21 : 1-7. Rev. : 23.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above;
The palace of angels and God.

Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,

We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for the Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there!

By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

Phil. 1 : 21-23.

HAPPY who in Jesus live;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away.
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart;
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh;
O! 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die!

Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our work have done
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne,

To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet.
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see;
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to Thee.

THE CITY OF GOD.

Heb. 12 : 22. Rev. 7 : 16, 17.

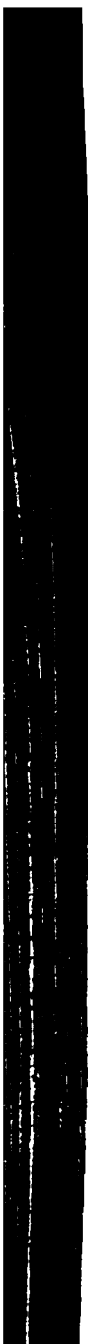
O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distrest !
That city of God, the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more ;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face ;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee :
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay ;

But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.



PART X.



Sacred Poetry.

PART THE TENTH.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I.

2 Tim. 3 : 14, 17.

INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years,
To us, in our degenerate age,
The Spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the Life into our heart.

While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let thy Spirit from thee proceed,
Our souls to awaken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the Light of Grace!

Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,

Our conscience by thy Word reprove,
Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy Word, repeat ;
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete ;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand ;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love !

II.

Deut. 6 : 7.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be :

So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

III.

2 Pet. 1 : 21.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thy ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallow'd lips with fire;
Our God from all eternity,
World without end, we worship thee.

Still we believe, Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given:
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

Come, then, Divine Interpreter,
The Scriptures to our hearts apply;
And taught by thee, we God revere,
Him in Three Persons magnify;
In each the Triune God adore,
Who was, and is for evermore.

IV.

Luke 24 : 19, 32. Rev. 5 : 9.

COME, O thou Prophet of the Lord,
Thou great Interpreter divine,
Explain thine own transmitted word;
To teach and to inspire is thine:
Thou only canst thyself reveal,
Open 'the book, and loose the seal.

Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyself impart;
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow:
Speak, Lord, thy servants hearken now.

V.

2 Pet. 1 : 21.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by thee
The Prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night:
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

VI.

John 5 : 39.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I.

Luke 14 : 16-23. 2 Cor. 5 : 14, 15.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call
The invitation is to *ALL*:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, *thou*;
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Come, and partake the gospel feast ;
Be saved from sin ; in Jesus rest :
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood !

My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !

His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

This is the time ; no more delay ;
This is the acceptable day
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

II.

VICTIM Divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we show :
Once offer'd up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,

Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

Thou standest in the holy place,
As now for guilty sinners slain ;
The blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
All prevalent for helpless man ;
Thy blood is still our ransom found,
And speaks salvation all around.

The smoke of thy atonement here
Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And show'd the great Invisible :
Well pleased in thee, our God look'd down
And calls his rebels to a crown

He still respects thy Sacrifice ;
Its savour sweet does always please ;
The Offering smokes through earth and skies,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;
To these, thy lower courts, it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost even now thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence here !

III.

Rev. 19 : 13. Acts 2 : 42. 1 Cor. 10 : 16. John 6 : 51, 56.

Jesu, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood!
Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.
The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Sate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be :

Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

IV.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;

By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give!
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

V.

John 14 : 26.

Come, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his sufferings for mankind!
True Recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal his great salvation;
Preach his gospel to our heart.

Come, thou Witness of his dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine!
Let us feel thy power, applying
Christ to every soul, and mine!

Let us groan thine inward groaning;
Look on him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

VI.

Heb. 7 : 17. Heb. 11 : 1. Rev. 19 : 13.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

Thy offering still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

VII.

COME, let us use the grace¹ divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD :

Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For GOD to live and die.

The Covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind :—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow :
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !

To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

VIII.

Rom. 12 : 1.

BEING of Beings, God of Love!
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

Thine, only thine, we pant to be ;
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

Heavenward our every wish aspires ;
For all thy mercies' store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will ;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

I.

Hag. 2 : 7. Luke 2 : 14. Rom. 16 : 20.

HARK, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;

Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

II.

Luke 2 : 14.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored:
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

O would'st thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,

And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end !
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know ;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below :
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er ;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose ;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesu's Spirit o'erflows :
Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join ;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

III.

1 John 3 : 8. Eph. 3 : 18, 19.

ONCE thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to atone,
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone !

Come, and by thy presence chase
Its nature with its guilt and power;
Jesus, show thy open face,
And sin shall be no more.

Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here thy mean abode take up;
To me, my Saviour, come!
Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all thy Godhead prove,
Fill'd with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure eternal love.

Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height,
Of love unspeakable:
Then I shall the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain;—
God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign!

Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with thine own abide:
Holy Ghost, to make thee room,
Our hearts we open wide;
Thee, and only thee request,
To every asking sinner given;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our all in earth and heaven.

IV.

GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend ;
God comes down, he bows the sky,
And shows himself our Friend :
God the Invisible appears !
God, the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his Name.

Him the angels all adored,
Their Maker and their King ;
Tidings of their humble Lord
They now to mortals bring,
Emptied of his majesty,
Of his dazzling glory shorn,
Being's Source begins to be,
And God himself is born !

See the eternal Son of God
A mortal Son of man :
Dwelling in an earthly clod,
Whom heaven cannot contain !
Stand amazed, ye heavens, at this ;
See the Lord of earth and skies ;
Humble to the dust He is,
And in a manger lies.

We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of Peace proclaim ;
With heaven's host lift up our voice,

And shout Immanuel's Name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow;
Of our flesh and of our bone,
Jesus is our Brother now,
And God is all our own.

V.

Luke 2 : 32.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Come, thou universal Saviour;
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince:
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:

By thy all-restoring merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.



VI.

1 Tim 3 : 16.

Let earth and heaven combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise, in songs divine,
The incarnate Deity ;
Our God contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

He laid his glory by ;
He wrapp'd him in our clay ;
Unmark'd by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay ;
Infant of days he here became,
And bore the mild Immanuel's name.

Unsearchable the love
That hath the Saviour brought ;
The grace is far above
Or man or angel's thought :
Suffice for us that God, we know,
Our God, is manifest below.

He deigns in flesh to appear,
Widest extremes to join ;

To bring our vileness near
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall know;
For God is manifest below.

Made perfect first in love,
And sanctified by grace,
We shall from earth remove,
And see his glorious face;
Then shall his love be fully show'd,
And man shall then be lost in God.



VII.

Mal. 4 : 2.

STUPENDOUS height of heavenly love,
Of pitying tenderness divine;
It brought the Saviour from above,
It caused the springing day to shine;
The Sun of Righteousness to appear,
And gild our gloomy hemisphere.

God did in Christ himself reveal,
To chase our darkness by his light,
Our sin and ignorance dispel,
Direct our wandering feet aright:
And bring our souls, with pardon blest,
To realms of everlasting rest.

Come, then, O Lord, thy light impart,
The faith that bids our terrors cease;

Into thy love direct our heart,
 Into thy way of perfect peace:
And cheer the souls, of death afraid,
And guide them through the dreadful shade.

Answer thy mercy's whole design,
 My God incarnated for me;
My spirit make thy radiant shrine,
 My Light and full Salvation be;
And through the shades of death unknown,
Conduct me to thy dazzling throne.

VIII.

Luke 2 : 14.

CELEBRATE Immanuel's name,
 The Prince of life and peace;
God with us, our lips proclaim,
 Our faithful hearts confess:
God is in our flesh reveal'd;
 Earth and heaven in Jesus join;
Mortal with immortal fill'd,
 And human with divine.

Fulness of the Deity
 In Jesu's body dwells,
Dwells in all his saints and me,
 When God his Son reveals:
Father, manifest thy Son,
 And, conscious of the incarnate Word,
In our inmost souls make known
 The presence of the Lord.

Let the Spirit of our Head
 Through every member flow ;
 By our Lord inhabited,
 We then Immanuel know :
 Then he doth his name express,
 And God in us we truly prove,
 Fill'd with all the life of grace
 And all the power of love.

THE RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

I.

HAIL, the day that sees Him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Reascends his native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits :
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 Take the King of Glory in !"

Circled round with angel powers,
 Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
 Conqueror over death and sin ;
 Take the King of Glory in !

Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day;
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

II.

FATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed ;
Love that gave thy Son to die,
And raised him from the dead !
Him for our offences slain,
That we all might pardon find,
Thou hast brought to life again,
The Saviour of mankind.

By thine own right hand of power
Thou hast exalted him,
Sent the mighty Conqueror
Thy people to redeem ;
King of saints, and Prince of peace,
Him thou hast for sinners given,
Sinners from their sins to bless,
And lift them up to heaven.

Father, God, to us impart
The gift unspeakable ;
Now in every waiting heart
Thy glorious Son reveal :
Quicken'd with our living Lord,
Let us in thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all thy life restored,
And bless thee in the skies

III.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Soar we now, where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

IV.

MAY not a creating God,
 Who built this house of clay,
 Reinspire the breathless clod,
 In his appointed day?
 From the dust he form'd us man,
 And shall we circumscribe his power?
 Doubtless the Almighty can
 Our moulder'd dust restore.

He who breathed into our earth
 The breath of life divine,
 By a new celestial birth,
 Can God and sinners join:
 Will a quickening Spirit become,
 Our souls extinct again to raise,
 Call'd out of our nature's tomb,
 To live the life of grace.

Dead in sins and trespasses,
 Jesus his people saves:
 Lord, by faith we thee confess,
 The op'ner of our graves;
 Joyfully the pledge receive,
 Of blissful immortality,
 Sure our bodies too shall live
 For ever one with thee.

V.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies number'd in his hand.

In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

I feel what then shall raise me up,
The eternal Spirit lives in me ;
This is my confidence of hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

Mine own and not another's eyes
The King shall in his beauty view ;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

VI.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven !

And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

VII.

SINNERS, rejoice: your peace is made;
Your Saviour on the cross hath bled;
Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
On all his works again hath smiled;
Hath grace through him and blessing given.
To all in earth and all in heaven.

Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
 And vie with man's more favour'd race;
 The blood that did for us atone,
 Conferr'd on them some gift unknown;
 Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
 They triumph by his glorious wounds.

Or, 'stablish'd and confirm'd by him
 Who did our lower world redeem,
 Secure they keep their blest estate,
 Firm on an everlasting seat;
 Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
 In bliss improved, in glory higher.

Him they beheld our conquering God,
 Return'd with garments roll'd in blood!
 They saw, and kindled at the sight,
 And fill'd with shouts the realms of light;
 With loudest hallelujahs met,
 And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding feet.

They saw him in the courts above,
 With all his recent prints of love;
 The wounds, the blood! they heard its voice,
 That heighten'd all their highest joys;
 They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
 And shared that better sacrifice.

Not angel-tongues can e'er express
 The unutterable happiness;
 Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
 The bliss wherein through Christ they live;
 But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
 And all your God, is doubly ours!

THE EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

I.

O COME, thou radiant Morning Star,
 Again in human darkness shine!
 Arise resplendent from afar!
 Assert thy royalty divine!
 Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
 And now begin thy glorious reign.

Thy kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
 Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake!
 To erect that final monarchy,
 Edom for thy possession take;
 Take (for thou didst their ransom find)
 The purchased souls of all mankind.

Now let thy chosen ones appear,
 And valiantly the truth maintain!
 Dispread thy gracious kingdom here;
 Fly on the rebel sons of men!
 Seize them with faith divinely bold,
 And force the world into thy fold!

II.

Rom. 12 : 15.

LET God, who comforts the distrest,
 Let Israel's Consolation hear!
 Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
 And show thyself the Comforter;

And swell the unutterable groan,
And breathe our wishes to the Throne!

We weep for those that weep below,
And, burden'd for the afflicted, sigh;
The various form of human woe
Excite our softest sympathy,
Fill every heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

We wrestle for the ruin'd race,
By sin eternally undone,
Unless thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richest mercy known,
And make thy vanquish'd rebels find
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

Father of everlasting Love,
To every soul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,
Our deep, original wound to heal,
And bid the fallen race arise,
And turn our earth to Paradise.

III.

Chron. 2 : 6, 41.

JESU, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
 May all thy people prove
 The plenitude of gospel grace,
 The joy of perfect love.

Jesus, let all thy lovers shine
 Illustrious as the sun;
 And, bright with borrow'd rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run:

Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
 Their light where'er they go;
 And heavenly influences shed
 On all the world below.

As giants may they run their race,
 Exulting in their might;
 As burning luminaries, chase
 The gloom of hellish night:

As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Their healing wings display;
 And let their lustre still increase
 Unto the perfect day.

IV.

Luke 12 : 49. 1 Kings 18 : 44.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesu's love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:

To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is :
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !

When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day :
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way :
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
He the door hath open'd wide ;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesu's word is glorified :
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love !

V.

Isaiah 9 : 2-5.

THE people that in darkness lay,
 The confines of eternal night,
 We, we have seen a gospel day,
 The glorious beams of heavenly light ;
 His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
 And show'd the Father in the Son.

Father of everlasting grace,
 Thou hast in us thy arm reveal'd,
 Hast multiplied the faithful race,
 Who, conscious of their pardon seal'd,
 Of joy unspeakable possess,
 Anticipate their heavenly rest.

In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
 And praise thy goodness all day long ;
 Him in our eye of faith we keep,
 Who gives us our triumphal song,
 And doth his spoils to all divide,
 A lot among the sanctified.

Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
 Took all our load of guilt away ;
 From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
 (Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
 Redeem'd us by our conquering Lord,
 Our Gideon, and his Spirit's sword.

Not like the warring sons of men,
 With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood,

Our Captain doth the fight maintain ;
But, lo ! the burning Spirit of God
Kindles in each a secret fire ;
And all our sins as smoke expire.

VI.

Isaiah 8 : 8.

COME, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home ;
Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea ;
Re-convert the ransom'd race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace !

Take the purchase of thy blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God ;
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the glorious truth to obey.

Ears to hear the gospel sound,
Grace doth more than sin abound,
God appeased and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

O that every soul might be
Suddenly subdued to thee ;

O that all in thee might know
Everlasting life below!

Now thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land;
Take possession of thy home;
Come, divine Immanuel, come!



FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up the attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine:
From favour'd Abraham's Seed
The new Apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

Them, snatch'd out of the flame,
Through every nation send,
The true Messiah to proclaim,
The universal Friend;
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews to adore,
And see thy glory in thy Son,
Till time shall be no more.

O that the chosen band
Might now their brethren bring,

And, gather'd out of every land,
 Present to Sion's King!
 Of all the ancient race,
 Not one be left behind;
 But each, impell'd by secret grace,
 His way to Canaan find.

We know it must be done,
 For God hath spoke the word:
 All Israel shall the Saviour own,
 To their first state restored.
 Rebuilt by his command,
 Jerusalem shall rise;
 Her temple on *Moriah* stand
 Again, and touch the skies.

Send then thy servants forth,
 To call the Hebrews home;
 From East, and West, and South, and North,
 Let all the wanderers come:
 Where'er in lands unknown
 The fugitives remain,
 Bid every creature help them on,
 The Holy Mount to gain.

An offering to their Lord,
 There let them all be seen,
 Sprinkled with water and with blood,
 In soul and body clean.
 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
 Let all the nations meet,
 And show the mystery fulfill'd,
 The family complete!

PART XI.



Sacred Poetry.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

MORNING HYMN.

I.

“SEE the Day-Spring from afar,
Usher'd by the Morning Star!”
Haste ; to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night.

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness ;
Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine,
Radiance he of light divine ;

Beam of the eternal beam,
He in God, and God in him !
Strive we him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Rais'd by his all-quick'ning breath ;
Long we to be loos'd from earth,
Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length in nature's night ;
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give ;
God we now may see and live.

Though the outward man decay,
Form'd within us day by day,
Still the inner man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray ;
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in thee to live.

II.

Psalm 31 : 16. Psalm 63 : 1. Prov. 4 : 18.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the sky,
Christ, the true, the only Light ;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-Spring from on high, draw near,
Day-Star in our hearts appear.

O disclose thy lovely face ;
Quicken all my drooping powers :
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers :
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
Come, my Saviour, come away.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

III.

Psalm 139 : 18. Isaiah 26 : 3.

GIVER and Guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live!

Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
Its cruel power suspend,
Till all this strife and war within
In perfect peace shall end.

Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain:
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.



IV.

Psalm 130 : 6. 1 Cor. 15 : 34. Psalm 84 : 7.

FATHER, to thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes and restless heart:
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good thou art,
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,
The saving power of Jesu's name.

This slumber from my soul, O shake!
Warn by thy Spirit's inward call;
Let me to righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to sin or Satan place,
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard,
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,

Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly.

O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell ;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe and loving zeal ;
And bless me with a godly fear,
And plant that guardian-angel here !

Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart ;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

V.

Psalm 17 : 15.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah ! when shall I wake up ?

Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,

Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

Fill me with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

EVENING HYMN.

I.

Job 35 : 10. Job 23 : 15. Psalm 17 : 15. Rom. 9 : 28.

OMNIPRESENT God ! whose aid
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain :
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours !
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

O thou jealous God ! come down,
God of spotless purity ;
Claim, and seize me for thy own,
Consecrate my heart to thee :

Under thy protection take ;
Songs in the night season give ;
Let me sleep to thee, and wake ;
Let me die to thee, and live.

Only tell me I am thine,
And thou wilt not quit thy right ;
Answer me in dreams divine,
Dreams and visions of the night :
Bid me even in sleep go on,
Restlessly my God desire ;
Mourn for God in every groan,
God in every thought require.

Loose me from the chains of sense,
Set me from the body free ;
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee :
In me, Lord, thyself reveal ;
Fill me with a sweet surprise ;
Let me thee, when waking, feel,
Let me in thy image rise.

Let me of thy life partake,
Thy own holiness impart ;
O that I may sweetly wake,
With my Saviour in my heart !
O that I may know thee mine !
O that I may thee receive !
Only live the life divine !
Only to thy glory live.

Or if thou my soul require
Ere I see the morning light,

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire
Perfect me in love to-night ;
Finish thy great work of love,
Cut it short in righteousness ;
Fit me for the realms above
Change, and bid me die in peace.

II.

JOIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

Thither our faithful souls he leads,
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

III.

ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night ;
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
Of uncreated light !

Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

Whom thou dost guard, O king of kings,
No evil shall molest:
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and trust shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

May we, with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn uncloze,
And bless, the Ever-bless'd.

IV.

Matt. 20 : 27, 28. Matt. 8 : 20. Isaiah 26 : 3, 4.

How do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!

Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

Jesus protects ; my fears, begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

I rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
My 'griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

Wherefore in confidence I close
My eyes, for thine are open still ;
My spirit, lull'd in calm repose,
Waits for the counsels of thy will.

After thy likeness let me rise,
If here thou will'st my longer stay ;
Or close in mortal sleep mine eyes,
To open them in endless day.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

Matt. 18 : 10. Jer. 31 : 15.

WHEN midnight shades the earth o'erspread,
And veil the bosom of the deep,
Nature reclines her weary head,
And care respires, and sorrows sleep :
My soul still aims at nobler rest,
Aspiring to her Saviour's breast.

Aid me, ye hovering spirits near,
Angels and ministers of grace,
Who ever, while you guard us here,
Behold your Heavenly Father's face ;
Gently my raptured soul convey
To regions of eternal day.

Fain would I leave the world below,
Of pain and sin the dark abode ;
Where shadowy joy, or solid woe,
Allures or tears me from my God !
Doubtful and insecure of bliss,
Since faith alone confirms me his.

Till then, to sorrow born, I sigh,
And gasp and languish after home !
Upward I send my streaming eye,
Expecting, till the Bridegroom come :
Come quickly, Lord ! thy own receive ;
Now let me see thy face, and live.

Absent from thee, my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans :
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans :
Come quickly, Lord ! thy face display,
And look my darkness into day.

Sorrow, and sin, and death are o'er,
If thou reverse the creature's doom ;
Sad *Rachel* weeps her loss no more,
If thou, the God, the Saviour come :
Of thee possess'd, in thee we prove
The light, the life, the heaven of love.

BIRTHDAY HYMN.

I.

AWAY with our fears ! the glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born !
From Jehovah I came, for his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.

No grievous alloy shall diminish the joy
I to-day from my Maker receive :
'Tis my duty to praise his unspeakable grace,
And, exulting in Jesus, to live.

Thee, Jesus, alone, the fountain I own,
Of my life and felicity here :
And cheerfully sing, my Redeemer and King,
Till his sign in the heavens appear.

With thanks I rejoice in thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below :
If of parents I came who honor'd thy name,
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

I sing of thy grace, from my earliest days,
Ever near to allure and defend ;
Hitherto hast thou been my preserver from sin,
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

O the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through !
O the blessings bestow'd by a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new !

What a mercy is this ; what a heaven of bliss ;
How unspeakably happy am I !
Gather'd into thy fold, with thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die !

How rich in the friends thy providence sends,
To help my infirmity on !
What a number I see who could suffer for me,
And ransom my life with their own !

O the goodness of God, in employing a clod,
His tribute of glory to raise ;
His standard to bear, and with triumph declare
His unspeakable riches of grace !

O the fathomless love that has deign'd to ap-
prove,
And prosper the work of my hands !
With my pastoral crook, I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands !

Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these ?
And inquire from what quarter they came ;
My full heart it replies, they are born from the
 skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit and Son, I return !
The business pursue he hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.

In a rapture of joy my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim ;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

My remnant of days I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem :
Be they many or few, my days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him.

II.

FOUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, thy mercies I embrace ;
The breath thou giv'st, for thee employ,
And wait to taste thy perfect grace ;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born !

Since first I felt by grace removed
My sin's intolerable load,
Long in the wilderness I roved,
And groan'd to live without my God;
I cannot now as helpless mourn,
But bless the day that I was born.

The tyranny of sin is past,
And though the carnal mind remains,
My guiltless soul on thee is cast,
I neither hug nor bite my chains;
Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
And bless the day that I was born.

Preserved through faith, by power^d divine,
A miracle of grace I stand!
I prove the strength of Jesus mine!
Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.

Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power:
When as a flood the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror:
I tread him down with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

Born from above, I soon shall praise
Thy goodness with a thankful tongue,
Record the victory of thy grace,
And teach a listening world the song,
While many whom to thee I turn
Shall bless the day that I was born.

Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
And let me now be fill'd with God!
Live to declare I'm saved from sin:
And if I seal the truth with blood,
My soul, from out the body torn,
Shall bless the day that I was born!

III.

God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, only thine, shall be;

All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee :
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven ;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.

Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith with power,
Receive thy favour'd son,
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

IV.

Come away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice on the day thou wast born :
On the festival day,
Come exulting away,
To thy heavenly country return.

We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below ;

BIRTHDAY HYMN.

The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to Sion we go.

With thanks we approve
The design of the love
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name,
So united in heart
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we both see,
And cry out, It is HE;
And fly up to acknowledge him there!

FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

Rom. 8 : 16. 1 Cor. 2 : 12. 1 Cor. 12 : 3. John 20 : 28.

I.

SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood :
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see;
 Who did for every sinner die,
 Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God !"

O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith ! descend, and show
 The virtue of his name :
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power, impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes ;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

II.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and thy truth we praise,
Thy goodness and thy truth we prove :
Thou hast, in honour of thy Son,
The gift unspeakable sent down,
The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
To make the depths of Godhead known,
To make us share the life divine :
Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
Send him our souls to sanctify,
And show and seal us ever thine.

So shall we pray, and never cease ;
So shall we thankfully confess
Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love ;
With joy unspeakable adore,
And bless and praise thee evermore,
And serve thee as thy hosts above :

Till, added to that heavenly choir,
We raise our songs of triumph higher,
And praise thee in a bolder strain,
Out-soar the first-born seraph's flight,
And sing, with all our friends in light,
Thy everlasting love to man.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Acts 2 : 1, 4.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,
To reach the wonders of the day,
When with the fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright.

By this the blest disciples knew
Their risen Head had enter'd heaven,
Had now obtain'd the promise due,
Fully by God the Father given.

Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine ;

Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the guest divine.

Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
And languish thy descent to meet:
Kindle in each the living fire,
And fix in every heart thy seat.



THE NEW YEAR.

I.

SING to the Great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs:
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all, with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care ;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.

Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee :

Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.

II.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
To God, who lengthens out our days ;
Who spares us yet another year,
And makes us see his goodness here :
O may we all the time redeem,
And henceforth live and die to Him !

How often, when his arm was bared,
Hath he our sinful Israel spared !

"Let me alone," his mercy cried,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aside ;
Indulged another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer'd us to live.

Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praise
Our hearts shall beat for thee alone ;
Our lives shall make thy goodness known ;
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.



III.

COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love

Our life is a dream ; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown ; The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 do."

O that each from his Lord May receive the glad
 word,
 "Well and faithfully done;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."



INFANT BAPTISM.

I.

God of eternal truth and love,
 Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
 Thine own great ordinance approve,
 The child baptized into thy name
 Partaker of thy nature make,
 And give him all thine image back.

Father, if such thy sovereign will,
 If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
 Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
 And let the grace attend the sign;
 The seed of endless life impart,
 Take for thine own this infant's heart.

Answer on him thy wisdom's end,
 In present and eternal good;

Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,
Now to this favour'd child be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require :
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.



II.

LoRD of all, with pure intent,
From their tend'rest infancy,
In thy temple we present
Whom we first received from thee ;
Through thy well-beloved Son,
Ours acknowledged for thine own.

Seal'd with the baptismal seal,
Purchased by the atoning blood,
Jesus, in our children dwell,
Make their heart the house of God ;
Fill thy consecrated shrine,
Father, Son, and Spirit divine.

FOR CHILDREN.

I.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character,
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their paradise restored.

Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew:
And store with thoughts divinely true.

Learning's redundant part and vain
Be here cut off, and cast aside;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know

Unite the pair so long disjoin'd,
Knowledge and vital Piety :
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

Father, accept them through thy Son,
And ever by thy Spirit guide !
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is fill'd with God.

II.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to thee,
And fit for thy great service make
These heirs of immortality ;
And let them in thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
Accustom'd daily to endure
The welcome burden of thy cross ;
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

Our sons henceforth be wholly thine,
And serve and love thee all their days ;

Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestow'd :
Rise every child a man of God !

Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread !
Or send them to proclaim thy word,
Thy gospel through the world to spread ;
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which we live !

ADULT BAPTISM.

I.

Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee !
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

We now thy promised presence claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind ;
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

Father ! in these reveal thy Son :
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

Jesus ! with us thou always art :
Effectuate now the sacred sign ;

The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

Eternal Spirit! descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

O that the souls baptized therein
May now thy truth and mercy feel;
May rise, and wash away their sin!
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!



II.

- FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with thy heavenly host,
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth!
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood!
Plunge *him* by a second birth,
Into the depths of God.

Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine!
Father, all thy name reveal!
Jesus, all thy name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in *his* heart!

ON THE DEATH OF A WIDOW.

Tim. 5 : 5.

GIVE glory to Jesus our Head,
 With all that encompass his throne!
 A widow, a widow indeed,
 A mother in Israel is gone!
 The winter of trouble is past;
 The storms of affliction are o'er:
 Her struggle is ended at last,
 And sorrow and death are no more.

The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
 And caught him again in the sky:
 Advanced to her happy estate,
 And pleasure that never shall die:
 Where glorified spirits, by sight,
 Converse in their holy abode,
 As stars in the firmament bright,
 And pure as the angels of God.

O Heaven! what a triumph is there!
 Where all in his praises agree;
 His beautiful character bear,
 And shine with the glory they see:
 The glory of God and the Lamb
 (While all in the ecstasy join)
 Darts into their spiritual frame,
 And gives the enjoyment divine.

In loud hallelujahs they sing,
 And harmony echoes his praise;

When lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face :
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great :
But, lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

THE EVANGELIST'S PRAYER.

Psalm 69 : 9. Zech. 3 : 2. 2 Cor. 12 : 15. John 10 : 11.

GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain ;
Give me the childlike praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again ;
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word;
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine!
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine;
And lead them to thy open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.



DAILY DUTIES.

I.

Col. 3 : 17.

SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

End of my every action thou,
In all things thee I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now;
I do it unto thee.

Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes;

Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great Sacrifice.

Stamp'd with an infinite desert,
My work he then shall own ;
Well pleas'd with me, when mine thou art,
And I his favour'd son.



II.

SON of the Carpenter, receive
This humble work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest labour give
By joining it to thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us !

Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise ;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.

Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free :
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.

O when wilt thou, my Life, appear?
 Then gladly will I cry,
 'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
 'Tis finish'd, Lord—and die!



III.

Psalm 104 : 23. Psalm 139 : 16. Rom. 12 : 2. Matt. 11 : 30.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
 O let me cheerfully fulfil!
 In all my works thy presence find,
 And prove thy acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
 And labour on at thy command,
 And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
 Whatc'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with thee to heaven.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Gen. 3 : 17. Rom. 8 : 21.

ENSLAV'D to sense, to pleasure prone,
Fond of created good :
Father, our helplessness we own,
And, trembling, taste our food.

Trembling we taste ; for ah ! no more
To thee the creatures lead :
Changed, they exert a baneful power,
And poison while they feed.

Cursed for the sake of wretched man,
They now engross him whole ;
With pleasing force on earth detain,
And sensualize his soul.

Grov'ling on earth we still must lie,
Till Christ the curse repeal :
Till Christ, descending from on high,
Infected nature heal.

Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,
Thy healing influence give ;
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
And bid us eat and live.

The bondage of corruption break ;
For this our spirits groan,
Thy only will we fain would seek ;
O save us from our own :

Turn the full stream of nature's tide ;
 Let all our actions tend
 To thee, their source; thy love the guide,
 Thy glory be the end.

Earth then a scale to heaven shall be ;
 Sense shall point out the road ;
 The creatures all shall lead to thee.
 And all we taste be God.

 AT TABLE.

FOUNTAIN of all the good we see
 Streaming from heaven above,
 Saviour, our faith we act on thee,
 And exercise our love.

'Tis not the outward food we eat
 Doth this new strength afford ;
 'Tis thou, whose presence makes it meat,
 Thou, the life-giving Word.

Man doth not live by bread alone ;
 Whate'er thou wilt can feed :
 Thy power converts the bread to stone,
 And turns the stone to bread.

Thou art our food, we taste thee now,
 In thee we move and breathe ;
 Our bodies' only life art thou,
 And all beside is death.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Blest be the God, whose tender care
Prevents his children's cry,
Whose pity providently near,
Doth all our wants supply.

Blest be the God whose bounteous store
These cheering gifts imparts,
Who veils in bread the secret power
That feeds and glads our hearts.

Fountain of blessings, source of good,
To thee this strength we owe,
Thou art the virtue of our food,
Life of our life below.

When shall our souls regain the skies,
Thy heavenly sweetness prove,
Where joys in all their fulness rise,
And all our food is love?

THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

1 Cor. 14 : 15.

JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.

While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design—

Thy glory, not our own:
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To offend thy glorious eyes;
To desecrate our hallow'd strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.

To magnify thy awful name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise;
Our souls and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from thee.

That hurrying strife far off remove,
That noisy burst of selfish love,
Which swells the formal song;
The joy from out our hearts arise,
And speak and sparkle in our eyes,
And vibrate on our tongue.

Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord

Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love:
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!

PUBLIC PRAYER.

I.

Acts 3 : 1.

WHO Jesus our Example know,
And his Apostles' footsteps trace,
We gladly to the temple go,
Frequent the consecrated place
At every solemn hour of prayer,
And meet the God of mercy there.

His offering pure we call to mind,
There, on the golden altar laid,
Whose Godhead with the manhood join'd,
For every soul atonement made;
And have whate'er we ask of God,
Through faith in that all-saving blood,

II.

John 6 : 28.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Followers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Govern'd by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.

While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love.
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestow'd,
Secret intercourse with God.

Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his Image to retrieve,
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;

Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

GREATNESS OF THE DEITY.

Job 11 : 7-9.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot number'd be;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity;
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our lab'ring thought to assign
Omnipotence a bound.

The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below;
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow:
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

IN A STORM AT SEA

Psalm 93 : 3, 4. Matt. 8 : 27. Mark 4 : 39.

GLORY to Thee whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous winds arise !
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and sea, and skies !

Let air, and earth, and skies, obey,
And seas thine awful will perform :
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gath'ring storm.

What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are borne,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep
And all the wat'ry world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will ;
Rise, while our God permits thee rise,
But fall when he shall say, *Be still !*



PART XII.



Sacred Poetry.

PART THE TWELFTH.

A LITANY HYMN.

"By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy nativity and circumcision; by thy baptism, fasting, and temptation; by thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost; good Lord deliver us."—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

JESUS, show us thy salvation,
(In thy strength we strive with thee,)
By thy mystic incarnation,
By thy pure nativity;
Save us thou, our new Creator,
Into all our souls impart
Thy divine, unsinning nature,
Form thyself within our heart.

By thy first blood-shedding heal us,
Cut us off from every sin;
By thy circumcision seal us,
Write thy law of love within;

By thy Spirit circumsise us,
Kindle in our hearts a flame;
By thy baptism now baptize us
Into all thy glorious name.

By thy fasting and temptation,
Mortify our vain desires,
Take away what sense or passion,
Appetite or flesh, requires;
Arm us with thy self-denial,
Every tempted soul defend,
Save us in the fiery trial,
Make us faithful to the end.

By thy sorer sufferings save us,
Save us when conform'd to thee;
By thy miseries relieve us,
By thy painful agony:
When beneath thy frown we languish,
When we feel thine anger's weight,
Save us by thine unknown anguish,
Save us by thy bloody sweat.

By that highest point of passion,
By thy suffer'ing on the tree,
Save us from the indignation
Due to all mankind and me:
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasping out thy latest breath,
By thy precious death's applying,
Save us from eternal death.

From the world of care release us,
By thy decent burial save,

Crucified with thee, O Jesus,
Hide us in thy quiet grave;
By thy power divinely glorious,
By thy resurrection's power,
Raise us up o'er sin victorious,
Raise us up to sin no more.

By the pomp of thine ascending,
Live we here to heaven restor'd,
Live in pleasures never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord;
Let us have our conversation
With the blessed spirits above,
Saved with all thy great salvation,
Perfectly renewed in love.

Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
High enthroned above all height,
We have now through thee found favour,
Righteous in the Father's sight;
Hears he not thy prayer unceasing?
Can he turn away thy face?
Send us down the purchas'd blessing,
Fulness of the gospel grace.

By the coming of thy Spirit
As a mighty rushing wind,
Save us into all thy merit,
Into all thy sinless mind;
Let the perfect grace be given,
Let thy will in us be seen,
Done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Lord, thy Spirit cries, Amen!

COMMUNION WITH A SAINT DEPARTED.

Ah! my dear departed friend,
 Can I cease remembering thee?
 Must our sacred friendship end
 With the life of misery?
 From the fleshly dungeon freed,
 Dead to all thou lovedst before;
 Dead to me, entirely dead,
 Shall I clasp thy soul no more?

Wherefore when we met below,
 Struck with sympathy divine,
 Pleased its counterpart to know,
 Flew my soul to mix with thine?
 Blazed the pure expanded flame,
 Such as burns in those above;
 Love pervaded all my frame,
 Heavenly, everlasting love.

Wing'd with infinite desire,
 Wherefore doth my soul remain,
 If we *all* at death expire,
 If we ne'er must meet again?
 Say, thou questionable shade,
 Once so intimately dear,
 Art thou far removed when dead?
 None on earth is half so near.

Could the greedy grave devour
 One whom I this moment feel,
 Lured by some mysterious power
 To that world invisible?

Surely now her bliss I share,
 Live her life which never dies :
 Yes, my old companion there,
 Draws me after to the skies.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

HAPPY the souls that first believed,
 To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
 Join'd by the unction from above,
 In my stic fellowship of love.

Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They lived, and spake, and thought the same ;
They joyfully conspired to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.

O what an age of golden days !
 O what a choice, peculiar race !
 Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
 Anointed Kings and Priests to God !

Where shall I wander now to find
 The successors they left behind ?
 The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
 Are 'minished from the sons of men.

Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
For sure thou hast a church below.

The gates of hell cannot prevail;
The church on earth can never fail:
Ah! join me to thy secret ones!
Ah! gather all thy living stones!

Scatter'd o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye:
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banish'd ones;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

Join every soul that looks to thee,
In bonds of perfect charity;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live!

Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below;
If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!

The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;
Unite and perfect them in one.

O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach, and love.

Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white!
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known;
And, O my God, might I be one!

O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu's witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

The blessings of a friend to obtain,
A thousand barter'd worlds were **gain** ;
Yet none that blessing can bestow,
But He who died to save his foe !

That happy man whom Jesus loves,
And with *peculiar* smiles approves,
On him the angel shall descend,
And God shall bless him with a **friend** ;
To none but chosen vessels given,
The highest favourites of heaven.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

WHAT morn on thee with sweeter ray,
Or brighter lustre, e'er hath **shined** ?
Be bless'd the memorable day

That gave thee Jesus Christ to **find** :
Gave thee to taste his pard'ning **grace**,
From death to life in him to pass !

O how diversified the scene,
Since first that heart began to **beat** !
Evil and few thy days have been ;
In suffering and in comfort **great** ;
Oft hast thou groaned beneath thy **load**,
And sunk into the arms of God !

Long did all hell its powers engage,
And fill'd thy darken'd soul with **fears** :
Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
At length the atoning blood appears :

Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er,
Look up; for thou shalt weep no more.

Bless'd be the Name that sets thee free,
The Name that sure salvation brings!
The Sun of righteousness on thee
Has rose, with healing in his wings:
~~Away~~, let grief and sighing flee;
~~Jesus~~ hath died for thee—for thee!

~~And~~ will he now forsake his own?
~~Or~~ lose the purchase of his blood?
~~No!~~ for he looks with pity down,
He watches over thee for good;
Gracious he eyes thee from above,
And guards and feeds thee with his love.

Since thou wast precious in his sight,
How highly favour'd hast thou been!
Upborne by faith to glory's height,
The Saviour God thine eyes have seen,
Thine heart has felt its sins forgiven,
And tastes anticipated heaven.

Is this the soul so late weigh'd down
By cares and sins, by griefs and pains?
Whither are all thy terrors gone?
Jesus for thee the vict'ry gains;
And death, and sin, and Satan yield
To faith's unconquerable shield.

Bless'd be the God that calls thee home;
Faithful to thee his mercies prove;

Through death's dark vale he bids thee come,
And more than conquer through his love ;
Robes thee in righteousness divine,
And makes thy crown of glory shine.

IN THE BEGINNING OF A RECOVERY
FROM SICKNESS.

PEACE, fluttering soul ! the storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful strife :
Respiring now, the cause explore,
That bound thee to a wretched life.

When on the margin of the grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art ?
Ah ! why mistrust his will to save ?
What meant that faltering of my heart ?

'Twas not the searching pain within
That fill'd my coward flesh with fear ;
Nor conscience of uncancell'd sin ;
Nor sense of dissolution near.

Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruits of righteousness alone ;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown.

Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I his purer presence bear ?
Unchanged, unhallow'd, unrenew'd,
Could I before his face appear ?

Father of mercies hear my call!
Ere yet returns the fatal hour;
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quick'ning power.

My nature reëxchange for thine;
Be thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.

When I thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasp'd him in my soul's embrace,
Possess'd of thy salvation, then—
Then let me, Lord, depart in peace.

AFTER A RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

AND live I yet by power divine?
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back in its decline,
The shadow of my setting sun?

Wond'ring I ask, Is this the breast,
Struggling so late and torn with pain!
The eyes that upward look'd for rest,
And dropp'd their weary lids again;

The recent horrors still appear:
O may they never cease to awe!
Still be the King of terrors near,
Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

Torture and Sin prepared his way,
And pointed to a yawning tomb;
Darkness behind eclipsed the day,
And check'd my forward hopes of home.

My feeble flesh refused to bear
Its strong redoubled agonies:
When mercy heard my speechless prayer,
And saw me faintly gasp for ease.

Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay;
Pale Death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasp'd his prey!

The fever turn'd its backward course,
Arrested by Almighty Power;
Sudden expired its fiery force,
And anguish gnaw'd my side no more.

God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!

To thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak thy coëxtended praise.

How shall I teach the world to love,
Unchanged myself, unloosed my tongue?
Give me the power of faith to prove,
And mercy shall be all my song.

Be all my added life employ'd
 Thy image in my soul to see:
 Fill with thyself the mighty void;
 Enlarge my heart to compass thee!

O give me, Saviour, give me more!
 Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
 Alas! I see their endless store,
 Yet O, I cannot, cannot *feel*!

The blessing of thy love bestow,
 For this my cries shall never fail;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 I will not, till my suit prevail.

I'll weary thee with my complaint,
 Here at thy feet for ever lie,
 With longing sick, with groaning faint,
 O give me love, or else I die!

Without this best, divinest grace,
 'Tis death, 'tis worse than death, to live;
 'Tis hell to want thy blissful face,
 And saints in thee their heaven receive.

Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
 And fix in me thy lasting home!
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

Prepare and then possess my heart;
 O take me, seize me from above!
 Thee do I love, for God thou art;
 Thee do I feel, for God is love!

OUR LORD'S ADDRESS TO PETER.

John 21 : 18.

WHEN young, and full of sanguine hope,
And warm in my first love,
My spirit's loins I girded up,
And sought the things above,
Swift on the wings of active zeal
With Jesu's message flew,
O'erjoy'd with all my heart and will
My Master's work to do.

Freely where'er I would, I went
Through wisdom's pleasant ways,
Happy to spend and to be spent
In minist'ring his grace :
I found no want of will or power,
In love's sweet task employ'd,
And put forth every day and hour
My utmost strength for God.

As strong, and glorying in my might,
I drew the two-edged sword,
Valiant against a troop to fight
The battles of the Lord ;
I scorn'd the multitude to dread,
Rush'd on with full career,
And aim'd at each opposer's head,
And smote off many an ear.

But now, enervated by age,
I feel my fierceness gone,
And nature's powers no more engage
To prop the Saviour's throne :

My total impotence I see,
For help on Jesus call,
And stretch my feeble hands to thee,
Who workest all in all.

Thy captive, Lord, myself I yield,
As purely passive clay;
Thy holy will be all fulfill'd,
Constraining mine to obey:
My passions by thy Spirit bind,
And, govern'd by thy word,
I'll suffer all the woes design'd
To make me like my Lord.

Wholly at thy dispose I am,
No longer at my own,
All self-activity disclaim,
And move in God alone:
Transport, do what thou wilt with me,
A few more evil days,
But bear me safe through all to see
My dear Redeemer's face.

NAOMI AND RUTH.*

TURN again, my children, turn,
Wherefore would you go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn,
Jesus wills it so to be:
Why, when God would have us part,
Weep ye thus and break my heart?

* Adapted to Minister and People.

Go in peace, my children, go,
Only Jesu's steps pursue:
He shall pay the debt I owe,
He **shall kindly deal** with you:
He your sure reward shall be,
Bless you for your love to me.

Surely you have kindly dealt
With the living and the dead;
You have oft my burden felt,
When my tears were all my bread:
Jesus lull you on his breast,
Jesus give you endless rest!

Lo! thy sister is gone back
To her gods and people dear;
Weeping soul, a wretch forsake,
Why would'st thou my sorrows bear?
Turn, and let thy troubles cease;
Go, my child, and go in peace.

O entreat me not to leave
Thee, my faithful guide and friend;
Let me to my father cleave,
Let me hold thee to the end:
Thy own child in Christ I am,
Following thee as thou the Lamb.

Never will I cease to mourn,
Till my Lord thy tears shall dry,
Never back from thee return,
Never from my father fly:
Do not ask me to depart,
Do not break thy children's heart.

Where thou go'st I still will go,
Thine shall be my soul's abode;
Thine shall be my weal or woe,
Thine my people and my God;
Where thou diest, with joy will I
Lay my weary head and die.

There will I my burial have,
If it be the Master's will,
Sleeping in a common grave,
Till the quick'ning trump I feel,
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy doom.

God, do so to me, and more,
If from thee, my Guide, I part;
Till the mortal pang is o'er,
Will I hold thee in my heart;
And when I my breath resign,
Then thou art for ever mine.

PARENTAL SUFFERING.

FAREWELL, my all of earthly hope,
My nature's stay, my age's prop,
Irrevocably gone!
Submissive to the will divine,
I acquiesce, and make it mine,
I offer up my son.

But give I God a sacrifice
That costs me naught? my gushing eyes
The answer sad express,

My gushing eyes, and troubled heart,
Which bleeds with its beloved to part,
Which breaks through fond excess.

Yet since he from my heart is torn,
Patient, resign'd, I calmly mourn
The darling snatch'd away;
Father, with thee thy own I leave;
Into thy mercy's arms receive,
And keep him to that day.

Keep (for I nothing else desire)
The bush unburnt amidst the fire,
And freely I resign
My child, for a few moments lent,
(My child no longer,) I consent
To see his face no more!

But hear my agonizing prayer,
And O preserve him, and prepare
To meet me in the skies,
When thron'd in bliss the Lamb appears,
Repairs my loss, and wipes the tears
For ever from my eyes.



ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

2 Sam. 12 : 23. 1 Sam. 3 : 18.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:

I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own ;
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will I rest.

Faith cries out, It is the Lord !
Let him do as seems him good ;
Be thy holy name ador'd,
Take the gift awhile bestow'd ;
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever thine.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

WITHIN this tomb an infant lies,
To earth whose body lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine !

ON A REMOVAL.

THE Son of man supplies
My every outward need,
Who had not, when he left the skies,
A place to lay his head :
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

No matter where or how
I in this desert live,
If when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive :
Bless'd with thy precious love,
Saviour, 'tis all my care,
To reach the purchas'd house above,
And find a mansion there.

Saviour, I would not take
One step in life alone,
Or dare the smallest motion make,
Without thy counsel known :
Thee I, my Lord, confess
In every thing I see,
And thou, by thine unerring grace,
Shalt order all for me.

Surely thou wilt provide
The place thou know'st I need,

A solitary place to hide
 Thy hoary servant's head;
 Where for a few moments more,
 Expecting my release,
I may my Father's God adore,
 And then depart in peace.

What matters it to me,
 When a few days are past,
Where I shall end my misery,
 Where I shall breathe my last?
 The meanest house or cot
 The hoary hairs may screen
Of one who would be clean forgot,
 And live and die unseen.

Exposed I long have been
 In this bleak vale of tears,
'Midst scenes of vanity and sin,
 Consumed my threescore years:
 I turn my face aside,
 Sick of beholding more,
And wish the latest storm to outride,
 And reach the happy shore.

As dead already here,
 Without desire or hope,
Till from this earth I disappear,
 I give the creature up;
 In temporal despair,
 Contentedly abide,
And in my flesh the tokens bear
 Of Jesus crucified.

FAITH IN GOD'S PROMISES.

Jer. 49 : 11.

O THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,
Waiting for my last remove,
Hast'ning to the happy dead :
Lo! I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave :
Call my little ones thy own,
Give them all thy blessings, give ;
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

Whom I to thy grace commend,
Into thy embraces take ;
Be her sure, immortal Friend,
Save her, for my Saviour's sake ;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow, prove
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me we shall meet above ;
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

With poverty of spirit bless'd,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest;
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeem'd from earth to reign in heaven!
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot, are crown'd above;
Crown'd, through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward!

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.*

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then revealed his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known:
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

* Wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire.

Meet for the fellowship above,
 She heard the call, Arise, my love !
 I come, her dying looks replied,
 And, lamb-like as her Lord, she died.

IN PROSPECT OF HIS OWN DEATH.

In age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem ?
 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;
 O could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity !

PRAYER FOR FINAL SANCTIFICATION.

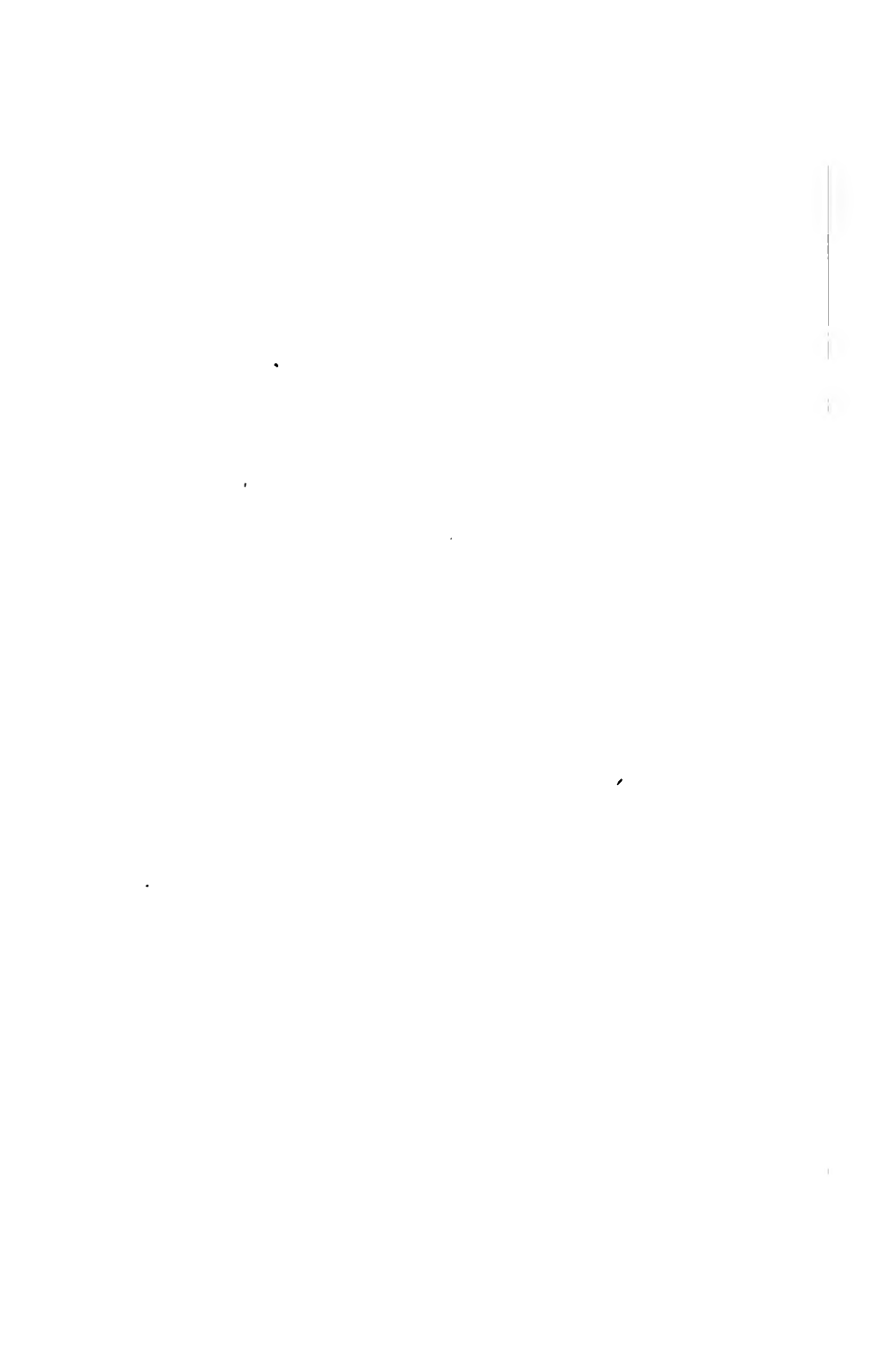
Hos. 14 : 2.

How long, how often, shall I pray,
 Take all iniquity away ;
 And give the plenitude of good,
 The blessing bought by Jesu's blood ;
 Concupiscence and pride remove,
 And fill me, Lord, with humble love.

Again I take the words to me,
 Prescribed, and offer them to thee :
 Thy kingdom come, to root out sin,
 And perfect holiness bring in ;
 And swallow up my will in thine,
 And human change into divine.

So shall I render thee thine own,
And tell the wonders thou hast done,
The power and faithfulness declare
Of God, who hears and answers prayer ;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spend my latest breath in praise.

O that the joyful hour was come,
Which calls thy ready servant home,
Unites me to the church above,
Where angels chant the song of love,
And saints eternally proclaim
The glories of the heavenly Lamb !



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THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

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SELECTIONS
FROM A
POETICAL VERSION
OF THE
Psalms of David.

BY THE
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

"Is any merry? Let him sing psalms."—ST. JAMES.



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—
1864.

The Prophet David having singular knowledge, 'not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God; left behind him, to that purpose, a number of divinely indited poems; and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer; melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations, the Church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it, as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion.— They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of psalms doth not some time draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.—*Hooker*.

INTRODUCTION.*

"IN celebrating the praises of David, the Son of Jesse, Jesus the Son of Sirach, an apocryphal writer, says: 'In all his works he praised the Holy One most high, with *words of glory*: with his whole heart he sung songs, and loved Him that made him. He set singers also before the altars, that by their voices, they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs. He beautified their feasts, and set in order their solemn tunes, until the end, that they might praise his holy name.' (Ecclus. 47 : 8-10.) The songs which David thus sung 'with his whole heart' have been handed down to us in the volume of divine inspiration, and notwithstanding they are characterized by 'as many hearse-like airs as carols,' (to use the language of Lord Bacon, the great father of inductive philosophy, with reference to them,) yet they

* A Poetical Version of the Psalms of David. By the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A. Edited, with a brief introduction, by Henry Fish, M.A. Second London Edition. 1854.

always have been favourites with those who could make 'melody in their hearts,' and understood the nature of experimental religion. And there can be no wonder that the writings of one whose mind was so smooth and mollifying, whose soul so soon melted into his eyes, and whose bowels flowed with such full streams of compassion, should have possessed so many charms.

"It is well known, however, that the whole of the Psalms were not written by David, though several of the Greek and Latin Fathers affirm they were; and he is emphatically designated, 'The sweet Psalmist of Israel.' (2 Sam. 23 : 1.) It is true, that most of them were written by him; yet Moses, and Asaph, and Ethan, and Heman, and the sons of Korah, and Solomon, and others, if we are to be guided by historical testimony, and the titles which are prefixed to some of them, shared, 'by the same Spirit,' in their composition."

"The main subject of these sweet songs," says the wise and pious Jonathan Edwards, "are the glorious things of the Gospel: as it is evident, by the interpretation that is often put upon them, and the use that is made of them, in the New Testament; no one book of the Old Testament being so often quoted in the New as the book of Psalms. It was used in the Church of Israel by God's appointment. So David is called the sweet Psalmist

of Israel, because he penned Psalms for the use of the Church of Israel. Accordingly we have an account (2 Chron. 29 : 30) of their being so used ages after David was dead. We find, also, that they are appointed, in the New Testament, to be made use of in the Christian Church, in their worship, 'speaking to yourselves in Psalms,' etc. (Eph. 5 : 19;) and they have been, and to the end of the world will be, made use of in the Church, to celebrate the praises of God.

"The Book of Psalms, in its original form, is the most ancient collection of poems in the world. The occasions on which these sacred songs were composed are numerous; and the subjects to which they refer, and on which they enlarge and descant, are as diversified as are the truths embodied in the whole revelation of God, and are more interesting and important than any other which can engage the attention of the mind of man.

"The inspired muse of David, and of those who were associated with him, in furnishing canticles to the Church, has awakened the muse of many gifted with the genius of poetry. The Psalms have been translated, or imitated in verse, in a great number of languages. We have them in 'a short kind of Hebrew verse,' by Dr. Etheridge, Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, during the reign of Elizabeth; in Greek verse, by Duport; in Latin, by

ness, the labour of love, the anticipations of hope, the triumphs of the Church, and its universal establishment, the millennial reign of the Prince of Peace, the last general judgment, and the final overthrow and everlasting destruction of the wicked:—on all these subjects, and more, he has sung in his own style—a style characterized by smoothness, and harmony, and pathos, and power, and beauty, and occasionally by sublimity and grandeur. There is nothing in the form of poetry, within the whole compass of uninspired language, to surpass in composition many of the Psalms in this volume.

“The One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm may be taken as one of those instances in which the true poetic genius of Charles Wesley shines forth in unrivalled splendor. In a didactic composition, extending to one hundred and seventy-six verses, in each of which the cognate terms, *testimonies, laws, words, commandments, ways, judgments, etc.*, are of perpetual occurrence, he has, by a touch of his pen, more potent than that of the famed philosopher’s stone, transmuted the tin of the old dispensation into the pure gold of the Christian sanctuary. ‘The law had *only* a shadow of good things to come.’ Knowing that the glory involved in the observance of the Mosaic requirements was as nothing in comparison ‘of the glory that excelleth,’ and that the veil cast over the face of the Jewish law-giver ‘is done

away in Christ,' this gifted poet has presented to us an enchanting and well-sustained poem, which, without any approach to tautology, exhibits all the pleasing variety, warmth, and freshness of original verse, while it tenaciously adheres to the spirit of the inspired Psalmist."

POETICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS.



The Psalms of David.

PSALM I.

Bless'd is the man and none but he,
Who walks not with ungodly men;
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
Nor sits the innocent to arraign:
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair..

Obedience is his pure delight,
To do the pleasure of the Lord:
His exercise by day and night
To search his soul-converting word;
The law of liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.

Fast by the streams of Paradise
He as a pleasant plant shall grow;
The tree of righteousness shall rise,
And all his blooming honours show:
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

His verdant leaf shall never fade,
 His works of faith shall never cease :
 His happy toil shall all succeed,
 Whom God himself delights to bless :
 But no success the ungodly find,
 Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.

No portion and no place have they
 With those whom God vouchsafes to approve :
 Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,
 Who trample on their Saviour's love ;
 Who here their bleeding Lord deny,
 Shall perish and for ever die.

PSALM IV.

God of my righteousness,
 Thy humble suppliant hear :
 Thou hast relieved me in distress,
 And thou art always near :
 Again thy mercy show,
 The peaceful answer send,
 Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
 And all my troubles end.

How long, ye sons of men,
 Will ye blaspheme aloud ?
 My honour wrong, my glory stain,
 And vilify my God ?
 How long will ye delight
 In vanity and vice,
 Madly ~~against~~ the righteous fight,
 And follow after lies ?

Know, for himself the Lord
Hath surely set apart
The man that trembles at his word,
The man of upright heart:
And when to him I pray,
He promises to hear,
And help me in my evil day,
And answer all my prayer.

Ye sinners, stand in awe,
And from your sins depart:
Out of the evil world withdraw,
And commune with your heart:
In thinking of his love
Be day and night employ'd;
Be still, nor in his presence move,
But wait upon your God.

Offer your prayer and praise,
Which he will not despise,
Through Jesus Christ, your Righteousness,
Accepted sacrifice:
Offer your heart's desires;
But trust in him alone,
Who gives whatever he requires,
And freely saves his own.

The world with fruitless pain
Seek happiness below,
"What man," they ask, but all in vain,
"The long-sought good will show?"
The brightness of thy face
Give us, O Lord, to see,
Glory on earth, begun in grace,
And happiness in thee.

Thou hast on me bestow'd
(All gracious as thou art)
The taste divine, the sovereign good,
And fix'd it in my heart :
Above all earthly bliss
The sense of sin forgiven,
The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
The antepast of heaven.

Of gospel-peace posscest,
Secure in thy defence,
Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,
And who shall pluck me hence ?
Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Shal evermore remove,
When all renew'd in thee I dwell,
And perfected in love.

PSALM V.

O LORD, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrows weigh,
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call, with lifted eyes,
"Come, O my God and King!"
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliverance bring.

On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace :

None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face.
In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity: .
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
Are both abhorr'd by thee.
The greatest and minutest fault
Shall find its fearful doom:
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
Thou surely shalt consume.

But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Though most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I trust in thy unbounded grace,
To all so freely given,
And worship toward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the path before my face:
My God, be thou my guide!
The cruel power, the guileful art,
Of all my foes suppress
Whose throat's an open grave, whose heart
Is desperate wickedness.

Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,
And finally consume :
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come.
But all who put their trust in thee
Thy mercy shall proclaim ;
And sing with cheerful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.

Protected by thy guardian grace,
They shall extol thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore :
They never shall to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.



PSALM VI.

In thine utmost indignation,
Do not, Lord, thine own chastise :
In thine infinite compassion,
Hear my feeble dying cries !
Hear me, for my bones are vexed :
O forgive, forgive my sin !
Sick I am, and sore perplexed,
All a troubled sea within !

Lord, how long shall thy displeasure
Lengthen out my punishment ?

O correct me, but in measure !
Let thy yearning heart relent :
Sinner's Friend, and kind Receiver,
Cast my sins behind thy back :
Turn me now, my soul deliver,
Save me, for thy mercy's sake !

O reverse the mortal sentence !
Let me live to sing thy grace :
After death is no repentance :
Dead, I cannot speak thy praise.
Spent I am with endless groaning,
Wash with tears my sleepless bed ;
Weary of my fruitless moaning—
Send my gasping spirit aid !

Shorn of all my strength, I languish ;
See, I faint beneath my load !
Faint through deep distress and anguish,
Faint into the arms of God !
God, to me, in great compassion,
Doth a gracious token give :
I shall see his whole salvation,
I shall all his love retrieve.

Leave me, then, to Jesus leave me,
Ye that gloried in my fall !
Jesu's arms shall still receive me,
He hath heard my mournful call :
He hath answer'd my petition,
Show'd himself the sinner's Friend,
Saved me in my lost condition,
He shall save me to the end.

By a world of foes surrounded,
By the hellish sons of night,
I shall see them all confounded,
Put to everlasting flight.
He who hath my sins forgiven,
All my sins to death shall doom,
Hence as by a whirlwind driven—
Come, my utmost Saviour, come!

PSALM VII.

Jesus, my Lord, on thy great name
I still for help depend :
From sin, the world, and hell redeem,
And save me to the end.

The lion, ready to devour,
Would tear my soul and slay :
Ah! leave me not to Satan's power,
But spoil him of his prey.

Arise, O Lord, thine arm make bare,
Confound the haughty pride
Of all my foes : in wrath declare
That thou art on my side.

So shall the saints surround thy throne
With joyful songs of praise :
For Israel's sake thy servant own,
And save me by thy grace.

Lift thyself up, awake for me,
My cause in mercy plead:
Lead captive my captivity,
And make me free indeed.

Command iniquity to cease,
And make an end of sin:
'Stablish the just in righteousness,
And bring thy nature in.

Succour and strength in God I have,
Who never will depart;
But keep, and to the utmost save,
The men of simple heart.

His righteousness I will proclaim,
His goodness glorify,
And celebrate the Saviour's name,
And praise the Lord Most High.



PSALM VIII.

SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name!
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim:
Through this earth thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the Source Divine,
The Almighty God of love!

Thou, the God of power and grace,
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
And manifest thy power :
Lo ! they in thy strength go on,
Lo ! on all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire Accuser down,
And bruise the Serpent's head.

Yet, when I survey the skies
And planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching eyes,
And swallows up my soul :
Moon and stars so wide display,
Chant their Maker's praise aloud,
Pour insufferable day,
And draw me up to God !

What is man, that thou, O Lord,
Hast such respect to him ?
Comes from heaven the incarnate Word,
His creature to redeem :
Wherefore wouldst thou stoop so low ?
Who the mystery shall explain ?
God is flesh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched man.

Jesus his Redeemer dies,
The sinner to restore,
Falls that man again may rise,
And stand as heretofore :
Foremost of created things,
Head of all thy works he stood,

Nearest the great King of kings,
And little *less than* God!*

Him with glorious majesty
Thy grace vouchsafed to crown:
Transcript of the One-in-Three,
He in thine image shone:
All thy works for him were made,
All did to his sway submit:
Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,
And bow'd beneath his feet.

Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name!
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim:
Through this earth thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the Source Divine,
The Almighty God of love!

PSALM XIII.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy face?
Leave me unchanged and unrestored,
An alien from the life of grace?

How long shall I inquire within,
And seek thee in my heart, in vain,

* So it is in the Hebrew.

Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain?

How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a faltering tongue:)
See at thy feet my spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, "How long?"

Hear me, O Lord my God! and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love:
Lighten my eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.

Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulf beneath!
Save, or my gasping spirit dies—
Dies with an everlasting death.

Ah! suffer not my foe to boast
His victory o'er a child of thine,
Nor let the proud Philistines' host
In Satan's hellish triumph join.

Will they not charge my fall on thee?
Will they not dare my God to blame?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name!

Thou wilt! thou wilt! My hope returns:
A sudden spirit of faith I feel:
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there for ever dwell.

My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near,—
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour
When perfect love shall cast out fear

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now;
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost thou!

Thy love I ever shall proclaim,
A monument of thy mercy I;
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord Most High!

PSALM XVI.

Verses 5, 11.

THE Lord himself my portion is;
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,
And wilt no more remove:
My fair inheritance thou art:
The needful thing, the better part,
I find in perfect love.

The Lord I will for ever bless:
The Counsellor and Prince of Peace.
He teaches me his will:
He doth with mighty pains chastise,
And makes me to salvation wise
By every scourge I feel.

Those who trust thy wondrous love,
Who in thee affiance have :
Saviour thou from all their foes,
All who thee and thine oppose !

Keep me who in thee confide,
As the apple of thine eye ;
Shade me with thy wings and hide
While my deadly foes are nigh ;
Ever greedy to devour,
Save me from the oppressor's power !

Lo ! they still my steps surround,
Watch my helpless soul to slay !
Thou their cruel pride confound,
Spoil the lion of his prey !
Thou for Satan's downfall rise,
Cast the accuser from the skies !

Save me from the wicked, Lord,
Weapons of thy wrath severe,
Thine avenging scourge and sword,
Men who have their portion here,
With all worldly good endow'd,
Poor and destitute of God !

But my whole desire thou art,
Happy when I see thy face ;
When renew'd and pure in heart,
Partner of the perfect grace,
Bright I in thy image shine,
Satisfied with love Divine.

PSALM XVIII.

Verses 1, 6, 46, 50.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my power !
My rock and fortress is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
My horn and strength, my shield and sword :
Secure I trust in his defence,
I stand in his omnipotence.

Still will I invoke his name,
And spend my life in prayer and praise,
His goodness own, his promise claim,
And look for all his saving grace,
Till all his saving grace I see,
From sin and hell for ever free.

He saved me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught, and compass'd round,
Exposed to Satan's raging power,
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the second death to feel,
Arrested by the pangs of hell.

To God, my God, with plaintive cry
I call'd in agony of fear :
My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear ;
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And sent the timely rescue down.

The Lord for me doth ever live :
Blessing ascribe to God Most High !

Glory and thanks to Jesus give,
The Rock on which I still rely !
Extol his power, his mercies raise,
The God of my salvation praise !

'Tis God who vindicates my right,
And all my foes persists to o'erthrow
Thou hast redeem'd me by thy might,
Superior to my inbred foe.
Thy love hath set my spirit free,
And bade me live, O Lord, to thee.

Wherefore I will exalt thy Name,
And teach the heathen world thy praise.
In songs of sacred joy proclaim
Thy riches of redeeming grace,
Till all the heathen world confess
And hymn the Lord our Righteousness.

Mighty to save, his love we sing,
The love that doth our souls convert ;
The Christian is his priest and king,
The David after his own heart :
And all his seed—his church—adore
The love that saves for evermore.



PSALM XIX.

Verses 7, 14.

THE book of covenanted grace
Its heavenly origin displays :
Strong characters of Love Divine
Throughout the sacred volume shine :

Jehovah, by his word, is show'd
The glorious legislative God.

Jehovah's law all-perfect is,
Nor can it e'er receive increase ;
Nor can it e'er diminish'd be :
From error and corruption free,
It turns the soul which turns to it,
And makes the man of God complete.

The testimony of the Lord,
Delivered in his written word,
Is sure, inviolably sure,
And shall from age to age endure :
The simple it with grace supplies,
And makes them to salvation wise.

The statutes of the Lord are right ;
His laws and equity unite :
Reason Divine in all is show'd,
Adjusted to his creatures' good :
They bring us peace, and power impart,
When written on the obedient heart.

The Lord's command is plain, and free
From darkness and impurity :
It purges and restores the sight,
Guides, by a clear, unerring light,
The sinner in the paths of peace,
Convinced of sin and righteousness.

The fear of God restrains from sin,
Is clean, and makes the sinner clean :

The strict unalterable law,
Which keeps the faithful soul in awe,
Can never lose its binding power,
But lives and reigns for evermore.

The judgments of the Lord are true,
And all his faithfulness they show :
His perfect equity decrees,
To all, rewards or penalties ;
And soon the righteous Judge shall seal
Their endless doom—in heaven or hell !

How precious all thy sayings are !
No treasure can with these compare :
Thy sayings are the soul's repast,
Sweeter than honey to the taste :
They drop like manna from above,
Or flow in streams of joy and love.

Thy words are my delight and guide,
And warn me, lest I start aside :
Thrice happy are thy servants, Lord—
Obedience is our great reward :
We own, to whom the grace is given,
To do thy will on earth—is heaven.

But who can all his errors tell,
Or count the thoughts by which he fell ?
Omniscient God, to thee alone
My sin's infinity is known !
Do thou my secret faults efface,
And show forth all thy cleansing grace.

Till then, from wilful sin restrain,
Nor let it o'er thy servant reign:
Withhold me by thy mercy's power,
And keep, till I can sin no more:
From all the inward taint set free,
Restored to Paradise and thee.

O might my every thought arise
Well-pleasing in thy glorious eyes!
My every word advance thy praise,
The strength of thy redeeming grace!
And all I have, and all I am,
Extol the power of Jesu's name!

PSALM XX.

FAITHFUL soul, thy Lord be near
Throughout thine evil day!
Thee the God of Jacob cheer,
The name of Jesus stay!
Arm thee with preserving grace,
Be thy safeguard and defence,
Hear thee from his holy place,
And send deliverance thence!

God be mindful of thy prayers,
Accept thy sacrifice,
Treasure up thy gracious tears,
And answer all thy sighs!

Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
All thy good designs approve,
Higher raise thy joys, and higher
And perfect thee in love!

We will glory in thy name,
O God! thy conquest sing:
Thee triumphantly proclaim,
Our Saviour and our King.
Now I know the Lord from high
Succours his anointed one:
Still his arm shall strength supply,
And send salvation down.

Some in chariots put their trust,
In horses some confide:
We of God will make our boast,
And in his word abide:
Him we ever bear in mind,
All his faithful mercies claim,
Life, and strength, and succour find
In Jesu's conquering name.

All our foes by thy right hand
Are suddenly brought down:
We are lifted up, and stand,
And stand by faith alone:
Still on thee we cast our care,
On thine only love depend:
King of saints regard our prayer,
And save us to the end.

PSALM XXIII.

JESUS the good Shepherd is :

Jesus died the sheep to save ;
He is mine and I am his :

All I want in him I have,—
Life and health, and rest, and food,
All the plenitude of God.

Jesus loves and guards his own :

Me in verdant pastures feeds :
Makes me quietly lie down,
By the streams of comfort leads :
Following him where'er he goes,
Silent joy my heart o'erflows.

He in sickness makes me whole,
Guides into the paths of peace ;
He revives my fainting soul,
'Stablishes in righteousness.
Who for me vouchsafed to die,
Loves me still,—I know not why !

Unappall'd by guilty fear,
Through the mortal vale I go :
My eternal life is near :
Thee my Life in death I know :
Bless thy chastening, cheering rod,
Die into the arms of God !

Till that welcome hour I see,
Thou before my foes dost feed :

Bidd'st me sit and feast with thee,
Pour'st thy oil upon my head :
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.

Love Divine shall still embrace,
Love shall keep me to the end :
Surely all my happy days
I shall in thy temple spend,
Till I to thy house remove,
Thy eternal house above!



PSALM XXIV.

THE earth, with all her fulness, owns
JEHOVAH for her sovereign LORD :
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.

His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is,
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

But who shall quit this low abode ?
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face ?

The man whose hands and heart are clean,
That blessed portion shall receive :

Who here by grace is saved from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.

He shall obtain the starry crown,
And, number'd with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.

This is the chosen royal race,
That seek their Saviour God to see—
To see in holiness thy face,
O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.

Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
Whose prayers, and tears, and blood inclined
Thy Father's majesty to impart
His Name, his Love, to all mankind.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in."

“Who is the King of glory, who?”
“The LORD that all his foes o’ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew;
And JESUS is the conqueror’s name.”

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:
Ye everlasting doors, give way!”

“Who is this King of glory, who?”
“The LORD of glorious power possess’d,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless’d.”

PSALM XXVL

GIVE sentence, Lord, with me;
For I have injured none,
But walk’d in my integrity,
And good for evil done.
Thou know’st mine innocence,
And labour to maintain
A conscience void of all offence
Toward every soul of man.

Yet not in this I trust,
But in the living God,
Who died and rose, to make me just
By sprinkling me with blood.
Herein do I confide,
Herein I rest secure:

My feeble steps shall never slide,
But stand in Jesus sure.

Examine me, O Lord,
And try my heart and reins;
Prove, and discover by thy word
Whate'er of sin remains.
I see thy pardoning love,
And in the truth abide,
Till all the truth in thee I prove,
For ever sanctified.

For this I have forsook
The false dissembling race,
From all their vain engagements broke,
And hated all their ways.
I wash my hands and heart
In innocence divine:
My righteousness, O Lord, thou art;
For all my sins were thine.

Cleansed by the sacred blood,
I to thine altar go,
In songs to spread thy name abroad,
And all thy wonders show.
Lord, I have loved the place
Where thou record'st thy name,
And by the channels of thy grace
For ever found I am.

Through thee resolved I am
Mine innocence to keep:
Uphold me by thy saving name,
And I shall never slip.

O that I in thy blood
May full redemption have!
Renew me, thou all-gracious God,
And to the utmost save.

Here on thy promise, Lord,
My foot of faith stands sure:
Thee will I with thy saints record,
Till thou hast made me pure.
Then will I bless thy name,
Till join'd to those above,
The length, and breadth, and height, proclaim,
And depth, of Jesu's love.

PSALM XXX.

LORD, I will exalt thy grace,
Grace which hath exalted me:
Me thou hast vouchsafed to raise,
Sunk in sin and misery;
But thine own thou wouldst not leave,
Wouldst not let thy foes prevail,
Me thou didst the victory give,
Victory over earth and hell.

Sick of sin, to thee I cried,
Thee, my loving Lord and God!
Thou the medicine hast applied,
Heal'd me by thy balmy blood.
Thou, omnipotent to save,
Hast redeem'd my soul from death,

Snatch'd it from the infernal grave,
Kept it from the gulf beneath.

Sing, ye saints, unto the Lord,
Thank the Lord our Righteousness:
All his faithfulness record,
All his power and pardoning grace.
Quickly is his anger past,
Never doth his grace remove:
Long as life his love shall last,
Life eternal is his love.

If he seem awhile to chide,
Leave us a whole night to mourn,
Yet the veil is cast aside,
Yet he hastens to return.
Sure as the return of day
Chases all the shades of night,
Sorrow doth to joy give way,
Darkness to the gospel light.

"Never more shall I remove,"
In my prosperous state, I said,
"Thou the mountain of thy love
Hast so strong a barrier made."
Thou didst hide thy blissful face:
Grieved to find my God depart,
Then I felt my want of grace,
Then I saw my feeble heart.

Yet again to thee, O Lord,
Humbled in the dust I cried,
Self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,
Bruised and chasten'd for my pride:

He keeps the souls in perfect peace
Whose trust is in his word.
The avenger of all those,
Whose sins provoke his ire,
He fills the measure of their woes
In everlasting fire.

But ye that hope in him,
Be strong, be of good cheer,
Your souls he fully shall redeem,
And make you perfect here :
His constant mind impart,
His image from above,
And 'stablish each believing heart
In everlasting love.

But trusting in the word,
The word of grace alone,
"Thou art," I said, "my God and Lord,
I claim thee for mine own.
Thou know'st the appointed hour,
My times I leave to thee :
Redeem me from the oppressor's power,
From all my sins set free.

"Upon thy servant make
Thy blissful face to shine ;
And save, for thine own mercy's sake,
This helpless soul of mine.
Ah ! do not let me fall,
O'erwhem'd with endless shame !
For still in my distress I call,
O Jesus, on thy name !"

PSALM XXXII.

BLESS'D is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of Heaven.
The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.

Bless'd is the man to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restored,
From all the guile of Satan free:
Free from design or selfish aim,
Harmless, and pure, and undefiled,
A simple follower of the Lamb,
And harmless as a new-born child.

But while through pride I held my tongue
Nor own'd my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consumed with pining grief:
Crush'd by thine anger's heavy hand,
Burnt up as a dry barren ground,
I ever of my sin complain'd;
But no relief or mercy found.

Resolved at last, "To God," I cried,
"My sins I will at large confess:
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desperate wickedness.

All will I own unto my Lord
Without reserve or cloaking art :”
I said ; and felt the pardoning word,
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

For this shall every child of God
Thy power and faithful love declare,
And claim the grace on all bestow’d
Who make to thee their timely prayer.
But when the floods of judgment rise
And sweep their guilty souls away,
Remains for sin no sacrifice ;
For ended is their gracious day.

Thou art my hiding-place : in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell :
Safe in the love that ransom’d me,
And shelter’d in thy wounds, I dwell.
Still shall thy grace to me abound,
The countless wonders of thy grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great Deliverer’s praise.

“I will instruct thy childlike heart,”
(My Teacher saith, for ever nigh,)
“Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye :
Only my gracious look obey,
And yield my perfect will to approve,
Nor cast my easy yoke away,
Or stop thine ears against my love

Ye faithful souls, rejoice in Him
Whose arms are still your sure defence :

Your Lord is mighty to redeem :
Believe ; and who shall pluck you thence ?
Ye men of upright hearts, be glad,
For Jesus is your God and Friend :
He keeps whoe'er on him are stay'd,
And he shall keep them to the end.

PSALM XXXVII.

Part I.

FRET not thyself in vain
At evil men's success,
Nor envy them the fatal gain
Of prosperous wickedness ;
For all their pomp shall pass,
Their glory, wealth and power,
Cut down and wither'd as the grass,
And fleeting as an hour.

Trust in the Lord, and still
Thy faith by works approve ;
So shall he 'stablish thee and fill
With blessings from above.
Delight thee in thy God,
And God HIMSELF shall give—
Shed in thy heart his love abroad,
And there for ever live.

Commit unto the Lord
Thyself and all thy ways :

Trust him to keep his faithful word,
And bring the things to pass.
He shall in all men's sight,
Thy righteousness display,
Thine innocence as clear as light,
And glaring as the day.

Thou in the Lord be still,
With patient hope attend;
And wait the counsel of his will,
And calmly mark the end.
Ah! let not go thy peace,
Nor at the sinner grieve;
Who, vainly boasting his success,
Doth for a moment live.

Cast thy concern away,
Thy rising grief control;
Lest anger into sin betray,
And poison all thy soul.
Cut off by wrath divine,
The wicked soon shall cease;
But who on God their souls recline,
They shall the land possess.

Part II.

Pass a few days or years,
The sinner's boast is o'er:
His pomp no more on earth appears,
His place is found no more.
But still the meek shall live,
With every blessing blest—

Fulness of gospel-peace receive,
And everlasting rest.

The wicked plots the death
Of the detested just;
And gnashes on them with his teeth,
Who put in God their trust.
But God shall him deride:
He sees his evil day
Approach to end the tyrant's pride,
And sweep from earth away.

Sinners have drawn the sword,
And ready bent their bow,
To slay the servants of the Lord,
The needy to o'erthrow.
But God his power shall show,
And take his servants' part
Their bow shall break, their sword go through
Their own malicious heart.

The little of the just
'Tis better to possess,
Than all the wealth of those that trust
In their own wickedness.
Their strength shall be broke down,
Their insolence and power:
But still the Lord upholds his own,
And keeps them evermore.

He knows their happy days:
Their lot shall still abide:
In time of dearth the righteous race
Shall all be satisfied.

When the ungodly fall,
Thou shalt their ruin see,
And glorify the Judge of all,
Who now appears for thee.

I have the wicked seen
In all his pomp and power,
Fair as the laurel-tree, and green,
And flourishing his hour.
I pass'd and look'd again,—
The mighty man was not :
I sought his place, and sought in vain,
His place was clean forgot !

Observe the saint of God,
Who walks in uprightness,
The man in perfect love renew'd—
His end is glorious peace.
While wicked souls at last,
Together all descend
Into a flaming Tophet cast :
Damnation is their end !

But God rewards his own
With heavenly happiness,
And saves them till their course is run,
And keeps in their distress.
From all their foes the just
A present Saviour have,
And (for in him they put their trust)
He shall for ever save.

PSALM XL.

Verses 1, 11.

PATIENT I waited for the Lord,
Who heard and answer'd to my cry :
Out of the pit of sin, abhorr'd,
He brought, and set me up on high :
Out of the mire and clay he took,
And fix'd my feet upon a rock.

The Lord hath made my goings strong,
, And 'stablished me with gospel grace ;
Put in my mouth the joyful song,
The new, unceasing song of praise :
Many the deed divine shall see,
And fear, and trust in God, like me.

Bless'd is the man that dares confide
In my redeeming God alone :
O Lord, thy works are multiplied,
The wondrous works which thou hast done !
Thy thoughts of grace to us surmount
The power of numbers to recount !

I cannot all thy love declare ;
No, nor the smallest part express :
Worthless my noblest offerings are,
Unfit the holy God to please :
But thou dost unto me impart
A hearing ear, and loving heart.

No shadowy form dost thou require,
No legal sacrifice approve :

Thou seek'st the contrite heart's desire,
The offering of obedient love ;
And lo ! I come to do thy will,
And all thy law in love fulfil !

Thy welcome will concerning me,
I in the sacred volume read :
'Tis there my rule of life I see,
And in thy ways delight to tread :
While by thy love's divinest art,
Thy law is written on my heart.

Thine everlasting righteousness,
Thou know'st I to thy church have show'd ;
Nor hid within my heart the grace
And goodness of my pardoning God ;
Nor shunn'd in open thanks to approve
The truth of thy redeeming love.

The great salvation thou hast wrought
I have with joy to all declared :
Ah, gracious Lord ! forsake me not,
But let thy tender mercies guard :
Thy faithful love my soul defend,
And save and keep me to the end !

PSALM XLII.

As the heart, with flying faint,
For the cooling stream doth pant,
So my soul, by sin pursued,
Pants for thee, the living God !

See my soul, in pity see,
Thirsting, gasping after thee :
When shall I with faith draw near,
Righteous in thy sight appear ?

Tears have been my daily bread,
Tears have wash'd my sleepless bed,
While they ever cry aloud,
"Where is now thy pardoning God?"

Musing on the former days,
Stripp'd of that ecstatic grace,
Pouring out my soul, I moan,
All my joys and comforts gone !

Once I could in God rejoice,
Praise him with a tuneful voice,
Find him in his house of prayer,
First of those who worshipp'd there.

Why art thou, my soul, oppress'd ?
Why so troubled and distress'd ?
Cast away the heavy load,
Hope thou, against hope, in God.

I shall yet record his praise :
I shall thank him for his grace,
When he makes his face to shine
On this drooping soul of mine.

Yet again, O God, my God,
Sinks my soul beneath its load !
Burden'd and by sin cast down,
Faints thy poor afflicted one.

Fain I would on thee rely,
To my God for refuge fly:
Ever wandering to and fro,
Restless as a hunted roe.

Deep to deep with horror calls,
While the roaring torrent falls,
My abyss of misery
Calls for all the grace in thee.

But, alas! thy threatenings sound,
All thy waves and storms surround:
Over me the billows roll,
Swallow up my sinking soul.

Unto God, my Rock, I say,
“Why dost thou so long delay,
Leave me on in grief to go,
Crush’d by the oppressive foe?”

Pierced my bones as with a sword,
With the dire opprobrious word,
While they ever cry aloud,
“Where is now thy pardoning God?”

Why art thou, my soul, oppress’d?
Why so troubled and distress’d?
Cast away the heavy load,
Hope thou, against hope, in God.

I shall yet record his praise,
See again the Saviour’s face:
Ascertain’d by love Divine,
Mine he is, for ever mine.

PSALM XLIII.

God of infinite compassion,
Take my cause into thy hands ;
Satan's whole unrighteous nation,
Earth and hell, my soul withstands :
From the evil world deliver,
From the cruel world within,
From myself—the worst deceiver—
From this inbred man of sin !

Thou my only God and Saviour,
Thou art my support and might !
Why hast thou withdrawn thy favour,
Cast the mourner from thy sight ?
Wherefore go I on lamenting,
Crush'd by my tyrannic foe,
Under his oppression fainting,
Swallow'd up of sin and woe ?

O my merciful Director !
Show the brightness of thy face :
Let thy love be my protector,
Lead me by the light of grace :
Send the unction of thy Spirit,
Guide into thy perfect will,
That I may thy heaven inherit,
Meet thee on thy holy hill.

Earnest of my full possession,
Might I feel thee in my heart !
Fill'd with joy beyond expression,
I should never more depart :

I should in thy courts adore thee,
Till I join the church above,
Sing, and praise, and fall before thee—
Thee, my God of truth and love!

Wherefore then, my restless spirit,
Art thou troubled and cast down?
Hope in God, through Jesu's merit—
God, through Jesus, is thine own:
I shall yet regain his favour,
I shall sing his praise aloud:
Jesus is my loving Saviour,
Jesus is my pardoning God.

PSALM XLV.

Part I.

My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my Heavenly King.

Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art:
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever bless'd, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine,
Stir up thy strength, Almighty Lord !

All power and majesty are thine :
Assert thy worship and renown,
O all-redeeming God, come down !

Come, and maintain thy righteous cause
And let thy gracious toil succeed :
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed :
Through earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.

Still let the word of truth prevail,
The gospel of thy general grace,
Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,
Of everlasting righteousness,
Into the faithful soul brought in,
To root out all the seeds of sin.

Terrible things thine own right hand
Shall teach thy greatness to perform :
Who in the vengeful day can stand
Unshaken by thine anger's storm,
While, riding on the whirlwind's wings,
They meet the thundering King of kings ?

Sharp are the arrows of thy love,
And pierce the most obdurate heart :
Their point thine enemies shall prove,
And, strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,
Fall down before the cross subdued,
And feel thine arrows dipp'd in blood.

His daughter is divinely full
Of Christ, and "glorious all within:"
All glorious inwardly she reigns,
And not one spot of sin remains.

Clothed with humility and love,
With every dazzling virtue bright,
With faith which God vouchsafes to approve
Precious in her great Father's sight,
The royal maid with joy shall come,
Triumphant to her heavenly home.

Brought by his sweet attracting grace,
She first shall in his sight appear
In holiness before his face,
Made perfect with her followers here:
Spotless and pure, a virgin train,
They all shall in his palace reign.

In lieu of seers and patriarchs old,
Of whom she once did make her boast,
The virgin-mother shall behold
Her numerous sons a princely host,
Install'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Anointed kings and priests to God.

Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim;
From age to age thy praise record,
That all the world may learn thy Name:
And all shall soon thy grace adore,
When time and sin shall be no more.

PSALM XLVIII.

Verses 9, 14.

FOR thy loving-kindness, Lord,
We in thy temple stay :
Here thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display :
With thy name thy praise is known :
Glorious thy perfections shine :
Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.

All thy mighty works are wrought
In perfect equity :
Sion, by thy judgments taught,
Shall give the praise to thee :
Thee let all thy saints adore,
Ransom'd by thy timely aid,—
Every tongue confess thy power,
And every heart be glad.

Sons of God, triumphant rise,
The city walls surround !
Lo ! her bulwarks touch the skies,
How high, yet how profound !
Tell the number of her towers,
All her palaces declare,
Guarded by angelic powers,
And God in person there !

See the gospel-church secure,
And founded on a Rock !

All her promises are sure :
Her bulwarks who can shock ?
Count her every precious shrine :
Tell, to after ages tell,
Fortified by power Divine,
The church can never fail.

Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely :
We his pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die :
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be,
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

PSALM XLIX.

Verses 11, 15.

How weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men !
Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

Let us in God confide,
They for themselves provide,
Lasting settlements they make,
Prudently their views extend,
Thought for distant ages take,
Live as time would never end.

How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee!
What can our foundation shock?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a Rock,
On a Rock of heavenly love.

A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown;
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies:
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand:
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansions there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

Those amaranthine bowers
(Unalienably ours)
Bloom, our infinite reward,
Rise, our permanent abode,
From the founded world prepared,
Purchased by the blood of God!

O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd:
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here!
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down !
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend :
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun which ne'er shall end !

PSALM LI.

Part I.

God of unfathomable love !
Whose bowels of compassion move
Towards Adam's helpless race :
See, at thy feet, a sinner see !
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

O let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies show,
Abundantly forgive !
Remove the insufferable load :
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
And bid the sinner live.

Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay :
Mine inmost soul convert :
Wash me from all the filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.

For all my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven :
I have abused thy patient grace,
I have provoked thee to thy face,
And dared the wrath of Heaven.

Thee, only thee, have I defied :
Though all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal—
Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell !

Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
My essence all unclean :
My total fall from God I mourn :
In sin I was conceived and born,
Whate'er I am is sin !

But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity :
And, by thy grace, I humbly trust
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.

Part II.

SURELY thou wilt thy grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart
Which did for sinners flow :
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow !

Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice :
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
May in thy strength rejoice.

From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin—by pardoning grace—
Of all my sin, remove :
Forgive, O Lord ! but change me too,
And perfectly my soul renew
By sanctifying love.

My wretchedness to thee convert :
Give me a humble, contrite heart,
My fallen soul restore :
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
And never lose it more.

Have patience till, by thee renew'd,
I live the sinless life of God :
Here let thy Spirit stay :
Though I have grieved the gentle Dove,
Ah ! do not quite withdraw thy love,
Or take thy grace away !

The comfort of thy help restore,
Assist me now as heretofore :
O lift thou up my head !
The spirit of thy power impart,
'Stablish and keep my faithful heart,
And make me free indeed.

Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
Thy mercy mild, thy pardoning grace,
For every sinner free:
Till sinners to thy grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
And weep and love like me.

Part III.

O MIGHT I weep and love thee now,
God of my health, my Saviour thou!
Thou only canst release
My soul from all iniquity:
O speak the word, and set me free,
And bid me go in peace!

So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
Thy gift of righteousness proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming grace:
Open my lips, almighty Lord,
That I thy mercy may record,
And glory in thy praise!

No creature-good dost thou desire,
No costly sacrifice require:
Thy pleasure is to give:
Thou only seekest me, not mine:
Thou would'st that I should take of thine,
Should all thy grace receive.

A wounded spirit, by sin distrest,
A broken heart that pants for rest—
This is the sacrifice

Well-pleasing in the sight of God :
A sinner crush'd beneath his load
Thou never wilt despise.

Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruin'd soul repair :
Remember Sion's woe :
Show forth thy justifying grace,
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
A glorious church below.

When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
Their gifts thou wilt approve :
Their every thought, and word, and deed,
That from a living faith proceed,
And all are wrought in love.

Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee through Christ alone,
The dear peculiar race
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father and their King
In endless songs of praise.

PSALM LV.

Verses 6, 7, 8.

O THAT I had the silver wings
Of the mild holy Dove,
To bear me from all earthly things,
And every creature-love.

Then would I swiftly fly away
To Christ, and be at rest :
On him my fluttering spirit stay,
And hide me in his breast.

Jesu, my hiding-place ! to thee
I know not how to fly :
Long have I struggled to be free,
Nor found deliverance nigh.

Full oft in fruitless, fond desire,
I to the desert ran ;
But could not from myself retire,
Or 'scape the inner man.

I took the morning's wings, and fled
For rest to worlds unknown :
Sin found me in the secret shade,
And claim'd me for its own.

O, who shall bid this self depart,
This world of sin exclude ?
Empty, and make my peaceful heart
A holy solitude ?

'Tis not the desert or the cell
Can hide me from my pain :
I carry with me my own hell
While self and pride remain.

A vile unworthy worm, my eyes
I dare not lift to heaven :
Let Him who sees me from the skies
Speak all my sins forgiven.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, attend my earnest prayer
While in the vale below :
Hear me crying from afar,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woe :
Let my heart no longer droop
Beneath this weight of misery :
Rock of Israel, take me up,
And set my soul on thee.

Thou hast oft my shelter been,
My strong defensive tower :
Saved me from the world and sin,
And all the accuser's power.
Still I in thy house abide,
And never, never hence remove
Still determined to confide
In thy redeeming love.

Thou, O God, my vows hast heard,
And given me my request,
Earnest of the joys prepared .
For all that know thy rest :
Thou, O Lord, the portion art
Of those that humbly fear thy name :
Thou hast visited my heart,
And thine, in Christ, I am.

One of Jesu's kings I reign,
Wash'd in his cleansing blood ;
Righteous before God remain,
And live the life of God :

Ready is thy truth and grace
Still to preserve and perfect me :
Thou wilt lengthen out my days
To all eternity.

Joyful in this blessed hope,
O glorify, thy name !
Till thy mercy take me up,
Thy mercy I proclaim :
Throughout every happy day
On this delightful task attend :
All I owe in love repay,
And love thee to the end.

PSALM LXIII

O God, thou art in Jesus mine !
For thee I sigh, for thee I pine,
And pant thy power to prove :
My longing soul implores thy grace,
In a dry, barren wilderness,
Unwater'd by thy love.

Thee, thee my restless heart requires,
And all I am, with strong desires
Thy glorious power to see :
To see thee, as I once beheld,
My pardoning God in Christ reveal'd,
My Lord, who died for me !

Thy love doth all delights exceed !
Thy precious love is life indeed :
My lips shall sing thy praise :

My hands I lift in Jesu's name :
My life and strength, and all I am,
Shall glorify thy grace.

Thee, Lord, my latest breath shall bless :
My joyful lips shall never cease
To glory in thy love :
My soul shall feast on heavenly meat,
With sacred joy thy praise repeat,
Nor envy those above.

On thee I muse with pure delight :
Through all the happy hours of night
I lean as on thy breast :
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
Jesus, my Peace, my Joy, I sing.
My everlasting Rest !

My soul pursues and hangs on thee :
Thy hand upholds and strengthens me
And me thou still wilt save
From all who seek my soul to slay :
My foes shall fall by beasts of prey,
Or sink into the grave.

Who deal in lies and perjury,
For ever stopp'd their mouth shall be ;
But who their God revere,
With Jesu's kings shall lift their voice,
With Jesu's confessors rejoice,
And reign triumphant there.

PSALM LXVII.

God on us his grace bestow,
His freely-pardoning grace :
Bless us from our sins, and show
The brightness of his face !
Let thy way on earth be shown :
Thee let every sinner find,
Make the great salvation known
To us, and all mankind.

Let the people praise thee, Lord,
The God of truth and grace :
Thee, the everlasting Word,
Let all the people praise !
O give thanks, rejoice, and sing,
Every creature under heaven :
Let them triumph in their King,
And shout their sins forgiven.

Thou shalt judge the nations right,
Thy equal sway maintain :
Rule them by thy mercy's might,
And bless them by thy reign.
Let the people praise thee, Lord,
Thee, the God of truth and grace !
Thee the everlasting Word,
Let all the nations praise !

Then to perfect holiness
The earth her fruit shall have :

God, our God, his saints shall bless,
And to the utmost save.
God shall perfect us in one :
Then the world their Lord shall see,
Thee the nations all shall own,
And give their hearts to thee.

PSALM LXXIII.

Verse 25.

EVER nigh to those who call,
Jesus, thou art All in all,
Righteous Advocate of love,
Seated near the throne above :
I to Salem's gates draw near,
Fearless when thy voice I hear.

Whom have I, but thee, to plead ?
'Twas thyself alone that bled !
Who but thee could e'er prevail ?
Legions of archangels fail !
Only thou to us art given,
Only thou, the King of heaven.

Whom on earth but thee have I ?
Who but thee for me would die ?
Who can every care relieve ?
Who can every blessing give ?
Who can every sickness heal ?
Who can mysteries reveal ?

When impending storms appear,
Who can save, or who can cheer ?

Who can re-create the heart?
Who can life and bliss impart?
Only thou, my glorious Lord,
Thou alone canst all afford!

Let me not from thee e'er swerve,
Only thee I'll love and serve:
Only thou shalt be my theme,
Only thou—resolved I am!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Who on earth compared can be?



PSALM LXXXIV.

How lovely are thy tents, O Lord,
Where'er thou choosest to record
Thy name, or place thy house of prayer!
My soul outflies the angel-choir,
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desire,
To meet thy special presence there.

Happy the men to whom 'tis given
To dwell within that gate of heaven,
And in thy house record thy praise:
Whose strength and confidence thou art,
Who feel thee, Saviour, in their heart,
The way, the truth, the life of grace;

Who, passing through the mournful vale,
Drink comfort from the living well
That flows replenish'd from above:

From strength to strength advancing here,
Till all before their God appear,
And each receives his crown of love!

O Lord of hosts, incline thine ear!
Thou mighty God of Jacob, hear!
Accept me in thy favourite Son:
O look on thy Messiah's face,
And grant me, for his sake, the grace
To live and die to thee alone.

Better a day thy courts within,
Than thousands in the tents of sin:
How base the noblest pleasures there!
How great the weakest child of thine!
His meanest task is all Divine;
And kings and priests thy servants are.

The Lord protects and cheers his own:
Their light and strength, their shield and sun,
He shall both grace and glory give:
Unlimited his bounteous grant:
No real good they e'er shall want:
All, all is theirs, who upright live.

O Lord of hosts, how bless'd is he
Who steadfastly believes in thee!
He all thy promises shall gain:
The soul that on thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with thee in glory reign.

PSALM LXXXV.

Verses 7, 13.

THE tokens of thy favour show ;
Now, Saviour, now the grace impart,
And let us thy salvation know,
Forgiveness written on our heart.
My soul pursues the Spirit's prayer ;
I listen for the sacred sign ;
The Lord shall soon his will declare,
And answer me in peace divine.

His peace he to his saints shall give,
And speak into their hearts his power ;
But let them to their Saviour cleave,
And sin against his love no more.
Surely his saving health is near,
And humble souls the grace shall feel :
That glory may on earth appear,
That Jesus in our hearts may dwell.

Mercy and truth in concert sweet
To accomplish our redemption join :
Justice and peace together meet
Harmonious in the plan divine.
Sinners the faithful God can clear,
His truth and grace their souls release :
Justice, inflexibly severe,
Absolves them with a kiss of peace.

Truth shall spring up, the truth of grace,
From earthly souls through Christ forgiven,

While God reveals his smiling face,
And righteousness looks down from
The Lord from all our sins shall save
The souls his love delights to bless
Shall thrive, and flourish fair, and have
Their fruit to perfect holiness.

Foremost of the celestial train
His righteousness shall still proceed,
Release us from our guilty chain,
And on to glorious freedom lead.
In all his steps the heavenly Guide
Shall lead us up to things above;
And, planted in our heart, abide,
And perfect us in sinless love.

PSALM XC.

Verse 12.

God of my life, preserved by grace,
Like Moses' bush amidst the fire!
Teach me to count aright my days,
With wisdom pure my heart inspire
That, busied with the one concern,
I may my remnant-life employ
Thy meek humility to learn
And enter thy celestial joy.

In number as my days decrease,
In value, Lord, I know they rise;
And every moment makes them less,
And brings me nearer to the skies;

If taught by thee my hours to improve,
My hours I on account receive,
And live to win thy precious love,
And only to thy glory live.

Thy Spirit now if thou infuse,
My latter end I wisely weigh,
No more the important moments lose,
No more neglect to watch and pray :
Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
My soul awakes to righteousness ;
And strives, and pants, and wrestles on
For power to live and die in peace.

This instant now I cease from sin,
This instant now I turn to thee,
And trust thy blood to make me clean
From all, from all impurity :
The current of thy powerful blood
Shall all my mountain-sins remove—
Wash off, wash out, my nature's load,
And waft me to the port above.



PSALM CIV.

Verse 15.

THEE, Father, Son, and Spirit, we
Our kind Preserver praise,
While in thy threefold gifts we see
And taste thy threefold grace.

Thou feed'st the needy sons of men,
Thou dost our strength renew,
With corn, and wine, and oil sustain
Our fainting spirits too.

Father, in thee we taste the bread
That cheers the church above,
And drink, from sin and sorrow freed
The wine of Jesu's love
The oil of joy the Spirit of grace
To us himself imparts,
The oil that brightens every face
And gladdens all our hearts.

With awful thanks we now receive
Our emblematic food:
On Father, Son, and Spirit live,
And daily feast on God.
We to thy glory drink and eat,
Till all from earth remove,
The endless praises to repeat
Of all-sustaining love.

PSALM CX.

Verses 1, 2, 3.

THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
"Sit thou, in glory sit,
Till I thine enemies have made
To bow beneath thy feet."

Jesu, my Lord, mighty to save,
What can my hopes withstand,
When thee my Advocate I have,
Enthroned at God's right hand?

Nature is subject to thy word,
All power to thee is given,
The uncontroll'd almighty Lord
Of hell, and earth, and heaven.

And shall my sins thy will oppose?
Jesu, thy right maintain!
O let not thy usurping foes
In me thy servant reign!

Come, then, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

So shall I bless thy pleasing sway;
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above:
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.

Thy love the conquest more than gains:
To all I shall proclaim,
"Jesus, the King, the Conqueror, reigns:
Bow down to Jesu's name."

To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

PSALM CXVI.

O God, who, when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove!
O Saviour! do not now disdain
My humble praise and love!

Since thou a gentle ear didst give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thine aid.

Pale death, with all its ghastly train,
My soul encompass'd round:
Anguish, and woe, and hellish pain,
Too soon, alas! I found.

Then to the Lord of Life I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
"O save," in my distress I said,
"The soul that trusts in thee!"

How good and just, how large his grace!
How easy to forgive!
The simple he delights to raise;
And by his love I live.

Then, O my soul, be still! nor more
With anxious thoughts distrest!
God's bounteous love does thee restore
To wonted ease and rest.

My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from stumbling free,
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

PSALM CXVIII.

Verses 17, 21.

I SHALL not die in sin, but live:
To Christ, my Lord, the glory give,
His miracles of grace declare:
When he the work of faith hath done,
When I have put his image on,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
And bruised for mine iniquity;
Yet mercy would not give me up:
Caught from the jaws of second death,
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

Open the gates of righteousness:
Receive me into Christ my Peace,
That I his praises may record:
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way:
The portal of eternal day,
The gate of heaven, is Christ my Lord.

Through him the just shall enter in,
 Saved to the uttermost from sin:

Already saved from all its power:
 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
 And calmly wait the perfect grace,
 When, born of God, I sin no more.

PSALM CXIX.

Ⲗ ALEPH. PART I.

BLESSED are the pure in heart,
 Those who never disobey,
 Never from their Lord depart,
 Never leave his perfect way.
 From all sin entirely free,
 Here they walk with God above:
 Born again, and saints indeed,
 Fully perfected in love.

Blessed are the creatures new,
 Who the law divine fulfil,
 God with all their powers pursue,
 Answer all his holy will.
 They in thought shall sin no more,
 They in all his righteous ways
 Walk, beyond the tempter's power—
 To the utmost saved by grace.

Thou hast charged us, Lord, to obey
 All thy words with all our heart:
 From the rule we may not stray,
 May not in our thoughts depart.

O might I through life be led
By the unction from above,
In thy every statute tread,
Keep the law by perfect love!

Then, and not before, shall I
Stand above the reach of shame:
Sin and Satan's charge defy,
Free from every touch of blame.
When I thy commandments keep,
When I have respect to all,
Then my foot shall never slip,
Then from thee I shall not fall.

Soon as I have learnt thy ways,
With a perfect heart and pure
Thee I shall for ever praise,
Faithful to the end endure.
Only keep me, Lord, till then:
Do not from my weakness move
Till my soul is born again,
Strong in all the life of love!

BETH. PART II.

How shall a weak, sinful youth
Find his conscience purified?
Let him heed the voice of truth,
Let him in thy word abide.
There the Inward Guide shall meet,
Teach his sprinkled heart to obey,
Back recall his starting feet,
Lead him in the perfect way.

All my heart hath sought thy face:

Do not suffer me to rove
From thy own appointed ways,
From the precepts of thy love.
I have stood in constant awe,
Treasur'd up thy word within,
Lest I should transgress thy law,
Grieve thee by the smallest sin.

Source of happiness thou art:

Me, even me, vouchsafe to bless;
Wisdom in thy law impart:
Teach me, Lord, thy righteous ways.
With my lips have I declared
All the words that came from thine:
Toil is here its own reward,
Happiness and duty join.

In the records of thy love

I have found a mine of joy:
All my treasure is above,
While thy words my thoughts employ.
Still to search thy word of grace,
This my sweet employ shall be:
Still to know thy pleasant ways—
Still to love and walk in thee.

3 GIMEL. PART III.

Thy unworthy servant, Lord,
With abundant grace receive;
That I may fulfil thy word,
Bid me by thy mercy live.

Open thou mine inward eyes,
From the book the veil remove,
That I may discern the prize,
The high prize of perfect love.

Known on earth to none but thee,
Here a banish'd man I roam :
Let me thy commandments see,
Show the light that guides me home.
All their deep design reveal,
All their inward power impart,
'Grave them with thy Spirit's seal
On the tables of my heart.

Faints my soul with strong desire
All thy counsels to fulfil :
Only this I still require—
Let me do thy perfect will.
Wretched and accursed are they,
Bruised by thy afflictive rod,
Who from thy commandments stray,
Proudly sin against their God.

Far from me, O Lord, remove
Foul reproach and guilty shame :
I to keep thy law have strove,
I have suffer'd for thy name.
Mighty men and princes sat,
Threatening in the scorner's chair :
All their haughty anger's weight
Meekly I rejoiced to bear.

Still I own'd thee for my Lord :
Thee I fear'd, and thee alone :

Musing in the written word,
In the power of God went on.
Strength, and counsel, and delight,
By the word I still receive:
By the word I walk aright,
By the word for ever live.

7 DALETH. PART IV.

To the dust my spirit cleaves,
Quicken me, my Life, my Lord!
Thee, my humbled soul receives,
Trembling hangs upon thy word.
I have all my sin declared:
Once thou didst my pardon seal:
Show me now my prayer is heard,
Teach me now thy perfect will.

Teach me thy commands to do,
So shall I proclaim thy praise,
Joyfully to sinners show
All the wonders of thy grace.
Melts my soul with guilt dismay'd,
Heavy-laden and opprest:
Send me, Lord, the promised aid,
Give the weary sinner rest.

Every evil word and way
Far from me, O God, remove!
Teach my willing heart to obey
All the gracious law of love.
I have chose the better part,
The true way of life divine:
Thou my only portion art:
All thy pleasure shall be mine.

Lord, I unto thee have cleaved :
Put me not to endless shame—
Me, who have thy truth received,
Me, who all thy promise claim!
Set my heart at liberty,
Swiftly then my soul shall move,
Run the way prescribed by thee,
All the way of perfect love.

77 HE. PART V.

TEACH me Lord, the perfect way,
Me, who on thy love depend;
Then I in thy laws shall stay,
I shall keep them to the end.
Wisdom from above impart:
Taught according to thy will,
I shall then, with all my heart,
All thy kind commands fulfil.

Cause me in thy paths to go—
All my comfort and delight:
All my happiness below
Is—with thee to walk aright.
Set my heart on things above:
Heavenward let it still aspire,
Far from every creature-love,
Far from every low desire.

Turn away my roving eyes
From beholding vanity:
Let me in thine image rise,
Find my hidden life in thee.

Lord, I in thy promise hope :
All thy mercy I implore :
Let thy mercy lift me up,
Lift me up to fall no more.

Visit me in tender love,
For thy law is my delight :
Fain I all thy life would prove,
Walk accepted in thy sight.
Put my haughty foes to shame :
Men of hearts perverse are they :
But I ever fear thy name,
Ever in thy statutes stay.

Those that have thy precepts known,
Those that fear and worship thee,
Turn and gather into one,
Join them to thyself and me.
Make my heart, like theirs, sincere,
That I may triumphant rise,
Bold before my Judge appear,
Claim my mansion in the skies.

= CAPH. PART XI.

WEARY, faint, through long delay,
Waiting for thy saving love,
On thy word my soul I stay,
Trust thine utmost grace to prove :
Fail mine eyes with looking up,
Long thy promises to see :
When thou, Object of my love,
Wilt thou come and comfort me ?

Shrivell'd and dried up am I ;
Yet thy law I do not leave :
"Lord, how long," I ever cry,
"Shall thy helpless servant grieve ?
When shall all my griefs be past ?
When shall all my sins be o'er ?
Judge and slay my foes at last,
Make me more than conqueror."

Sinners have thy law broke through,
My unwary soul to ensnare ;
Yet thy laws are good and true,
True their awful sanctions are :
Me, the persecuting foe
Is still ready to devour :
Help me, Lord, my sins o'erthrow,
Save me from the tempter's power.

Here my soul had almost fail'd,
Sunk into the burning pit ;
But I still thy precepts held,
Would not thy commands forget.
Give me now thy life to feel,
Quicken this dead soul of mine,
So I shall thy law fulfil,
All thy law in love divine.

3 LAMED. PART XII.

FAITHFUL, everlasting Lord,
Standard of all truth and good !
Thy invariable word
From eternity hath stood—

To eternity it stands :
This fair universal frame,
'Stablish'd by almighty hands,
Speaks its great Creator's fame.

Such as thou didst first ordain,
Heaven and earth continue still :
Still thy word doth all sustain,
All obey thy sovereign will.
Had I not with joy abode
In the word of truth and grace,
I had sunk beneath my load,
I had never seen thy face.

From the precepts of thy law
Never will I, Lord, depart :
They have kept my soul in awe,
They have comforted my heart.
Save me, Lord, for I am thine :
I have all thy precepts sought,
Long'd to keep the law divine,
Spotless both in word and thought.

Sinners have beset my way,
Sought my ruin to insure ;
But I in thy precepts stay,
Here I stand and walk secure.
All of excellence beside
Here I see its doom receives ;
But thy word shall still abide,
But thy word for ever lives.

MEM. PART XIII.

How do I thy precepts love !
Musing on thy word all day,
Through the sacred leaves I rove :
Here I could for ever stay.
Wiser than mine enemies
I through thy commandments am ;
Kept thereby in perfect peace,
All thy promises I claim.

More than all my teachers I,
Through thy testimonies, know :
I to these my heart apply,
Let all other knowledge go.
Wiser than ungracious age
I, who in thy statutes tread,
Guided by the sacred page,
Virtue is the hoary head.

I from every evil way
Have refrain'd my weary feet,
That I might thy word obey,
Might to all thy will submit.
I have not thy paths forsook :
Thou thyself hast been my guide,
Kept me by the sacred book,
Made me in thy word abide.

O what manna is thy word !
O what vast delight I meet !
When I taste my gracious Lord,
Honey is not half so sweet.

Heavenly wisdom here I gain,
Walking in thy word with thee,
Every evil way disdain :
Thou art all in all to me.

J NUN. PART XIV.

LORD, thy word's unerring light
As a lamp my path doth show,
Guides my steady feet aright :
Every one that doth shall know.
I have sworn to do thy will :
Through thine all-sufficient grace,
I shall all my vows fulfil,
Shall fulfil all righteousness.

Troubled and distress'd I am ;
O be mindful of thy word !
Grant the promised help I claim,
Speak me now to life restored.
Thanks for all thy former grace
From a willing heart receive :
Still instruct me in thy ways,
Bid me to thy glory live.

Lord, my life is in my hand,
Ever sinking into hell ;
Yet I in thy precepts stand,
In the paths of duty dwell.
Me the world hath sought to ensnare,
Joining with my treacherous heart,
Yet from thee I did not err,
Would not from thy statutes start.

I have thy commandments took
For my heritage below :
From the volume of thy book
All my joys and comforts flow,
In obedience to thy will
I have long'd my life to spend,
All thy statutes to fulfil,
Serve and love thee to the end.

D SAMECH. PART XV.

EVERY evil thought and vain,
Lord, thou know'st I disapprove :
Sin with all my heart disdain :
Only thy pure law I love.
Thou my shield on every side,
Thou my sure asylum art :
In thy promise I confide,
Will not from thy word depart.

Sinners, hence! be far away,
Ye that evil paths pursue!
I will only God obey,
I will his commandments do.
Hold my feeble goings up :
Lord, thy promise I receive,
I shall then obtain my hope,
Free from sin for ever live.

O support me with thy hand,
And I then shall walk secure,
Keep thy every kind command,
Faithful to the end endure!

All who from thy statutes stray
Thou, in wrath, hast trodden down:
False, deceitful souls are they—
They and wickedness are one.

Them thou dost as dross at last
From the face of earth remove:
Therefore will I hold thee fast,
Thee and thy commandments love.
Thee, with reverential fear,
Just and merciful I see,
Tremble at thy judgments near,
Triumph in thy grace to me.

PAIN. PART XVI.

LORD, thou know'st my uprightness:
I to all have justly done:
Suffer not my foes to oppress
One that hurts and injures none.
Answer for thy servant, thou:
Let not haughty man devour:
Save mine innocency now:
Snatch me from the oppressor's power.

Fail mine eyes with looking up
Thy salvation here to see:
Still I for the promise hope—
All the promise is for me.
With thy meanest servant, Lord,
Deal according to thy grace:
O fulfil thy faithful word,
Teach me all thy righteous ways!

Only thee I serve below :
Grant me wisdom from above,
That I may thy statutes know,
Know thee by obedient love.
Lord, 'tis time to apply thy hand :
Sinners cry, "It cannot be :
God who gave the vain command,
Cannot keep it all in me."

Therefore will I love thee more :
All thy dear commandments prize,
An inestimable store,
Good they are, and right, and wise :
Practicable all through thee
I shall find the perfect power :
See them all fulfill'd in me,
Live renew'd and sin no more.

D PS. PART XVII.

Wonderful thy statutes are ;
Therefore doth my soul regard,
Keep them with an awful care,
Find them here my great reward.
Soon as e'er thy word takes place,
Light it doth and wisdom give :
Then the children learn thy ways,
Then the simple hearts believe.

Lord, I have with strong desire
Panted to obey thy will,
Give thee all thy laws require,
All thy gracious words fulfil.

I thy promised mercy claim :
 See me, with compassion see !
 Join to those who love thy name,
 Perfect all thy love in me !

Help me in thy steps to tread,
 Let not sin dominion have,
 Till thou make me free indeed,
 Till thou to the utmost save.
 Save me from the world and sin,
 So will I thy precepts do,
 When thy law is wrote within,
 When I am a creature new.

Lord, I am and will be thine :
 Show me thy enlightening grace,
 Cause on me thy face to shine,
 Teach me all thy righteousness :
 Teach the souls o'er whom I weep,
 For whose sins mine eyes o'erflow :
 O that all thy law would keep !
 O that all thy love would know !

Y TZADDI. PART XVIII.

SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
 Thou art perfect righteousness :
 Pure is thine unerring word,
 Upright are thy high decrees :
 Righteous all thy statutes are :
 Thee "the merciful" they prove
 Thee "the faithful" they declare,
 Full of truth, and full of love.

Swallow'd up with fervent zeal
My presumptuous foes I see,
Who against my God rebel,
Slight the law prescribed by thee.
Holy is thy word and right;
Therefore doth my heart embrace,
Loves it with a pure delight,
Freely, joyfully obeys.

Small I am in mine own eyes,
Poor and despicably low;
Yet I still thy precepts prize,
Will not from thy statutes go:
Truth and righteousness divine
Essence of thy precepts is:
Truth which shall through ages shine,
Everlasting righteousness.

Pain, and anguish, and affright
Oft my troubled soul assail;
Yet thy law is my delight,
Stays when all my comforts fail:
Never can thy word remove:
Thou the heavenly wisdom give
I shall then be saved by love,
Free from sin for ever live.

D KOPH. PART XIX.

HEAR me, O my gracious Lord!
"Help," with all my heart I cried:
Fix'd I am to keep thy word,
Save me, or my goings slide!

"Save me," still I cried to thee,
"Save me from the tempter's will:
I shall then the promise see,
I shall all thy law fulfil."

Thee, before the dawn of day,
Hath my eager soul pursued,
Cried, and waited in the way,
Hoped for my redeeming God.
To behold thy lovely face
Many a sleepless night I mourn,
Musing on the word of grace,
Watching for my Lord's return.

Hear me, Lord, in tender love,
Good and gracious as thou art:
All the death of sin remove,
Quicken this poor drooping heart.
They that hunt my soul draw nigh,
Full of mischievous design,
Bold thy threatenings to defy,
Tramplers on thy law divine.

But thou nearer art, O Lord!
True thy every precept is:
Sure is the annex'd reward,
Sure the dreadful penalties.
Damn'd are they that disbelieve,
Thou hast fix'd the firm decree
Saved, whoe'er the truth receive,
Saved to all eternity!

7 REBH. PART XX.

SEE and save me in distress!
Lo! on thee my soul I stay,
Looking for thy kind release,
Longing all thy law to obey!
O my dear redeeming Lord,
Plead my cause with God above:
Mindful of thy gracious word,
Quicken me by faith and love!

Strangers to thy saving grace,
They who cast thy laws behind,
Sinners will not seek thy face—
Thee, while all who seek, may find.
But thy grace for all is free:
Lord, thy proffer I receive,
Show thy faithfulness on me,
Bid me by thy mercy live.

Sin, the world, and hell oppose
This weak, helpless soul of mine:
Safe I walk through all my foes,
Do not from thy paths decline.
Sinners I with pity saw,
Grieved for their iniquity,
Wretches that transgress'd thy law,
Fled from happiness and thee.

How do I thy precepts love!
My desires to thee are known:
All thy life I long to prove
Save me by thy grace alone.

Lives the promise of thy grace,
 Stood from the beginning sure,
Every word of righteousness
 Shall from age to age endure.

W SCHIN. PART XXI.

PRINCES have, with cruel rage,
 Causelessly my soul pursued:
Resting on the sacred page,
 I could only look to God.
Fill'd with reverential awe,
 Still I in thy word confide:
Fearing to transgress thy law,
 Nothing can I fear beside.

Joyful at thy word, as one
 That hath found a precious store,
There I search for bliss unknown,
 Every other quest give o'er.
Hating all deceitful ways,
 I thy law with joy approve,
Offer thee continual praise,
 Bless thee for thy faithful love.

They that in thy law delight,
 Kept in perfect peace below,
Stand unshaken, by thy might
 Nothing shall their steps o'erthrow.
I have languish'd for thy grace,
 Grace that makes salvation known,
Kept me in thy righteous ways,
 Gladly thy commandments done.

Every word enjoin'd by thee
Joyfully my soul approved,
With unfeign'd sincerity
All thy testimonies loved.
All my ways are in thy sight,
I on thee alone depend:
Lord, direct my goings right,
Lead and save me to the end!

T TAU. PART XXII.

LORD, regard my earnest cry,
Hear me from thy holy place:
Give me the enlighten'd eye,
Guide me by thy promised grace!
O accept my humble prayer,
Bring the promised succours in:
Save me from the fowler's snare,
Save me from the world and sin!

Me when thou hast taught thy way,
By the unction from above,
I thy glory shall display,
Show the wonders of thy love:
Joyfully thy name declare,
Never from thy praises cease:
Righteous all thy judgments are,
True are all thy promises.

Reach me out thy helping hand:
I have chose the better part,
Loved thine every kind command,
Long'd to keep them, from my heart.

I have thy salvation sought,
Happy could I do thy will,
Pure in deed, and word, and thought,
Could I all thy law fulfil.

Let me in thine image live,
Fully by thy word restore:
Thee I then thine own shall give,
Love and praise thee evermore.
Fain I would thy statutes keep,
Spotless as my Master be:
Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me all-complete in thee.



PSALM CXXI.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills:
Streaming thence in fresh supplies
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down—the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always—pray,
And still in God confide:
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast:
He thy quiet spirit keeps,

Rest in him, securely rest :
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy Keeper can surprise :
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes :
He is Israel's sure defence :
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

See the Lord thy Keeper stand
Omnipotently near :
Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear :
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms :
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

Thee in evil's scorching day
The sun shall never smite :
Thee the moon's malignest ray
Shall never blast by night.
Safe from known or secret foes,
Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
Shall keep thee safe from all.

Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in :
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin :

Like thy spotless Master thou,
Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth and for evermore.

PSALM CXXV.

Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
His Sion cannot move:
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies:
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

For, lo! the reign of hell
And hellish men is o'er:
They can persuade, they can compel,
The just to sin no more
To devils, men, or sin,
They need no more give place,

Nor ever touch the thing unclean
When cleansed by pardoning grace.

But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend,
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Who to their sins draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And throng the spacious way—
Back to their vomit turn,
And fall from pardoning grace—
The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
And drive them from his face.

But peace, and power, and love
Shall Israel's portion be :
They all his promises shall prove,
And all his goodness see :
Holy and pure in heart
Obtain the perfect power :
They can no more from God depart
When they can sin no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Verses 1, 2, 4, 5, 6.

BLESS'D is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways :
An earnest of his great reward
On earth his Master pays.

Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain
For perishable food :
Thy Father shall his own sustain,
And fill thy soul with good.

Happy in him thy soul shall be,
And on his fulness feed :
Jesus, who came from heaven for thee,
Shall be thy living bread.

The children of thy faith and prayer
Thy joyful eyes shall see—
Shall see the prosperous church, and share
In her prosperity.

Sion again shall lift her head,
And flourish all thy days :
Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
And bless the rising race.

Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
With Israel's blessing blest,
Thou then the church above shalt join,
And gain the heavenly rest.

P S A L M C X X X .

Out of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry:
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint:
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint!

If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

But O ! forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

I look to see his lovely face,
I wait to meet my Lord—
My longing soul expects his grace,
And rests upon his word.

My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray:
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day!

Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption in his blood
To wash out all your stains.

His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem:
The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him



PSALM CXXXI.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child,
Quiet now without my food,
Wean'd from every creature-good.

Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry, .
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love!

O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore!

PSALM CXXXIV.

YE servants of God, Whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd In watching and prayer,
With praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing His excellent name.

'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his house
And lift up your hands, And pay him your vows;
And while you are giving Your Maker his due,
The Lord out of heaven Shall sanctify you.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Verse 1.

FULL of unutterable grace,
Jesus mine eye of faith surveys!
Jesus, whate'er thou art is mine,
Fountain of excellence Divine!
All goodness is comprised in thee,
Good in thyself, and good to me!

Thy nature doth itself impart
To every humble longing heart;

And all that after thee aspire
Shall gain with thee their whole desire,
United to their source above,
Lost in a boundless sea of love!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

ALL thanks and all praise To thee will I give,
O Lord, by whose grace Accepted I live:
My heart shall adore thee, My mouth shall show forth
Thine honour and glory To gods of the earth.

Thy mercy and love, And truth I proclaim:
With angels above I hallow thy name;
And turning me toward The holiest place,
Thee, Father adored, In Jesus I praise.

For thou hast reveal'd Thy nature unknown,
Thy promise fulfill'd In Jesus thy Son:
Exalted the Saviour And Friend of mankind,
That all in his favour Thy mercy may find.

When burden'd I cried For pardon to thee,
Thy mercy replied, And bade me be free:
Thy Spirit that hour Came down from above,
And clothed me with power And fill'd me with love.

The kings of the earth Thee, Jesus, shall praise,
And trust in thy worth And honour thy grace!
Shall gladly adore thee, Whose sayings they hear,
And sing to thy glory, And walk in thy fear.

For Jesus the Lord, Though lofty and high,
 By angels adored, Looks down from the sky :
 Who hates the unholy, And scatters the proud,
 He lifts up the lowly, And brings them to God.

Although in distress, I labour and strive :
 Thy comfort and peace My soul shall revive :
 Thine arm shall relieve me From all that oppose,
 Thy power—it shall save me, And baffle my foes.

Thy mighty right hand Their fury shall tame,
 And cause me to stand Through faith in thy name :
 It still shall deliver Whom now it secures :
 Thy mercy for ever And ever endures.

The Lord will make good His kindness to me,
 Till, wholly renew'd, His glory I see,
 My end and beginning Shall fully restore,
 And save me from sinning Till sin is no more.



PSALM CXLIII.

O LORD, in pitying love give ear!
 My mournful supplications hear,
 For thy own promise' sake :
 O'erwhelm'd with sin and misery,
 Weary and faint I come to thee,
 And proffer'd mercy take.

If thou should'st as my Judge appear,
 I could not bear the test severe :
 Not one of all our race

Can stand acquitted in thy sight,
Or claim acceptance as his right,
Or dare demand thy grace.

A sinner self-condemn'd I am,
And groan beneath my load of shame ;
My soul-destroying foe
Hath smote and cast me to the ground,
In chains of massy darkness bound,
As those who howl below.

My spirit faints, by grief oppress'd,
And droops my heart, and breaks for rest :
Yet do I call to mind
Thy wonders wrought in ancient days :
I muse on all thy works of grace,
And pity for mankind.

See, Lord, a dying sinner see !
I still stretch out my hands to thee,
Unwash'd and unrenew'd :
As thirsts a barren land for showers,
My weary soul, with all its powers,
Gasp for the living God !

Haste to my help, thy blood apply !
My spirit fails ; I faint, I die,
If still thou hid'st thy face :
I fall and perish at thy feet,
I sink into the burning pit,
If thou withhold thy grace.

O God, in whom I trust, appear !
Give me thy pardoning voice to hear,
Thy saving health to see :

The glorious gospel-light display,
And lead into the perfect way
A soul that looks to thee.

For refuge, Lord, to thee I fly!
On thee alone for help rely,
For pardon, peace, and power.
From all my foes and sins release,
And teach me thus my Lord to please,
And bid me sin no more.

O reach me out thy Spirit's hand!
Into that good and pleasant land
Of holy quiet lead:
Quicken me, for thy mercy's sake:
From sin and Satan's dungeon take,
And make me free indeed.

In mercy take these sins away
And all my foes for ever slay,
That now my soul oppress!
Receive me, Saviour, for thine own,
And let me serve the Lord alone,
The Lord my righteousness.



PSALM CXLVI.

My soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise:
His gifts I will for him improve,
To him devote my happy days:
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.

Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him :
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme—
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.

Trust in the Lord, ye saints of his !
All human confidence is vain :
Cease ye from man, for ever cease !
No help is found in faithless man :
The great ones of the earth look through ;
They cannot help themselves, or you.

Soon as the breath of man expires,
Again he to his earth shall turn :
Where, then, are all his vain desires,
His love and hate, esteem and scorn ?
All, all at that last gasp are o'er—
He falls, to rise on earth no more !

He then is blessed, and only he,
' Whose hope is in the Lord his God :
Who can to him for succour flee,
That spreads the heaven and earth abroad :
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of his creation reigns.

True to his everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress :
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness :
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see !

Jehovah lifts the fallen up—

Jehovah loves the righteous race;
The stranger's and the widow's hope,
The father of the fatherless;
Sinners he views with angry frown,
And turns their counsels upside down.

The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns

Supreme in mercy, as in power;
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more:
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all his love.

Short Hymns,

PRINCIPALLY ON PARTICULAR TEXTS IN THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

Short Hymns,

PRINCIPALLY ON PARTICULAR TEXTS IN THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

SHORT HYMNS.

•

We gather up with pious care
What happy saints have left behind;
Their writings in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind:
Their works, which traced them to the skies,
For patterns to ourselves we take;
And dearly love and highly prize
The mantle, for the wearer's sake.

Short Hymns.

PSALM V.

Verse 3.

OBJECT of thy guardian care,
Heavenward I direct my prayer :
Rock of my security,
Thankful I look up to thee !

Bless'd with yet another day,
Let me live my God to obey,
Live thine utmost will to prove,
Live to pray, repent, and love.

Verse 7.

ASSISTED by preventing grace,
I bow me toward the holy place,
Faintly begin my God to fear,
His weak, external worshipper.

But if my Lord his blood apply,
Entering into the holiest, I
Boldly approach my Father's throne,
And claim him all in Christ my own.

PSALM X.

Verse 3.

MISERS! hear, by God abhorr'd,
Tremble at the dreadful word,
While indulged with a reprieve,
Cursed, yet still on earth ye live!

Hate, renounce the sin ye love,
Ere the Judge from *earth* remove,
Ere his wrath in *hell* ye bear,
Want a drop of water there!

PSALM XVII.

Verse 8.

HIDE me from the wrath of God,
From the hell reveal'd within,
From the soul-afflicting load,
From the tyranny of sin!

Bear me to that land of rest,
Land of sweet forgetfulness!
Grant me, Lord, my one request—
Final, everlasting peace!

Verse 15.

UNLIKE my God, I cannot rest,
For sin is perfect misery:
But stamp thine image on my breast,
Conform my hallow'd soul to thee.

Partaker of thine utmost grace,
 My soul would then be satisfied,
 As Moses, when he saw thy face,
 And sank into thine arms, and died.

PSALM XIX.

Verse 11.

THE work of righteousness is peace :
 The great reward's already given ;
 And all thy servants, Lord, confess,
 Obedient love is present heaven.

Verse 12.

OH ! if our thoughts in heaven are heard—
 Ere form'd, if our desires are known—
 If ill committed, good deferr'd,
 Are obvious to the Holy One—
 How oft we err, how oft offend,
 Can we, e'en faintly, comprehend ?

Whate'er we think, or do, or say,
 To build on proves a sandy ground ;
 And must be, in the trying day,
 (Weigh'd in the balance,) wanting found.
 By thy soul-purifying blood,
 Cleanse me from unknown faults, my God !

PSALM XXII.

Verse 11.

TROUBLE and sin are hard at hand,
 Alas ! too intimately near !

I cannot in temptation stand,
Unless my God is always here—
Unless my Saviour stands between :
Parted one moment from thy power,
I fall into my bosom-sin,
And, left by thee, should rise no more.

PSALM XXIII.

Verse 2.

BEAR me to the sacred scene,
The silent streams and pastures green !
Where the crystal waters shine,
Springing up with life divine :
Where the flock of Israel feed,
Guided by their Shepherd's tread ;
And every sheep delights to hide
Under the tree where Jesus died.

PSALM XXV.

Verse 9.

MAKE me, Saviour, as thou art,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart :
Then thou wilt persist to save,
Still uphold me on the wave,
Safely steer through life's rough sea
To my heavenly port in thee.

Verse 15.

LORD, to thee I lift mine eyes,
Ever lift mine eyes to thee,

Till thine answer from the skies
 Sets my heart at liberty.
 Pluck my soul out of the snare,
 Then I all thy truth shall prove,
 All thy saving power declare,
 All thy sanctifying love.

Verse 18.

JESUS, with pitying eye
 Regard thy creature's pain,
 Out of the deep to thee I cry,
 A wretched, sinful man!

This is my only plea—
 I am not fit to live;
 I am all sin and misery,
 And therefore, Lord, forgive!

PSALM XXXI.

Verse 20.

Thy presence is the secret place
 To which, thou know'st, I fain would fly:
 Bring me into that wilderness,
 With thee alone to live and die!
 From all the miseries I fear,
 From all the miseries I feel,
 From my own memory severe,
 Thou only canst my soul conceal.

Come, Lord, thy glorious face display,
 This world of woe and sin to exclude:
 Bear in thine hands my soul away,
 Thyself my long-sought solitude:

I now into thy hands resign
My life, to be conceal'd above,
As satisfied with Life Divine,
As quite absorb'd in heavenly love.

PSALM XXXII.

Verse 7.

JESUS, the sinner's hiding-place,
My sanctuary thou art :
Preserve me in thy love's embrace
From my own evil heart.

Open thine heart to take me in
Beyond the tempter's power,
And hide where my besetting sin
May never find me more.

PSALM XXXIV.

Verse 8.

TASTE him in Christ, and see
The abundance of his grace :
Experience God, so good to me,
So good to all our race !
Celestial sweetness prove
Through Jesu's grace forgiven,
And then enjoy in perfect love
The largest taste of heaven.

Verse 12.

MY lust of life is gone ; yet here
A few good days I fain would see—

Days from the clouds of passion clear,
 Days to adore and honour thee :
 I ask on earth a longer space,
 Thy love to attain, and testify,
 To experience all the life of grace,
 And sinless at thy feet to die.

PSALM XXXV.

Verse 3.

Who can soothe the soul's distresses?
 Jesus, Lord, Thy kind word
 All my sorrows eases :
 By the virtue of thy passion
 Make me whole: Tell my soul,
 "I am thy salvation!"

PSALM XXXIX.

Verse 7.

What now is my object and aim?
 What now is my hope and desire?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire.
 My hope is all centred in thee :
 I trust to recover thy love :
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.

Verse 8.

Jesus, my Saviour and my Prince,
 Answer on me thy saving Name :
 Deliver me from all my sins,
 The guilt, the sorrow, and the shame ;

And from mine inmost soul remove
The power, the nature, and the love.

Verse 13.

THOU, who hast suffer'd me so long
A little longer spare,
Till, made by faith divinely strong,
I all thy impress bear:
Then let me from this vale of woe
Triumphantly depart,
My God as I am known to know,
And see thee as thou art.

PSALM XL.

Verse 17.

STILL will my Redeemer tarry,
Leave me still unfreed, unblest'd,
By my cruel adversary,
By my tyrant-sin, oppress'd?
Jesus, mighty to deliver!
Haste to take my sin away,
Save a soul, undone for ever,
Longer if my Saviour stay.

PSALM XLI.

Verse 4.

SIN is the desperate wound
Which must my death procure,
Unless the balm in Gilead found
Administers a cure:

Jesus, my Lord, my God!
 Faith to be heal'd I have:
 O let the medicine of thy blood
 My soul for ever save!

PSALM XLII.

Verse 2.

I THIRST for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary died:
 A fountain of water and blood
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side.
 I gasp for the stream of his love,
 The Spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

Confined in a dungeon of clay,
 Exiled from the Saviour I love,
 I long to be summon'd away,
 I groan for a speedy remove.
 O when shall I come to appear
 With joy in the Presence Divine,
 To find him essentially near,
 To know him eternally mine?

PSALM XLV.

Verse 7.

BUT I am all to sin inclined,
 And hatred against God my mind,
 Till thou thine own impart

Pity a sad reverse of thee,
And, from myself to set me free,
Come, Lord, into my heart!

I then, regenerate from above,
Shall sin abhor like thee, and love
The perfect righteousness:
Partake the image of my Head,
And in thy image live, to spread
Mine utmost Saviour's praise.

PSALM XLV.

Verses 10, 11.

SHAPEN in guilt, conceived in sin,
My father Adam's house unclean
I now would freely leave:
But who can wash the Ethiop white?
'Tis thine own work, thou God of might!
I hearken: let me live!

If thou, indeed, desir'st this heart,
If I would never from thee part,
Why am I not restored?
O beautify me with thy mind!
Lord, let my prayer acceptance find,
And realize thy word!

PSALM XLVI.

Verse 10.

STILL I in thy presence am:
Jesus! now declare thy name;

Tell me, what I wait to prove,
Thou art God, and "God is Love."

PSALM XLVIII.

Verse 13.

Thou wast my Guide in infancy,
Thou art in life's decline!
My Guide in death thou soon shalt be,
And then for ever mine.

PSALM LI.

Verse 11.

WILT thou from me withdraw thy grace?
Or drive a sinner from thy face
At Jesu's feet who bow?
At Jesu's feet thou seest me lie,
Thou hear'st his blood for mercy cry,
And canst not punish now.

Verse 17.

JESUS, Giver of contrition,
Giver thou of pardon art!
Wound me, O my kind Physician!
Break, and then bind up my heart.
Who a broken-hearted sinner
Never, never wilt despise,
Cast me down, my faith's Beginner!
Lift me up to paradise.

PSALM LV.

Verse 6.

COME, heavenly Dove,
My soul remove
From life's severe distresses,
To that glorious rest above,
To my Lord's embraces!

Saviour, to thee
I fain would flee,
I would be always praising,
Spend a whole eternity
In worshipping and gazing!

Verse 17.

NOT as a formal task to thee
My tale of words I pay;
But, feeling my own poverty,
I every hour would pray:

Would always pray, and never faint,
Till, wholly sanctified,
Thou take me up, a sinless saint,
And seat me by thy side.

PSALM LVII.

Verse 1.

THE flesh against the Spirit lusts:
But while it strives to tyrannize,

My soul in love almighty trusts,
My faithful soul on Christ relies,
Till this intestine war is o'er,
And sin, destroy'd, can tempt no more.

PSALM LXII.

Verse 10.

Who of the rich hath ears to hear,
Divinely warn'd of danger near,
Or fears to find his wealth increase,
The mammon of unrighteousness?

Yet if on wealth ye set your heart,
Ye from the living God depart,
Your souls *for naught* to Satan sell,
Unwisely barter heaven for hell.

PSALM LXIII.

Verse 1.

O God, thou art in Jesus mine,
And early will I seek thy face,
Till, certified by love divine
That I am freely saved by grace,
I find him bleeding on the tree,
Who freely bled to death for me.

Verse 3.

Thy favour and love I prefer
To life in its happiest hours,

Possess'd of a paradise here,
When mercy my spirit o'erpowers :
All earthly delights I forego,
All creature-enjoyments resign,
When bless'd with the heaven—to know
My Jesus eternally mine.

Verse 6.

THEE in the watches of the night
Do I not, Lord, remember still ?
And meditate, with calm delight,
On the dear counsels of thy will ?
Thy will is my perfection here ;
And sighs for *this* my whole desire—
To attain thy heavenly character,
And spotless in thine arms expire.

My God, I wake to call thee mine,
To think on all thy love,
To taste thy graciousness divine,
And farther blessings prove :
After thy likeness to wake up,
And fly from earth away,
And see the Lamb on Sion's top
In that eternal day.

Verse 7

Who loves me so well, My helper has been,
And saved me from hell, And saved me from sin :
His gracious protection I joyfully prove,
His strength of affection, His fulness of love.

Thee, Jesus, I praise, Who kindly hast spread
The wings of thy grace To cover my head :
Preserved by thy favour, I gladly remove,
My uttermost Saviour, To thank thee above.

Verse 8.

HANGS my new-born soul on thee,
Weak as helpless infancy :
Yet sustain'd by thy right hand,
Firm on surest ground I stand.

Faith may fail, I feel and know,
But thou wilt not let me go,
Wilt not with thy purchase part,
Wilt not loose me from thy heart.

PSALM LXIV.

Verse 2.

THE quiet solitary place
For which I all my life have pined,
The still, sequester'd wilderness,
O might I in thy presence find !

Then shall I rest whom God doth hide :
Unconscious then, that in the whole
Creation aught exists beside
My Saviour, and my happy soul !

PSALM LXIX.

THY wisdom all my follies sees,
My faults are all before thine eyes,

My heart and inward wickedness :
Such as I am, without disguise,
A sinner, to thy bosom take,
Not for my own, but Jesu's sake.

PSALM LXXI.

Verse 9.

THOU, who from infancy to age
Hast been my never-failing Friend,
Support through life's extremest stage,
And bring me to my journey's end ;
And bid me live, to sing thy praise,
An age of everlasting days.

ANOTHER.

THROUGH labor exhausted, and pain,
Will Christ from his servant depart ?
Or with me in weakness remain,
The strength and the joy of my heart ?

His power I in weakness shall prove,
Confiding in Jesus's name,
The God of unchangeable love,
For ever and ever the same !

ANOTHER.

THOU who so long hast saved me here,
A little longer save,
Till, freed from sin and freed from fear,
I sink into a grave.

Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And, O ! my life of mercies crown
With a triumphant end !

Verse 16.

LET others of their virtue boast,
And call it all their own :
I in the only merit trust
Of God's most holy Son.

The righteousness by Jesus wrought
Shall all my evil hide
Till, deep into my spirit brought,
It shows me sanctified.

PSALM LXXIII.

Verse 25.

O MY all-sufficient God !
Thou know'st my heart's desire,
Be this only thing bestow'd,
I nothing else require :
Nothing else in earth or skies
In time or in eternity :
Heaven itself could not suffice :
I seek not thine, but thee.

ANOTHER.

THOU art the thing, the Eternal Word,
For which my spirit sighs !

Not all thy gifts and graces, Lord,
Can without thee suffice.

My perfect holiness thou art,
My full felicity :
Enter, and fill my hungry heart,
Which wants no heaven but thee.

Verse 26.

Let this feeble body droop,
And fail this fainting heart ;
Thou, O God, my strength, my hope,
My heavenly portion art.
Age may break, or sickness seize,
Or pain, or mortal agony :
Dying, dead, I still possess
Eternal life in thee.

PSALM LXXIV.

Verse 12.

O LORD from heaven, on earth bestow'd !
Thy goodness makes our blessings sure :
Thy strength sustains us in the food,
Thy grace doth in the medicine cure.
Whate'er the means or channels be,
Our help is all derived from thee.

PSALM LXXX.

Verse 3.

JESUS, full of truth and grace,
Show my heart thy heavenly face :

Shine, the true Eternal Light,
Put my darkness all to flight :

Then my sin shall disappear,
Heal'd of all my evils here :
Then I as my Lord shall shine,
Blended with the Light Divine.

PSALM LXXXI.

Verse 10.

GIVE me that enlarged desire,
And open, Lord, my soul,
Thy own fulness to require,
And comprehend the whole :
Stretch my faith's capacity
Wider, and yet wider still :
Then with all that is in thee
My soul for ever fill.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

Verse 8.

IN unbelief imprison'd fast,
Far from the sight of day,
I cannot struggle forth, or cast
My chains of sin away.

Jesus, thou know'st I cannot please,
Or serve, the living God,
Till thou my helpless soul release
Through thy redeeming blood.

PSALM LXXXIX.

Verse 19.

JESUS, omnipotent to save !
Righteousness and strength I have,
And help laid up on thee :
Fulness of gospel-grace is thine,
And all the plenitude divine,
That ALL may dwell in me.

Verse 47.

PASS but another moment, Lord,
And time with me shall be no more ;
Yet still thou seest me unrestored,
Unconscious of thy hallowing power :
Another moment if thou stay,
My unsaved soul for ever dies :
Now, Jesus, cast thine own away,
Or change, and take me to the skies.

PSALM XC.

Verse 12.

WARN'D of my dissolution near,
I see my one great business here,
To thee for wisdom cry :
Wisdom to live? 'Tis now too late !
But O, before I meet my fate,
Instruct me *how to die!*

Verse 15.

For half an age of mournful years
I justly plagued have been,
As left by God to griefs and fears,
And sin chastising sin.

Comfort me, Saviour, by thy grace;
And when thy face I see,
An age of everlasting days
I shall rejoice in thee.

PSALM XCVII.

Verse 1.

THE Lord is King!
Rejoice and sing!
My God and King thou art
Thy Spirit reigns,
Thy love maintains
Its sway within my heart.

Verse 10.

THE Lord, whom I sincerely love,
My hate of sin alone can prove:
But in my unregenerate state,
Evil, alas! I cannot hate.

Yet, drawn by him, he knows I would
Evil abhor, and cleave to good;
And God, who gives me these desires,
Will give whate'er himself requires.

PSALM CI.

Verse 2.

WHY not now, my God, my God,
 (Ready if thou always art,)
Make in me thy mean abode,
 Take possession of my heart?
If thou canst so greatly bow,
Friend of sinners, why not now?

At the close of life's short day
 For thyself to thee I cry:
Dying, if thou still delay
 Must I not for ever die?
Enter now thy poorest home,
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

PSALM CII.

Verse 23.

THOU who hast brought my body down,
 Bring down the strength of sin,
And fill my soul with power unknown,
 Thy kingdom fix'd within.

Take me not in wrath away,
 But let me know thy saving name,
Jesus now, and yesterday,
 And evermore, the same.

PSALM CIII.

Verse 3.

SAVIOUR, I long to testify
The fulness of thy gracious power :
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the peace—and more !

Forgive, and make my nature whole,
My sinful maladies remove :
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Verse 10.

No; for I am not yet in hell,
Worthy the sorest torments there !
Thy mercy, not thy wrath I feel,
And breathe *on earth* a humble prayer.

Since thou hast suffer'd me so long,
O let me all thy patience prove,
Till, saved, I sing the gospel-song,
And bless thee for thy richest love.

PSALM CVI.

Verse 4.

SALVATION gladly I embrace,
Because it comes with thee :
Jesus, my strength and righteousness,
And sole salvation, be !

When thou, the gift unspeakable,
Into my heart art given,
Thy fulness, Lord, in me shall dwell,
Thy nature and thy heaven.

PSALM CXI.

.Verse 5.

THY covenant this—that I shall know
How merciful in Christ thou art,
Shall feel his blood and Spirit flow
In purest streams throughout my heart;
Nor from my Father's arms remove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

PSALM CXVI.

Verse 8.

My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
Mine eyes from tears of vain despair,
My feet from falling into hell:
Wherefore to him my feet shall run,
Mine eyes on his perfections gaze,
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

PSALM CXVI.

Verses 12, 13.

O WHAT shall I say?
What recompense pay

To the Giver of all I possess?
I will gladly receive,
While he offers to give
His unsearchable riches of grace.

I will call on his name,
And with singing proclaim
The perfection of Jesus's love:
I will drink the full cup,
Till he beckons me up,
To enjoy his salvation above.

PSALM CXVIII.

Verse 13.

FULL oft thou hast my Helper been,
When sorely by the world assail'd,
By Satan and my bosom-sin—
My goings, Lord, had well-nigh fail'd.

Thou hast, in honor of thy name,
Snatch'd me out of the lion's teeth,
Pluck'd as a brand out of the flame,
And saved my soul from endless death.

Verse 18.

MY merciful God Hath chasten'd his son,
His fatherly rod I thankfully own.
He hath not rejected, Or left me to die,
But gently corrected, And laid the rod by.

O how shall I praise The Goodness Divine?
My remnant of days To him I resign.
My life to the Giver I gladly restore,
And praise him for ever, When time is no more.

PSALM CXIX.

Verse 8.

THOU hast in part forsook,
And long withdrawn thy grace:
But do not finally rebuke,
Or drive me from thy face.

Yet if thou must depart,
Through life the sinner leave,
O tell it to my dying heart—
Thou dost *at last* forgive!

Verse 9.

How in the slippery paths of youth
Shall I preserve my conscience clean?
By listening to the voice of Truth,
The Truth who makes us free from sin.

Speak to my heart thy cleansing word:
Ruled by thy word I then shall be,
Follow the Spirit of my Lord,
And give my prime of life to thee.

ANOTHER.

How shall a young unstable man,
To evil prone like me,

His actions and his heart maintain
From all pollutions free?
Thee, Lord, that I may not forsake,
Or ever turn aside,
Thy precepts for my rule I take,
Thy Spirit for my Guide.

Govern'd by the engrafted word,
And principled with grace,
I shall not yield to sin abhorr'd,
Or give to passion place:
From youthful lusts I still shall flee,
From all the paths of vice—
My omnipresent Saviour see,
And walk before thine eyes.

Saviour, to me thy Spirit give,
That through his power I may
The word effectually believe,
And faithfully obey:
From every great transgression pure,
For all thy will prepared,
Thy servant to the end endure,
And gain the full reward.

Verse 32.

Long enthrall'd in low desires,
Stubborn, impotent, and vain,
Heavenward now my heart aspires,
Struggles now to burst its chain.

Set my heart at liberty,
Then my feet shall swiftly move

In the paths prescribed by thee,
Pleasant paths of perfect love.

ANOTHER.

MY sinful, wretched heart set free
From all its sin and misery:
The stone, the unbelief, remove,
And make it free to pray and love:
Its rooted love of sin destroy:
Then shall I, Lord, with even joy,
The way of thy commandments run,
Which leads directly to thy throne.

Verse 71.

"OF blessings infinite," I read,
"The foremost—that my heart hath bled;"
And thank thee for a moment's pain,
Whose fruit shall evermore remain.
How good for me the suffering given!
'Tis grace, 'tis holiness, 'tis heaven!

Verse 81.

THE hope of Christ, how good!
I now its goodness feel:
The virtue of his balmy blood
Shall all my sickness heal.

His love shall cast out sin,
My long-sought peace restore;
And Jesus then shall enter in,
And never leave me more.

Verse 96.

I too the broad command have seen,
Enlighten'd, Lord, by thee;
And may attain through faith the mean,
That spotless charity.

Holy and just I may appear
Before I hence remove:
The end of all perfection here,
The law fulfil'd is Love.

ANOTHER.

I SEE the exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.

O that with all thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love!

Verse 121.

GIVE me not up to Satan's power
In this, my evil day;
Nor let the world or sin devour
Its unresisting prey.

Why should a soul redeem'd by thee
Be by thy foes oppress?
Jesus, proclaim the captive free,
And take me to thy breast!

Verse 176.

Am not I the 'wilder'd sheep?
Seek me, O thou Shepherd good!
Find, and for thy service keep,
The dear purchase of thy blood.
Lost again if thou depart,
Hide me, Saviour, in thy heart.

PSALM CXXI.

Verse 7.

Nor in my watchfulness or care,
For safety I confide;
But Jesus in his arms doth bear,
And lead me by his side.
Who never slumbers, never sleeps,
My constant guard I have;
And trust him, who this moment keeps,
Eternally to save.

PSALM CXXII.

Verse 6.

With all my heart, O Lord, I pray
For our Jerusalem:
The promise—*with thy Church to stay*—
In her behalf I claim.

Fulness of gifts and graces shower,
And bless her from above
With perfect peace, and glorious power,
And everlasting love.

ANOTHER.

DEARER than life, thou know'st I love
 Thy church establish'd here :
 Happy in age, in death, to prove
 Her prosperous messenger.

Still happier, after death might I
 Her glorious blessings share,
 And meet her children in the sky,
 And meet her Husband there.

Verse 8.

NOT for a favourite form or name,
 But for dear precious souls, I care :
 Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
 That millions may her blessings share !

Prosper our church : the living few
 Employ their brethren dead to raise,
 To quicken sister churches too,
 And spread throughout the earth thy praise.

PSALM CXXVI.

Verse 4.

JESUS, the power belongs to thee,
 And thee alone I pray,
 To turn my long captivity,
 To take my sin away.

That liberty from self and pride
I only live to prove;
And nothing ask or want beside
Thy dear redeeming love.

PSALM CXXX.

Verse 3.

I MAY abide it, I
Who on that Cross rely!
Jesus died and I am clear:
Justice, rig'rously extreme,
Mark'd the sins I cannot fear,
Punish'd all my sins in him.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Verse 8.

Lo! I in simplicity
Receive thy gracious word:
What it means I leave to thee,
My sanctifying Lord.
I shall know at that glad day
When, born of God, I sin no more,
Ceaseless in thy Spirit pray,
And in thy truth adore.

PSALM CXLI.

Verse 4.

WHAT cannot the Almighty do?
When, by the greatness of thy power,
My heart, O Lord, thou dost renew,
My heart shall yield to sin no more—
Shall never more to sin incline,
For ever fill'd with love divine!

Verse 8.

My God, forsake me not at last!
Nor into utter darkness cast
A soul that gasps for thee!
When I my punishment have borne,
I humbly trust thou wilt return,
Thou wilt remember me.

PSALM CXLIH.

Verse 8.

I TRUST in thee. *For what?*
To be redeem'd from sin;
From every wrinkle, every spot
Of self and pride within.

Jesus, I trust in thee,
That, when my work is done,
The servant with his Lord shall be
A sharer of thy throne.

Verse 10.

JESUS, thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty !

Now let thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect righteousness.

PSALM CXLIV.

Verse 9.

GLORY and thanks to him belongs,
Who left his throne above :
The new, the gospel song of songs
Is due to Jesu's love.

Join all on earth in Jesu's praise,
And then to heaven repair,
To vie with the angelic race,
Or mend their anthems there.

Verse 10.

JESUS, the man's defender be
For whom I humbly pray :
Cover the head so dear to me
In battle's dangerous day.

When thousands fall on either hand,
Deliver from the sword,
And strengthen him by faith to stand
The soldier of the Lord.

Verse 15.

JESUS, thou art my Lord, my God,
And happy in thy love I am:
The bliss thou hast on me bestow'd
Remains in life and death the same.
Thy love to all thy people given
Is present and eternal heaven.

PSALM CXLV.

Verse 9.

THE meanest, then, may mercy claim:
I bring no other plea:
The meanest of thy works I am,
And mercy find in thee.

PSALM CXLVI.

Verse 1.

LONG as on earth by faith I live,
Jehovah's praise I sing:
Honour, and thanks, and blessings give
To Christ, my God and King:
And when my voice is lost in death,
To better life restored,
I'll sing with my immortal breath
My glorious heavenly Lord.

ANOTHER.

OUR hymns shall record Immanuel's Name :
The praise of our Lord We live to proclaim ;
And when we are driven To that happy place,
It still is our heaven To sing of his praise.

Verse 7.

Jesus—the power belongs to thee—
Set my imprison'd spirit free
From pride and passion's chain !
Thy Spirit breathe into my heart,
Then, then I shall be as thou art,
And never sin again.

PSALM CXLVII.

Verse 1.

How pleasant a thing,
With thanksgiving to sing
As with joy from the vale we remove !
But pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above !

Verse 3.

HE heals the broken heart ;
But first he breaks the whole. .
Now, Lord, thy grace impart,
Impoverishing my soul ;
And then set up thy kingdom here,
And glorious on thy throne appear.

PSALM CXLIX.

THE Father in his saints delights,
 Delighted in his Son ;
 For, whom true love to Christ unites,
 They all with Christ are one.

PSALM CL.

BREATHE in praise of your Creator,
 Every soul his honour raise :
 Magnify the Lord of nature,
 Magnify the God of grace !
 Hallelujah,
 Fill the universe with praise !

Paraphrases

ON

MISCELLANEOUS TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

2 Chron. 6 : 36.

No ; every fallen child of man
Must sin in thought and word and deed ;
But bursting our oppressor's chain,
When Jesus hath his pris'ners freed ;
The dire necessity is o'er,
And, born of God, we sin no more.

Jos. 23 : 14.

PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal house above ;
And, O my God, shall I be there ?

Genesis 2 : 21.

Nor from his head was woman took,
As made her husband to o'erlook ;
Not from his feet, as one design'd
The footstool of the stronger kind
But fashioned for himself a bride,
An equal, taken from his side ;
Her place intended to maintain,
The mate, and glory of the man ;
To rest, as still beneath his arm,
Protected by her lord from harm ;
And never from his heart removed,
As only less than God beloved.

SAMUEL AND SAUL.

1 Sam. 28 : 19.

WHAT do these solemn words portend ?
A gleam of hope when life shall end :
Thou and thy sons, though slain, shall be
To-morrow in repose with me !

Not in a state of hellish pain,
If Saul with Samuel doth remain,
Not in a state of damn'd despair,
If loving Jonathan be there.

DAVID AND SHIMEI.

2 Sam. 16 : 12.

PURE from the blood of *Saul* in vain,
He dares not to the charge reply :

Uriah's doth the charge maintain,
Uriah's doth against him cry!
 Let *Shimei* curse: the rod he bears,
 For sins which mercy had forgiven:
 And in the wrongs of man reverts
 The awful righteousness of heaven.

Lord, I adore thy righteous will,
 Through every instrument of ill
 My Father's goodness see;
 Accept the complicated wrong
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue
As kind rebukes from THEE.

THE PASTOR.

Luke 21 : 37, 38.

THE servant of the Lord
 Who Jesu's charge receives,
 A faithful steward of the word,
 A wrestling Jacob, lives!
 God and the multitude
 His sacred labours share,
 His day is spent in active good,
 His night in fervent prayer.

Before the rising morn
 He comes his flock to feed;
 His flock with hungry hearts return,
 And seek their daily bread.
 Their love and earnestness
 The Pastor's zeal improve;
 The Pastor's zeal doth more increase
 Their earnestness and love.

Job 28 : 28.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

1 Kings 19 : 12.

THE voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still, small voice, I long to hear ;
O might it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame !

Ashamed I must for ever be,
Ashamed the God of love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze !

Rom. 14 : 8.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransom'd servant, I
 Restore to thee thy own ;
 And from this moment live or die,
 To serve my God alone.

Rev. 1 : 10.

MAY I throughout this day of thine,
 Be in thy Spirit, Lord ;
 Spirit of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word—

Spirit of faith my heart to raise
 And fix on things above ;
 Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
 Of holiness and love.

Matt. 11 : 12.

O MAY thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !
 O may we all improve
 The grace already given
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven !

Gen. 2 : 7.

O ALL-CREATING God !
 At whose supreme decree
 Our body rose a breathing clod,
 Our souls sprang forth from thee :

For this thou hast design'd
And form'd us man for this,
To know and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

Rev. 3 : 19.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

In me thy Spirit dwell !
In me thy bowels move !
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

Mark 9 : 50.

Alas ! Lord, with trembling I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace ;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more !

Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee :
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

GLORIA PATRI.

FATHER, live, by all things fear'd;
Live the Son, alike revered;
Equally be thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

Three in person, one in power,
Thee we worship evermore:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

SUPPLEMENT,

CONTAINING

**FIVE ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS, TWENTY-TWO TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE GERMAN, ONE FROM THE FRENCH, AND
ONE FROM THE SPANISH,**

BY THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye :
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

Son of thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to thyself thy mighty power ;
Let all earth's sons thy mercy prove,
Let all thy bleeding grace adore :
The triumphs of thy love display ;
In every heart reign thou alone,
Till all thy foes confess thy sway,
And glory ends what grace begun.

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of light and love below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow :
Inflame our hearts with perfect love,
In us the work of faith fulfil
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth, to do thy will.

Father, 'tis thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry :
On thee we cast our care ; we live
Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

Eternal, spotless Lamb of God,
Before the world's foundation slain!
Sprinkle us ever with thy blood;
O cleanse and keep us ever clean!
To every soul (all praise to thee!)
Our bowels of compassion move;
And all mankind by this may see
God is in us; for God is love.

Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To thee in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee:
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art,
In us be all thy goodness show'd;
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace and joy and heaven and God.

Blessing and honour, praise and love,
Coëqual, coëternal Three,
In earth below, and heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee!
Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

Heb. 13 : 14. Matt. 6 : 21. Phil. 3 : 8. Heb. 11 : 16.
Rev. 22 : 20.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot !
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

His happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love ;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

I come—thy servant, Lord, replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest !
Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

THE WATERS OF LIFE.

Isaiah 55 : 1, 3.

“Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh :”
 (’Tis God invites the fallen race ;)
“Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

- “Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wanderers, home;
And find my grace is free for ALL.
- “See from the Rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- “Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- “Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- “In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.
- “Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.
- “I bid you all my goodness prove:
My promises for all are free:
Come taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in ME.

"Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

HOPE IN DEATH.

Gen. 49 : 33.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers:
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

DEAD as I am, and cold my breast,
Untouch'd by thee, celestial zeal,
How shall I sing the unwonted guest?
How paint the joys I cannot feel?

Assist me, Thou, at whose command
The heart exults, from earth set free :
'Tis thine to raise the drooping hand,
Thine to confirm the feeble knee.

'Tis zeal must end this inward strife,
Give me to know that warmth divine!
Through all my verse, through all my life,
The active principle shall shine.

Where shall we find its high abode?
To heaven the sacred ray aspires,
With ardent love embraces God,
Parent and object of its fires.

There its peculiar influence known,
In breasts seraphic learns to glow;
Yet darted from the eternal throne,
It sheds a cheering light below.

Through earth diffused, the active flame
Intensely for God's glory burns;
And always mindful whence it came,
To heaven in every wish returns.

Yet vain the fierce enthusiast's aim,
With this to sanctify his cause;
To screen beneath this awful name
The persecuting sword he draws.

In vain the mad fanatic's dreams
To this mysteriously pretend;
On fancy built his airy schemes,
Or slight the means, or drop the end.

Where zeal holds on its even course,
Blind rage and bigotry retires;
Knowledge assists, not checks its force,
And prudence guides, not damps, its fires.

Resistless, then, it wins its way;
Yet deigns in humble hearts to dwell:
Ye humble hearts, confess its sway,
And pleased the strange expansion feel.

Superior far to mortal things
In grateful ecstasy they own—
Such antedated heaven it brings—
The zeal and happiness are one.

Now varied deaths their terrors spread,
Now threat'ning thousands rage in vain!
Nor tortures can arrest its speed,
Nor worlds its energy restrain.

That energy which quells the strong,
Which clothes with strength the abject weak,
Looses the stammering infant's tongue,
And bids the sons of thunder speak.

While zeal its heavenly influence sheds,
What light o'er Moses' visage plays!
It wings the immortal prophets' steeds,
And brightens fervent Stephen's face.

Come then, bright flame! my breast inspire;
To me, to me, be thou but given;
Like them I'll mount my car of fire,
Or view from earth an op'ning heaven.

Come thou, if mighty to redeem,
Christ purchased thee with blood divine:
Come, holy zeal! for thou, through him,
Jesus himself, through thee, is mine.

FROM THE SPANISH

GOD OUR PORTION.

Psalm 63 : 1, 9.

O God, my God, my All thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display.

For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord;
And more I joy to gain thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

More dear than life itself, thy love
• My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

Abundant sweetness while I sing
Thy love my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips and fires my thoughts;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

In all I do I feel thine aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing!

My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

FROM THE FRENCH.

RENOUNCING ALL FOR CHRIST.

Psalm 73 : 25.

COME, SAVIOUR, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,

Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss :
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this !

Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast :
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

FROM THE GERMAN.

REDEMPTION FOUND.

Heb. 6 : 19. Rev. 13 : 8. Luke 15 : 2. Psalm 85 : 2.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are,

Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries :

With faith I plunge me in this sea !
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
I look into my Saviour's breast.
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
On this my steadfast soul relies :
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay :
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

ZINZENDORF.

THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH.

Phil. 3 : 9. 1 John 2 : 1, 2. 1 Tim. 2 : 6; 1 : 1, 5.

Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day, .
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies—
E'en then—this shall be all my plea :
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of God,
 Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all thy hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
 With power to speak thy gracious word;
 That all who to thy wounds will flee,
 May find eternal life in thee.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,
 Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
 Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
 Now take the spoils of death and hell.

ZINZENDORF.

THE CHANGE.

Isa. 6 : 1. Est. 4 : 11. Cant. 5 : 10. John 19 : 34. Zech. 13 : 1.

JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
 Though duteous to thy high command,
 Not seraphs view with open face,
 But veil'd before thy presence stand :

How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
 With sin, and dim with error's night,

Dare to behold thy awful throne,
Or view thy unapproached light!

Restore my sight! let thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give;
Open mine eyes of faith! thy face
So shall I see: yet seeing live.

The golden sceptre from above
Reach forth; see my whole heart I bow:
Say to my soul, "Thou art my love,
My chosen 'midst ten thousand thou!"

O Jesus, full of grace! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view!
Hark, how my silence speaks and cries,
"Mercy, thou God of mercy, show!"

I know thou canst not but be good:
How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace restrain!
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
To save me from all guilt and pain?

By faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity:

From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows,
The purple and the crystal stream;
Pardon and holiness bestows,
And both I gain through faith in him.

DESSLER.

GOD'S LOVE TO MANKIND.

Prov. 23 : 26. Mark 12 : 30.

O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams
On all thy works; thy mercy's beams
Diffusive, as thy sun's, arise.

Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me, who less
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fulness knows:
What but thyself canst thou desire?

Yet self-sufficient as thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
 This, only this, dost thou require.

Primeval Beauty ! in thy sight,
 The first-born fairest sons of light
 See all their brightest glories fade :
 What then to me thine eyes could turn ?
 In sin conceived, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !

Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
 And, trembling, own the Almighty God,
 Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky :
 But who is this that comes from far,
 Whose garments roll'd in blood appear ?
 'Tis God made man, for man to die.

- . O God, of good the unfathom'd Sea !
 Who would not give his heart to thee ?
 Who would not love thee with his might,
 O Jesu, Lover of mankind ?
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength, to thee unite ?

DESSLER.

A PRAYER TO CHRIST.

1 Cor. 2 : 2. Rev. 3 : 21.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
 To dwell within thy wounds : then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die; thine may we live!

DESSLER.

SUFFERINGS AND LOVE OF CHRIST.

Zec. 12 : 10. 1 Pet. 2 : 21, 24.

EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust and sweat and blood,
See there, the King of Glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God !

Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?
Who could thy sacred body wound ?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

I, I alone have done the deed !
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail and fix'd the thorn.

The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid ;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay ;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be!

The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood!

Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

DESSLER.



CONFIDING IN GOD.

Rom. 8 : 1. Col. 3 : 15, 16. Eph. 6 : 13.

INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace,
O King of Glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace!
Now righteous through thy wounds I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away;

Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray :
Let thy word richly in me dwell ;
Thy peace and love my portion be ;
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord !
Support my weakness with thy might ;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight :
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on ;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

BREITHAUPT.

GRATITUDE FOR OUR CONVERSION.

Psalm 18: 1, 2; 45: 2; 84: 2; 73: 26.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone :
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain ?

Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined,
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;

Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
 Or smile—thy sceptre, or thy rod :
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day !

BREITHAUPT.

ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Psaln 16 : 8 ; 90 : 2. Heb. 4 : 13. Job 26 : 6. Acts 17 : 28.
 Matt. 5 : 45.

O God, thou bottomless abyss,
 Thee to perfection who can know ?
 O height 'immense ! What words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show ?
 Unfathomable depths thou art ;
 O plunge me in thy mercy's sea !
 Void of true wisdom is my heart ;
 With love embrace and cover me !
 While thee, all-infinite, I set
 By faith before my ravish'd eye,
 My weakness bends beneath the weight ;
 O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die !

Eternity thy fountain was,
 Which, like thee, no beginning knew ;
 Thou wast ere time began his race,
 Ere glow'd with stars the ethereal blue.
 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
 Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray,
 When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
 When earth and heaven are fled away.

Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

Thy parent-hand, thy forming skill,
Firm fix'd this universal chain;
Else empty barren darkness still
Had held his unmolested reign.
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought!
High is thy power above all height;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done:
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light;
In light thou dwell'st; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all display'd,
And open to thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
The immortal armies of the sky;

Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth ;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly !
With downcast eye the angelic choir
Appear before thy awful face ;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound thy praise.
In earth, in heaven, in all thou art ;
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone !
Justice and truth before thee stand :
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace !
To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe ;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of Being, flow.

Parent of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
All things in thee live, move, and are ;
Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
Even those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
 Alike on all impartial pour ;
 To all, who hate or bless thy sway,
 Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.

Yet while, at length, who scorn'd thy might
 Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
 How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
 Of those who to thy love aspire !
 All creatures praise the eternal Name !
 Ye hosts that to his court belong,
 Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
 Awake the everlasting song !
 Thrice Holy ! thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

BREITHAAPT.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

John 1 : 14. Matt. 11 : 19.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
 In Jesus, God with us, display'd ;
 How bright thy beaming glories shine !
 How wide thy healing streams are spread !

With whom dost thou delight to dwell ?
 Sinners, a vile and thankless race ;
 O God, what tongue aright can tell
 How vast thy love, how great thy grace !

The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive :
All thy delight in us fulfil ;
Lo ! all we are to thee we give.

To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode for ever thine.

O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far ;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

Still on thee, Father, may we rest !
Still may we pant thy Son to know !
Thy Spirit breathe into our breast,
Fountains of peace and joy below.

Oft have we seen thy mighty power,
Since from the world thou mad'st us free :
Still may we praise thee more and more,
Our hearts more firmly knit to thee.

•

Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

PAUL GERHARDT.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Luke 12 : 22. 1 Pet. 5 : 7.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

And whatsoe'er thou will'st .
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want, thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Away, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree,
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven design'd for me.

Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest.

To accomplish his design
The creatures all agree ;
And all the attributes divine
Are now at work for me.

PAUL GERHARDT.

LIVING BY CHRIST.

Eph. 3 : 17, 18, 19. Phil. 3 : 14, 2-8. Mark 10 : 15.

JESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there :
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame !

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell but thy pure love alone :
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
My every act, word, thought, be love !

O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
All pain before thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise :

O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!


Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

My Saviour, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast show'd;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain;
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away!

O that I, as a little child,
May follow thee, and never rest
Till sweetly thou hast breathed thy mild
And lowly mind into my breast!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one spirit with thee.

Still let thy love point out my way!
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!



Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GEBHARDT.

CHRIST THE SOURCE OF GRACE.

Acts 17 : 28. John 16 : 13. Isa. 26 : 12.

O GOD of gods, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to thee we sing ;
To thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

All things in earth and air and sea
Exist and live and move in thee ;
All nature trembles at thy voice ;
With awe even we thy children prove
Thy power: O let us taste thy love!
So evermore shall we rejoice.

O powerful Love, to thee we bow;
Object of all our wishes thou,
Our hearts are naked to thine eye:
To thee, who from the eternal throne
Cam'st emptied of thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

Grace we implore when billows roll:
Grace is the anchor of the soul;
Grace every sickness knows to heal;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew,
Dispel our darkness by thy light;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

Be heaven, even now, our souls' abode
Hid be our life with Christ in God;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine:
Let all our works in thee be wrought,
And fill'd with thee be all our thought,
Till in us thy full likeness shine.

PAUL GERHARDT.

REDEMPTION FOUND.

1 John 4: 17. Psalm 51: 2. Rom. 5: 11. Gen. 18: 27. Rev. 5: 12.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be !

Jesu, see my panting breast !
See I pant in thee to rest ;
Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
To thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God !
Take the purchase of thy blood !

Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives ;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

See, ye sinners, see ! the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

684 CHRIST PROTECTING AND SANCTIFYING.

Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for thee ;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine :
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven !

PAUL GERHARDT.

CHRIST PROTECTING AND SANCTIFYING.

Cant. 5 : 10. Heb. 2 : 16. Luke 10 : 39. 1 Sam. 3 : 9. Col. 3 : 10.

O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows ;
Fairest among ten thousand fair !
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.

Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began ;
Thou, when the appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.

The world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;
Thou, by thy dying, death hath slain,
My great Deliverer and my God !

In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage;
None can withstand thy conquering blood.

Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow
With duteous reverence at thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo! I sit;
Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth now.

Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be:
No charms but these to thee are dear:
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace be there!

A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

PAUL GERHARDT.

THE SOUL SEEKING REPOSE IN GOD.

Psalms 38 : 9 ; 116 : 7 ; 73 : 25. Gal. 5 : 24.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hind'rances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

O love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;

Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry !

Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn ;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame !
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

TERSTEEGEN.

MORNING DEDICATION TO CHRIST.

Psalms 5 : 3. Rom. 12 : 1. Isa. 61 : 10. 1 Thess. 5 : 23. Job
3 : 14, 15.

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy mercy's beams I see,
And all within me wakes anew
To pant for thy immensity :
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire.

O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?

My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice ;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
More should'st thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
No longer mine, but thine I am ;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole ;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :
Thou hast my spirit ; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallow'd shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will :
Here let thy light for ever shine ;
This house still let thy presence fill ;
O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love !

O never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be !
Clothe with salvation, through thy name,
My soul, and let me put on thee !
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be ;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity !
Than gold and pearls more precious far
And brighter than the morning star.

Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am call'd by thy great name ;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim ;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise !

TERSTEEGEN.

THE BELIEVER'S SUPPORT.

Psalm 139 : 23, 24 ; 51 : 2 ; 69 : 2. 1 John 3 : 3. Matt. 8 : 19.
Deut. 33 : 25.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought : let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean !

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee !
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

TERSTEEGEN.

IN AFFLICTION OR PAIN.

Psalm 42 : 2. Matt. 11 : 29. Isaiah 63 : 3.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine ;
My longing heart implores thy grace ;
O make me in thy likeness shine !

With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see ;
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails, .
In lowly meekness may I rest.

Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod :
 In me thy strength'ning grace be shown ;
 O may I conquer through thy blood !

So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heaven's host adore their King,
 Shall I be found at thy right hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing.

TERSTEEGEN.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Genesis 28 : 16, 17. Habakkuk 2 : 20.

Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place !
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face ;
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo ! God is here ! him day and night
 The united choirs of angels sing ;
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone :
 To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
 O take, O seal them for thine own !

- Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

In thee we move: all things of thee
Are full, thou Source and Life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable Sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men, for God is man!)
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame.

TERSTEEGEN.

THE FAITHFUL AMBASSADOR.

Acts 20 : 27. 2 Cor. 5 : 14.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry!
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood, I here present,
 If for thy truth they may be spent;
 Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
 Thy will be done, thy name adored!

Give me thy strength, O God of power;
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be:
 'Tis fix'd; I can do all through thee!

TERSTEEGEN.

GOD'S HUSBANDRY.

Mal. 3 : 10. Col. 3 : 16. 2 Cor. 9 : 10. Rev. 3 : 12.

WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
 Poor nothings! for his boundless grace?
 Fain would we his great name record,
 And worthily set forth his praise.

Great Object of our growing love,
 To whom our more than all we owe,
 Open the Fountain from above,
 And let it our full souls o'erflow.

So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
 Thy grace for every sinner free;
 Till all mankind shall learn thy name,
 Shall all stretch out their hands to thee.

Open a door which earth and hell
 May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
 Let thy word richly in us dwell,
 And let our gracious fruit remain

O multiply the sower's seed !
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting truth declare.

We all in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power ;
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

TERSTEEGEN.

INDEX.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A charge to keep I have,.....	158
A fountain of life and of grace,.....	11
Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess,.....	648
Ah! my dear departed friend,.....	440
Ah! when shall I awake?.....	109
Ah! whither should I go?.....	59
All glory to God in the sky,.....	362
All praise to Him who dwells in bliss,	396
All thanks and all praise to Thee will I give,.....	590
All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet,.....	270
All things are possible to Him,.....	45
Almighty God of love,.....	384
Am not I the wilder'd sheep?.....	680
And am I born to die?.....	307
And am I only born to die?.....	318
And can it be that I should gain?.....	206
And have I measured half my days?.....	57
And let this feeble body fall,.....	315
And live I yet by power divine?.....	458
Arise, my soul, arise,.....	188
Assisted by preventing grace,.....	601
As the hart, with flying faint,.....	524
A thousand oracles divine,.....	179
Author of faith, eternal Word,	37
Author of faith, to thee I cry,.....	83
Away with our fears! the glad morning appears,.....	400
Away with our sorrow and fear,.....	339
Bear me to the sacred scene,.....	604
Being of Beings, God of Love!.....	360
Be it my only wisdom here,.....	641
Bless'd is the man, and none but he,.....	438
Bless'd is the man, supremely blest,.....	525
Bless'd is the man that fears the Lord,.....	586
Blessed are the pure in heart,.....	556

	PAGE
Blessed are the pure in heart,.....	232
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,.....	318
Blest be our everlasting Lord,.....	192
Blest be the God, whose tender care,.....	426
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,.....	211
Breathe in praise of your Creator,.....	637
But I am all to sin inclined,.....	609
Captain of Israel's host and Guide,.....	170
Captain of our salvation, take,.....	476
Cast on the fidelity,.....	294
Celebrate Immanuel's name,.....	369
Christ, my hidden life, appear,.....	253
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,".....	378
Christ, whose glory fills the sky,.....	390
Come away to the skies,.....	405
Come, divine Immanuel, come,.....	383
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	193
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	415
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	417
Come, Heavenly Dove,.....	612
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,.....	236
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,.....	238
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,.....	351
Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,.....	409
Come, let us anew our journey pursue,.....	412
Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,.....	272
Come, let us join our friends above,.....	385
Come, let us use the grace divine,.....	369
Come on, my partners in distress,.....	302
Come, O thou Prophet of the Lord!.....	350
Come, O thou Traveller unknown!.....	77
Come, Saviour Jesus, from above!.....	658
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,.....	352
Come, thou everlasting Spirit,.....	357
Comfort, ye ministers of grace,.....	33
Commit thou all thy griefs,.....	676
Dead as I am, and cold my breast,.....	654
Dearer than life, thou know'st I love,.....	631
Deepen the wounds thy hands have made,.....	189
Depth of mercy, can there be?.....	70
Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone,.....	424
Equip me for the war,.....	281
Eternal beam of light divine,.....	293
Eternal depth of love divine,.....	674

	PAGE
Ever fainting with desire,.....	339
Ever nigh to those who call,.....	546
Every evil thought and vain,.....	573
Evil do thou eschew,.....	521
Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,.....	51
Extended on a cursed tree,.....	667
Faithful, everlasting Lord,.....	529
Faithful soul, thy Lord be near,.....	508
Farewell, my all of earthly hope,.....	459
Father, God, we glorify,.....	373
Father, I dare believe,.....	225
Father, in the name I pray,.....	295
Father, into thy hands alone,.....	171
Father, in whom we live,.....	194
Father, I stretch my hands to thee,.....	43
Father, live by all things fear'd,.....	644
Father of all, in whom alone,.....	351
Father of all, whose powerful voice,.....	647
Father of earth and sky,.....	99
Father of everlasting grace,.....	408
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,.....	46
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,.....	102
Father of lights, from whom proceeds,.....	75
Father of me and all mankind,.....	186
Father of our dying Lord,.....	265
Father, see this living clod,.....	241
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	173
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,.....	418
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear,.....	263
Father, to thee I lift mine eyes,.....	392
Father, to thee my soul I lift,.....	175
Fondly my foolish heart essays,.....	285
For ever here my rest shall be,.....	260
Forgive us for thy mercy's sake,.....	275
For half an age of mournful years,.....	621
Fountain of all the good we see,.....	425
Fountain of life and all my joy,.....	452
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,.....	423
For thy loving-kindness, Lord,.....	533
Fret not thyself in vain,.....	517
Friendship divine, thy praise I sing,.....	448
Full oft thou hast my helper been,.....	625
Full of unutterable grace,.....	589
Give glory to Jesus our Head,.....	419
Give me not up to Satan's power,.....	629
Give me that enlarged desire,.....	619

	PAGE
Give me the faith which can remove,	430
Giver and guardian of my sleep,	391
Give sentence, Lord, with me,	508
Glorious God, accept a heart,	291
Glorious Saviour of my soul,	313
Glory and thanks to him belongs,	634
Glory be to God on high,	184
Glory be to God on high,	365
Glory to thee whose powerful word,	431
God of all grace and majesty,	157
God of all power, truth, and grace,	217
God of almighty love,	123
God of eternal truth and grace,	41
God of eternal truth and love,	418
God of infinite compassion,	527
God of my life, preserved by grace,	550
God of my life, to thee,	404
God of my life, whose gracious power,	256
God of my righteousness,	454
God of my salvation, hear,	140
God of unfathomable love,	536
God of unspotted purity,	73
God on us his grace bestow,	545
Good thou art, and good thou dost,	199
Gracious Redeemer, shake,	158
Great God! to me the slight afford,	166
Hail! Father, Son, and Spirit great,	191
Hail! the day that sees him rise,	370
Hangs my new-born soul on thee,	615
Happy soul, that, free from harms,	19
Happy soul, thy days are ended,	317
Happy soul, who sees the day,	18
Happy the man that finds the grace,	10
Happy the souls that first believed,	441
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,	23
Happy who in Jesus live,	341
Hark! a voice divides the sky,	320
Hark! how the watchmen cry,	150
Hark! the herald-angels sing,	361
Hearken to the solemn voice,	324
Hear me, O my gracious Lord!	577
Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord,	226
He heals the broken heart,	686
Hide me from the wrath of God,	609
"Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,"	651
Holy Lamb, who thee confesse,	429
Holy Lamb, who thee receive,	653

	PAGE
How can a sinner know,.....	48
How do I thy precepts love!.....	571
How do thy mercies close me round!.....	897
How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,.....	15
How happy every child of grace,.....	811
How happy, gracious Lord! are we,.....	16
How happy is the pilgrim's lot!.....	650
How in the slippery paths of youth,.....	626
How long, how often, shall I pray,.....	486
How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?.....	493
How lovely are thy tents, O Lord!.....	547
How pleasant a thing,.....	686
How shall a weak, sinful youth,.....	557
How shall a young, unstable man,.....	626
How vast the mercy's store,.....	512
How weak the thoughts, and vain,.....	584
I call the world's Redeemer mine,.....	380
I know that my Redeemer lives,.....	234
I know that my Redeemer lives,.....	375
I may abide it, I,.....	632
In age and feebleness extreme,.....	466
Infinite God, to thee we raise,.....	176
Infinite, unexhausted love!.....	126
In Jesus Christ together we,.....	267
Inspirer of the ancient Seers,....	247
In sure and certain hope to rise,.....	465
In thine utmost indignation,.....	488
Into thy gracious hands I fall,.....	668
In unbelief imprisoned fast,.....	619
I see the exceeding broad command,.....	629
I shall not die in sin, but live,.....	555
"I the good fight have fought,".....	180
I thirst for a life-giving God,.....	609
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,.....	665
I, too, the broad command have seen,.....	629
I trust in thee :— <i>for what?</i>	688
I want a principle within,.....	163
I want the Spirit of power within,.....	252
Jehovah, God the Father, bless,.....	185
Jesu, at whose supreme command,.....	355
Jesu, lover of my soul,.....	122
Jesu, my truth, my way,.....	167
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,.....	48
Jesu, shall I never be,.....	247
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,.....	181
Jesu, the word of mercy give,.....	379

	PAGE
Jesu, to thee our hearts we lift,.....	301
Jesu, thy boundless love to me,.....	679
Jesus, faithful to his word,.....	325
Jesus, friend of sinners, hear,.....	80
Jesus, full of truth and grace,.....	618
Jesus, giver of contrition,.....	611
Jesus hath died that I might live,.....	35
Jesus, I fain would find,.....	643
Jesus, if still the same thou art,.....	32
Jesus, in whom the weary find,.....	89
Jesus is our common Lord,.....	275
Jesus, my Advocate above,.....	74
Jesus, my life! thyself apply,.....	231
Jesus, my Lord, on thy great name,.....	490
Jesus, my Saviour and my Prince,.....	607
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,.....	162
Jesus, my strength, my hope,.....	108
Jesus, omnipotent to save!.....	620
Jesus, show us thy salvation,.....	437
Jesus, take my sins away,.....	63
Jesus, the all-restoring Word,.....	393
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,.....	279
Jesus, the gift divine I know,.....	245
Jesus, the good Shepherd is,.....	503
Jesus, the man's defender be,.....	634
Jesus, the power belongs to thee,.....	631
Jesus, the power belongs to thee,.....	636
Jesus, the sinner's hiding place,.....	606
Jesus, thou art my Lord, my God,.....	635
Jesus, thou hast bid us pray,.....	107
Jesus, thou know'st my sinfulness,.....	141
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys,.....	426
Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all,.....	101
Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness,.....	661
Jesus, thy light again I view,.....	687
Jesus, thy loving Spirit alone,.....	634
Jesus, to thee I now can fly,.....	193
Jesus, with pitying eye,.....	605
Jesus, whose glory-streaming rays,.....	662
Join, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,.....	896
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain,.....	 85
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love,.....	356
Leader of faithful souls and guide,.....	309
Let earth and heaven agree,.....	204
Let earth and heaven combine,.....	367
Let God, who comforts the distress,.....	378

	PAGE
Let Him to whom we now belong,.....	178
Let not the wise his wisdom boast,....	182
Let others of their virtue boast,.....	617
Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise,.....	81
Let the world their virtue boast,.....	91
Let this feeble body droop,.....	618
Lift up your hearts to things above,.....	278
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus,.....	526
Lift your eyes of faith, and see,.....	338
Light of life, seraphic fire,.....	121
Light of those whose dreary dwelling,.....	366
Lo! God is here! let us adore,....	601
Lo! I come with joy to do,.....	169
Lo! I in simplicity,.....	683
Long as on earth by faith I live,.....	685
Long enthralled in low desires,.....	627
Long have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,	25
Long have I waited, Lord,.....	174
Lord, attend my earnest prayer,.....	542
Lord, I believe a rest remains,	223
Lord, I believe thy every word,.....	243
Lord, if thou the grace impart,.....	568
Lord, in the strength of grace,.....	641
Lord, I will exalt thy grace,.....	510
Lord of all, with pure intent,.....	414
Lord, regard my earnest cry,.....	60
Lord, regard my earnest cry,.....	581
Lord, thou hast thy word fulfilled,.....	566
Lord, thou know'st my uprightness,.....	574
Lord, thy word's unerring light,.....	572
Lord, to thee I lift mine eyes,.....	604
Love Divine, all loves excelling,.....	129
Make me, Saviour, as thou art,.....	604
Maker, Saviour of mankind,.....	21
Master, I own thy lawful claim,.....	299
May I throughout this day of thine,.....	642
May not a creating God,.....	374
Meet and right it is to sing,.....	7
Misera, hear, by God abhor'd!.....	602
My Father, my God, I long for thy love,	207
My God, forsake me not at last!.....	633
My God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,.....	20
My God, if I may call thee mine,.....	239
My God, I know, I feel thee mine,.....	133
My God, my God, to thee I cry,.....	152
My heart is full of Christ, and longs,.....	523
My lust of life is gone, yet here,.....	606

	PAGE
My merciful God hath chasten'd his son,.....	625
My sinful, wretched heart set free,.....	628
My soul inspired with sacred love,.....	598
My soul, through my Redeemer's cure,.....	634
My sufferings all to thee are known,.....	297
No; every fallen child of man,.....	688
No; for I am not yet in hell!.....	623
None is like Jeshurun's God,.....	221
Not as a formal task, to thee,.....	612
Not for a favorite form or name,.....	681
Not from his head was woman took,.....	689
Not in my watchfulness or care,.....	680
Now I have found the ground wherein,.....	650
O all-creating God,.....	642
O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near,.....	92
Object of thy guardian care,.....	601
O come and dwell in me,.....	255
O come, thou radiant morning Star,.....	378
Of blessings infinite I read,.....	628
O for a heart to praise my God,.....	280
O for a thousand tongues to sing,.....	8
O for that tenderness of heart,.....	76
Oft I in my heart have said,.....	40
O glorious hope of perfect love!.....	255
O God, if thou art love indeed,.....	147
O God, most merciful and true!.....	224
O God, my God, my All thou art!.....	656
O God, my hope, my heavenly rest,.....	119
O God of gods, in whom combine,.....	681
O God of good, th' unfathom'd sea,.....	664
O God of my salvation, hear,.....	206
O God, thou art in Jesus mine,.....	543
O God, thou art in Jesus mine,.....	618
O God, thou bottomless abyss,.....	671
O God, who, when I did complain,.....	554
Oh! if our thoughts in heaven are heard,.....	608
O how shall a sinner perform,.....	155
O Jesus! let thy dying cry,.....	164
O Jesu! source of calm repose,.....	634
O joyful sound of gospel grace!.....	258
O Lord from heaven, on earth bestow'd!.....	618
O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,.....	486
O Lord, in pitying love give ear!.....	591
O Love Divine! how sweet thou art!.....	127
O Love Divine! what hast thou done?.....	180
O Love, I languish at thy stay!.....	123

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

705

	PAGE
O may thy powerful word,.....	643
O might I weep and love thee now,.....	589
Omnipresent God, whose aid,.....	394
O my all-sufficient God,.....	617
Once thou didst on earth appear,.....	363
O that I could my Lord receive,.....	50
O that I could repent,.....	79
O that I had the silver wings,.....	549
O that my load of sin were gone,.....	64
O that thou would'st the heavens rent,.....	52
O Thou eternal Victim, slain,.....	358
O Thou faithful God of love,.....	454
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight,.....	639
O Thou who camest from above,.....	118
O Thou who hast redeem'd of old,.....	124
O 'tis enough my God, my God,.....	90
Our hymns shall record Immanuel's praise,.....	686
O' the depth of self-despair,.....	567
O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?.....	12
O what shall I say?.....	624
O when shall we sweetly remove?.....	342
O wondrous power of faithful prayer!.....	106
Partners of a glorious hope,.....	266
Pass a few days or years,.....	518
Pass a few swiftly-fleeting years,.....	698
Pass but another moment, Lord,.....	630
Patient I waited for the Lord,.....	598
Peace, doubting heart! my God's I am,.....	387
Peace, fluttering soul! the storm is o'er,.....	450-450
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear,.....	161
Princes have with cruel rage,.....	560
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads!.....	256
Pure from the blood of Saul in vain,.....	639
Regardless now of things below,.....	84
Rejoice, the Lord is King,.....	191
Righteous Lord, attend my cry,.....	497
Salvation gladly I embrace,.....	623
Saviour from sin, I wait to prove,.....	249
Saviour, I long to testify,.....	623
Saviour, I now with shame confess,.....	144
Saviour of all, what hast thou done?.....	236
Saviour of sinful men,.....	332
Saviour, on me the want bestow,.....	111

	PAGE
See and save me in distress!	579
See how great a flame aspires,	380
See Jesus, thy disciples see,	271
See the Day-Spring from afar,	230
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man,	430
Shall I, for fear of feeble man,	693
Shapen in guilt, conceived in sin,	610
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,	105
Show me thy salvation, Lord,	563
Shrinking from the cold hand of death,	658
Sing to the Great Jehovah's praise,	410
Sin is the desperate wound,	608
Sinners, obey the gospel word,	98
Sinners, rejoice; your peace is made,	376
Sinners, turn; why will ye die?	67
Soldiers of Christ, arise,	283
Son of God, if thy free grace,	143
Son of the Carpenter, receive,	433
Sovereign, everlasting Lord,	491
Sovereign, everlasting Lord,	576
Spirit of faith, come down,	407
Spirit of truth, essential God,	349
Stand the omnipotent decree,	319
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,	143
Still I in thy presence am,	610
Still will my Redeemer tarry,	608
Stupendous height of heavenly love,	368
Summon'd my labor to renew,	431
Surely thou wilt thy grace impart,	587
Sweet is the odor of thy name,	530
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,	200
Taste him in Christ and see,	606
Teach me, Lord, the perfect way,	561
The book of covenanted grace,	504
The day of Christ, the day of God,	187
The doctrine of our dying Lord,	446
The earth with all her fulness owns,	506
Thee Father, Son, and Spirit, we,	551
Thee in the watches of the night,	614
Thee, O Lord! the good, the just,	563
Thee, O my God and King,	197
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower,	639
Thee will I love, O Lord, my power!	499
The Father in his saints delights,	687
The flesh against the spirit lusts,	613
The hope of Christ, how good!	623

	PAGE
The Lord himself my portion is,	495
The Lord is king!	631
The Lord unto my Lord hath said,	553
The Lord, whom I sincerely love,	631
The meaneſt, then, may mercy claim,	685
The people that in darkness lay,	882
The praying Spirit breathe,	118
The quiet ſolitary place,	615
The ſervant of the Lord,	640
The Son of Man ſupplies,	469
The thing my God doth hate,	229
The tokens of thy favor ſhow,	549
The voice that ſpeaks Jehovah near,	641
The work of righteouſneſs is peace,	608
Thou art the thing, the Eternal Word,	617
Thou God of glorious majeſty,	88
Thou God that answerest by fire,	261
Thou God, unſearchable, unknown,	49
Thou great myſterious God, unknown,	96
Thou haſt in part forſook,	626
Thou hidden love of God, whoſe height,	685
Thou hidden ſource of calm reſe,	302
Thou Judge of quick and dead,	228
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,	690
Thou, Lord, haſt bleſt my going out,	300
Thou, Lord, on whom I ſtill depend,	281
Thou, my God, art good and wiſe,	196
Thou my portion art, O Lord!	565
Thou, O Lord, my Maker art,	567
Thou Shepherd of Iſrael, and mine,	259
Thou waſt my guide in infancy,	611
Thou, who from infancy to age,	616
Thou, who haſt brought my body down,	622
Thou, who haſt ſuffer'd me ſo long,	608
Thou, who ſo long haſt ſaved me here,	616
Through labour exhausted and pain,	616
Thy covenant this—that I ſhall know,	624
Thy favour and love I prefer,	612
Thy preſence is the ſecret place,	605
Thy unworthy ſervant, Lord,	558
Thy wiſdom all my follies ſees,	615
To the duſt my ſpirit cleaves,	559
To the haven of thy breſt,	290
To the hills I liſt mine eyes,	583
Tremendous God, with humble fear,	810
Trouble and ſin are hard at hand,	608
Try us, O God, and ſearch the ground,	269
Turn again, my children, turn,	457

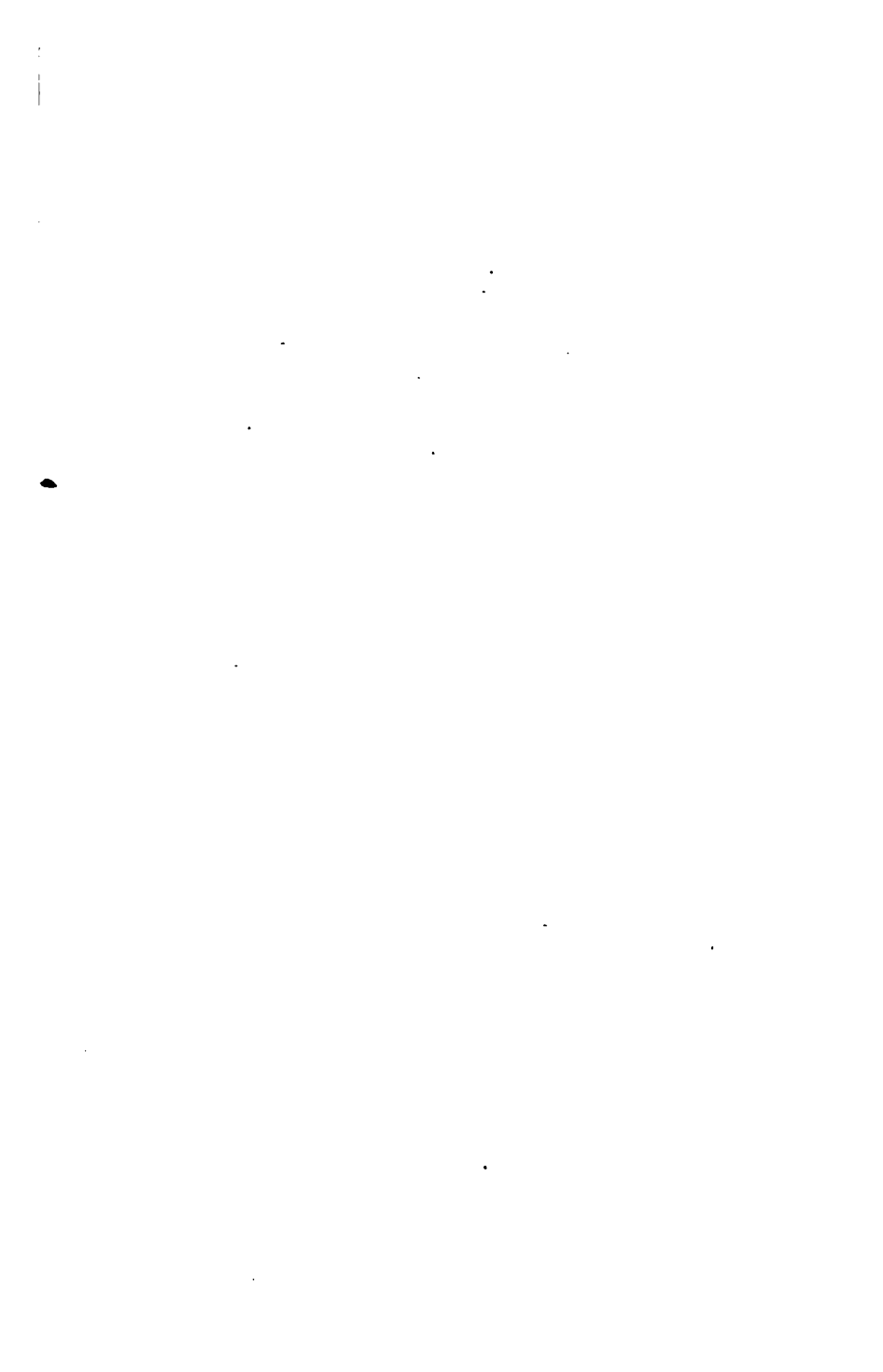
	PAGE
Unchangeable, Almighty Lord,	80
Unlike my God, I cannot rest,	608
Upright both in heart and will,	148
 Vain, delusive world, adieu,	139
Victim Divine, thy grace we claim,	308
 Warn'd of my dissolution near,	690
Watch'd by the world's malignant eye,	156
Weary, faint, through long delay,	508
Weary of all this wordy strife,	444
Weary of wandering from my God,	146
Weary souls that wander wide,	11
What am I, O thou glorious God?	308
What are these array'd in white?	837
What cannot the Almighty do?	633
What do these solemn words portend?	689
What doth the ladder mean?	4
What is our calling's glorious hope?	242
What morn on thee with sweeter ray,	450
What now is my object and aim?	246
What shall I do my God to love,	128
What shall we offer our good Lord,	694
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,	84
When midnight shades the earth o'erspread,	399
When, my Saviour, shall I be,	254
When quiet in my house I sit,	848
When young and full of sanguine hope,	456
When shall thy love constrain,	82
Wherefore should I make my moan,	480
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near,	36
Where shall true believers go,	884
Who can soothe the soul's distresses?	607
Who in the Lord confide,	584
Who is as the Christian great?	3
Who Jesus, our Example, know,	438
Who loves me so well, my helper has been,	614
Who of the rich hath ears to hear,	618
Why not now, my God, my God,	623
Wilt thou from me withdraw thy grace,	611
Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise,	411
With all my heart, O Lord, I pray,	630
Within this tomb an infant lies,	461
With glorious clouds encompass'd round,	117
With poverty of spirit bless'd,	465
Woe is me! what tongue can tell,	63
Woe to the men on earth who dwell,	823

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

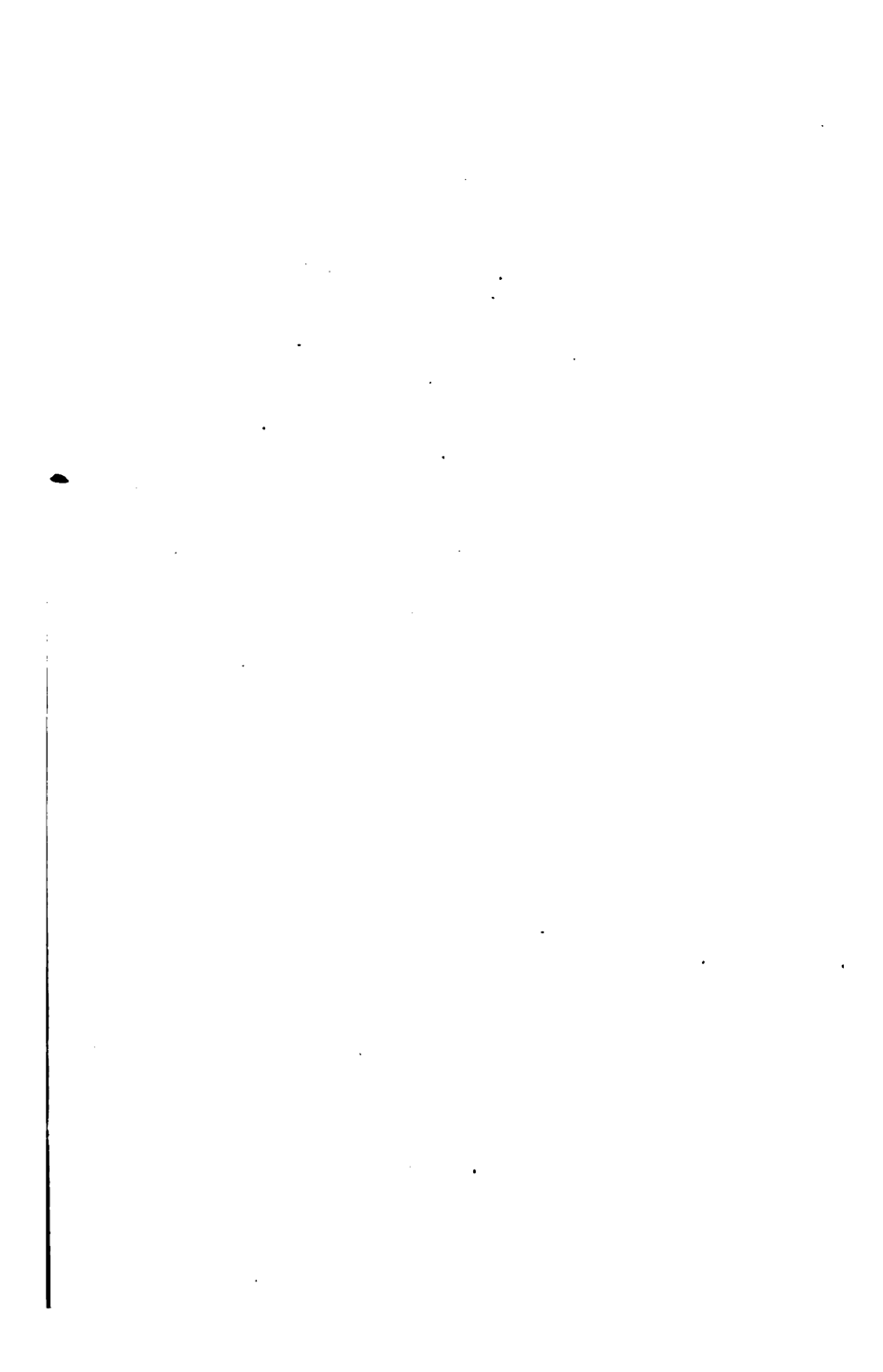
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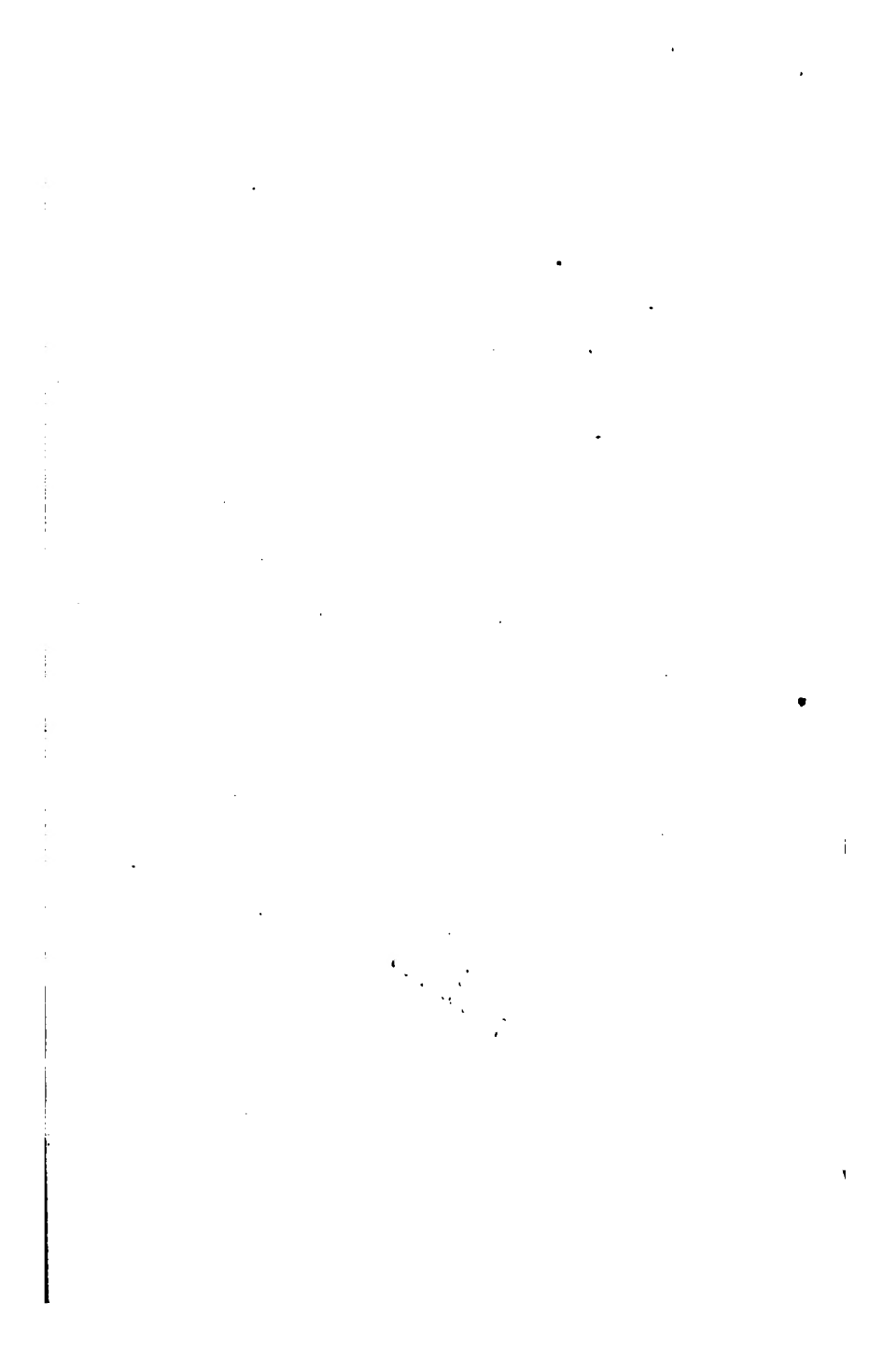
	PAGE
Wonderful thy statutes are,	575
Worship, and thanks, and blessing,	292
Would Jesus have the sinner die?	28
Wretched, helpless, and distress,	55
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,	375
Ye ransom'd sinners, hear,	288
Ye servants of God, whose diligent care,	569
Ye simple souls, that stray,	17
Yes, from this instant now, I will,	149
Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,	95
Ye virgin souls, arise,	329

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